











A MEDIEVAL BATTLE SCENE

"Every lord drew to the field appointed under his own banner and pennon."—Battle of Cressy

Journeys Through Bookland

A NEW AND ORIGINAL
PLAN FOR READING APPLIED TO THE
WORLD'S BEST LITERATURE
FOR CHILDREN

BY

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For organized reading and classification of subjects, see *Purpose and Plan of Journeys* and *Comprehensive Index*, both at the end of Volume Eight.

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ASCENT OF THE JUNGFRAU

By JOHN TYNDALL



HAD spent nearly a fortnight at the Eggischhorn in 1863, employing alternate days in wandering and musing over the green Alps, and in more vigorous action upon the Aletsch glacier. Day after day a blue sky spanned the earth, and night after night the stars glanced down from an unclouded heaven. There is no nobler mountain group in Switzerland than that seen on a fine day from the middle of the Aletsch glacier looking southward; while to the north, and more close at hand, rise the Jungfrau and other summits familiar to every tourist who has crossed the Wengern Alp. The love of being alone amid those scenes caused me, on the 3rd of August, to withdraw from all society, and ascend the glacier, which for nearly two hours was almost as even as a highway, no local danger calling away the attention from the near and distant mountains. The ice yielded to the sun, rills were formed, which united to rivulets, and these again coalesced to rapid brooks, which ran with a pleasant music through deep channels cut in the ice. Sooner or later these brooks were crossed by cracks; into these cracks the water fell, scooping gradually out for itself a vertical shaft, the resonance of which raised the sound of the falling water

to the dignity of thunder. These shafts constitute the so-called moulins of the glacier, examples of which are shown upon the Mer de Glace to every tourist who visits the Jardin from Chamouni. The moulins can only form where the glacier is not much riven, as here alone the rivulets can acquire the requisite volume to produce a moulin.

After two hours' ascent, the ice began to wear a more hostile aspect, and long stripes of last year's snow drawn over the sullied surface marked the lines of crevasses now partially filled and bridged over. For a time this snow was consolidated, and I crossed numbers of the chasms, sounding in each case before trusting myself to its tenacity. But as I ascended, the width and depth of the fissures increased, and the fragility of the snow bridges became more conspicuous. The crevasses yawned here and there with threatening gloom, while along their fringes the crystallizing power of water played the most fantastic freaks. Long lines of icicles dipped into the darkness, and at some places the liquefied snow had refrozen into clusters of plates, ribbed and serrated like the leaves of ferns. The cases in which the snow covering of the crevasses, when tested by the axe, yielded, became gradually more numerous, demanding commensurate caution. It is impossible to feel otherwise than earnest in such scenes as this, with the noblest and most beautiful objects in nature around one, with the sense of danger raising the feelings at times to the level of awe.

My way upward became more and more difficult, and circuit after circuit had to be made to round the gaping fissures. There is a passive cruelty in

the aspect of these chasms sufficient to make the blood run cold. Among them it is not good for man to be alone, so I halted in the midst of them and swerved back toward the Faulberg. But instead of it I struck the lateral tributary of the Aletsch, which runs up to the Grünhorn Lücke. In this passage I was more than once entangled in a mesh of fissures; but it is marvelous what steady, cool scrutiny can accomplish upon the ice, and how often difficulties of apparently the gravest kind may be reduced to a simple form by skilful examination. I tried to get along the rocks to the Faulberg, but after investing half an hour in the attempt I thought it prudent to retreat. I finally reached the Faulberg by the glacier, and with great comfort consumed my bread and cheese and emptied my goblet in the shadow of its caves. On this day it was my desire to get near the buttresses of the Jungfrau, and to see what prospect of success a lonely climber would have in an attempt upon the mountain. Such an attempt might doubtless be made, but at a risk which no sane man would willingly incur.

On August 6th, however, I had the pleasure of joining Dr. Hornby and Mr. Philpotts, who, with Christian Almer and Christian Lauener for their guides, wished to ascend the Jungfrau. We quitted the Eggischhorn at 2:15 P. M., and in less than four hours reached the grottoes of the Faulberg. A pine fire was soon blazing, a pan of water soon bubbling sociably over the flame, and the evening meal was quickly prepared and disposed of. For a time the air behind the Jungfrau and Monk was exceedingly dark and threatening; rain was

streaming down upon Lauterbrunnen, and the skirt of the storm wrapped the summits of the Jungfrau and the Monk. Southward, however, the sky was clear, and there were such general evidences of hope that we were not much disheartened by the local burst of ill-temper displayed by the atmosphere to the north of us. Like a gust of passion the clouds cleared away, and before we went to rest all was sensibly clear. Still, the air was not transparent, and for a time the stars twinkled through it with a feeble ray. There was no visible turbidity, but a something which cut off half the stellar brilliancy. The starlight, however, became gradually stronger, not on account of the augmenting darkness, but because the air became clarified as the night advanced.

Two of our party occupied the upper cave, and the guides took possession of the kitchen, while a third lay in the little grot below. Hips and ribs felt throughout the night the pressure of the subjacent rock. A single blanket, moreover, though sufficient to keep out the pain of cold, was insufficient to induce the comfort of warmth; so I lay awake in a neutral condition, neither happy nor unhappy, watching the stars without emotion as they appeared in succession above the mountain-heads.

At half-past twelve a rumbling in the kitchen showed the guides to be alert, and soon afterward Christian Almer announced that tea was prepared. We rose, consumed a crust and basin each, and at 1:15 A. M., being perfectly harnessed, we dropped down upon the glacier. The crescent moon was in the sky, but for a long time we had to

walk in the shadow of the mountains, and therefore required illumination. The bottoms were knocked out of two empty bottles, and each of these, inverted, formed a kind of lantern which protected from the wind a candle stuck in the neck. Almer went first, holding his lantern in his left hand and his axe in the right, moving cautiously along the snow which, as the residue of the spring avalanches, fringed the glacier. At times, for no apparent reason, the leader paused and struck his ice-axe into the snow. Looking right or left, a chasm was always discovered in these cases, and the cautious guide sounded the snow, lest the fissure should have prolonged itself underneath so as to cross our track. A tributary glacier joined the Aletsch from our right—a long corridor filled with ice, and covered by the purest snow. Down this valley the moonlight streamed, silvering the surface upon which it fell.

Here we cast our lamps away, and roped ourselves together. To our left a second long ice-corridor stretched up to the Lötsch saddle, which hung like a chain between the opposing mountains. In fact, at this point four noble ice-streams form a junction, and flow afterward in the common channel of the Great Aletsch glacier. Perfect stillness might have been expected to reign upon the ice, but even at that early hour the gurgle of subglacial water made itself heard, and we had to be cautious in some places lest a too thin crust might let us in. We went straight up the glacier, toward the col which links the Monk and Jungfrau together. The surface was hard, and we went rapidly and silently over the snow. There is an earnestness of feel-

ing on such occasions which subdues the desire for conversation. The communion we held was with the solemn mountains and their background of dark blue sky.

"*Der Tag bricht*"¹ exclaimed one of the men. I looked toward the eastern heaven, and could discover no illumination which hinted at the approach of day. At length the dawn really appeared, brightening the blue of the eastern firmament; at first it was a mere augmentation of cold light, but by degrees it assumed a warmer tint. The long uniform incline of the glacier being passed, we reached the first eminences of snow which heave like waves around the base of the Jungfrau. This is the region of beauty in the higher Alps—beauty pure and tender, out of which emerges the savage scenery of the peaks. For the healthy and the pure in heart these higher snow-fields are consecrated ground.

The snow bosses were soon broken by chasms deep and dark, which required tortuous winding on our part to get round them. Having surmounted a steep slope, we passed to some red and rotten rocks, which required care on the part of those in front to prevent the loose and slippery shingle from falling upon those behind. We gained the ridge and wound along it. High snow eminences now flanked us to the left, and along the slope over which we passed the *séracs* had shaken their frozen boulders. We tramped amid the knolls of the fallen avalanches toward a white wall which, so far as we could see, barred further progress. To our right were noble chasms, blue and

1. The day breaks.

profound, torn into the heart of the *névé* by the slow but resistless drag of gravity on the descending snows. Meanwhile the dawn had brightened into perfect day, and over mountains and glaciers the gold and purple light of the eastern heaven was liberally poured. We had already caught sight of the peak of the Jungfrau, rising behind an eminence and piercing for fifty feet or so the rosy dawn. And many another peak of stately altitude caught the blush, while the shaded slopes were all of a beautiful azure, being illuminated by the firmament alone. A large segment of space enclosed between the Monk and Trugberg was filled like a reservoir with purple light. The world, in fact, seemed to worship, and the flush of adoration was on every mountain-head.

Over the distant Italian Alps rose clouds of the most fantastic forms, jutting forth into the heavens like enormous trees, thrusting out umbrageous branches which bloomed and glistened in the solar rays. Along the whole southern heaven these fantastic masses were ranged close together, but still perfectly isolated, until on reaching a certain altitude they seemed to meet a region of wind which blew their tops like streamers far away through the air. Warmed and tinted by the morning sun those unsubstantial masses rivalled in grandeur the mountains themselves.

The final peak of the Jungfrau is now before us, and apparently so near! But the mountaineer alone knows how delusive the impression of nearness often is in the Alps. To reach the slope which led up to the peak we must scale or round the barrier already spoken of. From the coping and the

ledges of this beautiful wall hung long stalactites of ice, in some cases like inverted spears, with their sharp points free in air. In other cases, the icicles which descended from the overhanging top reached a projecting lower ledge, and stretched like a crystal railing from the one to the other. To the right of this barrier was a narrow gangway, from which the snow had not yet broken away so as to form a vertical or overhanging wall. It was one of those accidents which the mountains seldom fail to furnish, and on the existence of which the success of the climber entirely depends. Up this steep and narrow gangway we cut our steps, and a few minutes placed us safely at the bottom of the final pyramid of the Jungfrau.

From this point we could look down into the abyss of the Roththal, and certainly its wild environs seemed to justify the uses to which superstition has assigned the place. For here it is said the original demons of the mountains hold their orgies, and hither the spirits of the doubly-damned among men are sent to bear them company. The slope up which we had now to climb was turned toward the sun; its aspect was a southern one, and its snows had been melted and recongealed to hard ice. The axe of Almer rang against the obdurate solid, and its fragments whirled past us with a weird-like sound to the abysses below. They suggested the fate which a false step might bring along with it. It is a practical tribute to the strength and skill of the Oberland guides that no disaster has hitherto occurred upon the peak of the Jungfrau.

The work upon this final ice-slope was long and heavy, and during this time the summit appeared

to maintain its distance above us. We at length cleared the ice, and gained a stretch of snow which enabled us to treble our upward speed. Thence



A SHARP EDGE LED TO THE TOP

to some loose and shingly rocks, again to the snow, whence a sharp edge led directly up to the top. The exhilaration of success was here added to that derived from physical nature. On the top fluttered a little black flag planted by our most recent

predecessors. We reached it at 7:15 A. M., having accomplished the ascent from the Faulberg in six hours. The snow was flattened on either side of the apex so as to enable us all to stand upon it, and here we stood for some time, with all the magnificence of the Alps unrolled before us.

We may look upon these mountains again and again from a dozen different points of view, a perennial glory surrounds them which associates with every new prospect fresh impressions. I thought I had scarcely ever seen the Alps to greater advantage. Hardly ever was their majesty more fully revealed or more overpowering. The coloring of the air contributed as much to the effect as the grandeur of the masses on which the coloring fell. A calm splendor overspread the mountains, softening the harshness of the outlines without detracting from their strength. But half the interest of such scenes is psychological; the soul takes the tint of surrounding nature, and in its turn becomes majestic.

And as I looked over this wondrous scene toward Mont Blanc, the Grand Combin, the Dent Blanche, the Weisshorn, the Dom, and the thousand lesser peaks which seemed to join in celebration of the risen day, I asked myself, as on previous occasions: How was this colossal work performed? Who chiselled these mighty and picturesque masses out of a mere protuberance of the earth? And the answer was at hand. Ever young, ever mighty—with the vigor of a thousand worlds still within him—the real sculptor was even then climbing up the eastern sky. It was he who raised aloft the waters which cut out these ravines; it was he who

planted the glaciers on the mountain-slopes, thus giving gravity a plow to open out the valleys; and it is he who, acting through the ages, will finally lay low these mighty mountains, rolling them gradually seaward—

“Sowing the seeds of continents to be”;

so that the people of an older earth may see mould spread and corn wave over the hidden rocks which at this moment bear the weight of the Jungfrau.

ABOU BEN ADHEM

By LEIGH HUNT

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase!)

Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight of his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold—
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
“What writest thou?” The vision raised its head,
And with a look made all of sweet accord,
Answer’d, “The names of those who love the
Lord.”

“And is mine one?” said Abou. “Nay, not so,”
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still, and said, “I pray thee, then,
Write me as one who loves his fellow men.”



THE ANGEL CAME AGAIN

The angel wrote and vanish'd. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And show'd the names whom love of God had
 bless'd,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

By ANNA McCaleb



FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE, the youngest daughter of Edward Shore Nightingale, was born in 1820 in Florence, Italy, and was named for the city. Her father was of the family of Shores of Embley, Hants, and had adopted the name of Nightingale in accordance with the will of his grand-uncle, Peter Nightingale, from whom he had inherited the estate of Lea Hurst in Derbyshire. Mr. Nightingale was a man of wealth and prominence. He had ideas far in advance of his age in regard to the training of girls, and his daughters, Frances and Florence, were instructed in music, in modern languages, in the classics and in mathematics. Miss Florence was a special favorite, and this does not seem strange when one learns what manner of child she was. The desire to do something to help, which was so strong in her all her life, showed itself very early, and one of the best-known stories of her childhood relates to her first attempt at nursing.

According to this story, Florence was one day riding with the vicar, a friend of the family, who was especially fond of the unselfish, helpful child, and who often took her with him on his rounds. They came upon an old shepherd of Mr. Nightingale's, who was in the field attempting to gather his flock together, but with no great success.

"Why, Roger," cried Florence, "what has become of Cap? I never saw you try to care for the sheep without him before."

"Indeed, Miss Florence," replied the man, "I'd not be doing without him now if I could help it, but I am afraid I shall have to do without him always, for he must be killed to-night."

"Oh, Roger," cried the child, "what can dear, good Cap have done that he should have to die?"

"Nothing, indeed, Miss, but he is of no use to me now, for some bad boys have broken his leg with stones, and I cannot afford to keep him and feed him when he is no help to me."

"But how you will miss him," said Florence. "He has always lived right in the house with you like a person."

There were actually tears in the man's eyes as he nodded in reply to her; and partly because she felt sorry for him, and partly because she could not bear the thought of the faithful old dog suffering and being killed, she besought the vicar to go with her to Roger's house to see whether something could not be done for Cap.

"I really don't believe," said the vicar on the way, "that Cap's leg can be broken. It would have to be a very big stone and a very strong boy that could break the leg of a great dog like Cap."

Sure enough, when they reached the house, they found that the dog's leg was badly swollen, and evidently very painful, but was not broken; and though he had barked furiously at their entrance into the cabin, and at first refused to allow them to come near him, he finally seemed to understand that they wanted to help him, and his brown eyes looked

gratefully at Florence as she knelt beside him and stroked his head.

"The first thing to do," said the vicar, "is to bathe the poor leg with hot water."

Instantly Florence was up and out of the house, begging at a neighboring hut for something to start a fire with. Returning, she kindled a fire and put the water on to boil, and then she again ran out of doors in search of some flannel to use in bandaging Cap's leg. A child's petticoat was hung out to dry before one of the neighboring huts, and this Florence snatched and tore into strips. For a long time she remained with the dog, wringing the cloths out of the hot water, and applying them to the swollen leg. Roger, when he returned that evening, carrying a cord with which to hang poor Cap, was delighted when he was told that the sacrifice of the dog's life would not be necessary. In the morning Florence returned, bringing with her two petticoats to replace the one which she had torn up, and she again remained with Cap, doing what she could to make him comfortable.

The tendencies which this circumstance showed in the child were noticeable all her life. Not only did she desire to help people and to relieve suffering, but she usually managed to find some way to do it. She was not a sentimentalist who sat and wept over people's illness and miseries; she was a practical person who sought constantly the means of remedying such illness and miseries.

As she grew older, Miss Nightingale became convinced that the "art," as she called it, of nursing was one which was painfully neglected. She felt that nurses should have as strict and as careful training

as should doctors, and that they should be women of intelligence and of good character.

To find out just what conditions were, she made a tour of inspection through many hospitals in England and in France. The latter country she found to be much in advance of England, for in France nursing was almost entirely in the hands of the Catholic Sisters of Mercy, who were carefully trained, and who were, many of them, women of great refinement and intelligence. Why, Miss Nightingale wondered, could there not be schools and hospitals where Protestant women could be trained as were the Sisters of Mercy?

There was, indeed, one such place, which was at this time being much discussed, on the Continent and even in England. This was the institution conducted at Kaiserwerth, in Germany, by Pastor Fliedner, for the training of deaconesses, or district nurses. These nurses, trained and given experience in the hospital at Kaiserwerth, were sent out to care for the sick poor free of charge, and to teach them some of the simplest rules of health. To this institution Miss Nightingale determined to go, and her decision caused a stir among those who knew her in England. It was all right, they declared, for German peasants to be trained as nurses—peasants were expected to wait upon other people; but for an English lady of wealth and refinement to place herself in a position where she might be called upon to serve those below her in station—the thing was not to be thought of. However, Miss Nightingale had been thinking of it long and seriously, and nothing that was said could alter her determination. She went to Kaiserwerth in 1849, causing a flutter

among the blue-gowned, white-capped peasant girls there. Soon the heads of the institution came to depend upon her for help such as the other students could not render, and her companions grew to love her very tenderly. A friend of Miss Nightingale's who visited Kaiserwerth years afterward found that the "English Fräulein" was still remembered and loved.

Miss Nightingale's body was by no means as strong as her spirit, and the training at Kaiserwerth told upon her, so that she was obliged to remain at Lea Hurst resting for some time after her return from Germany. The first patient she had after her months of resting was not a person, but an institution. The Harley Street Home for Sick Governesses in London, a most worthy charity, was, owing to mismanagement, in a very bad state. Miss Nightingale, whose organizing ability was of the highest order, undertook to place the institution on a better footing, and for months she scarcely left the Home or saw her friends, so arduous were her labors. In building up the shattered finances, she did not spare her own fortune, and when, at the end of some months, she gave up her patient as cured, the charity was one of which London could well be proud.

All that Miss Nightingale had done hitherto had been but a preparation for the great work which she was soon to be called upon to perform. This work was not of her own choosing; indeed, it was of no one's choosing.

In 1854 the Crimean War broke out between England and Russia, and it was not long before people in England were reading in *The Times* de-

scriptions of the suffering caused the English soldiers by the defective hospital arrangements. There was a hospital at Scutari, a port of the Turkish capital; there was a general hospital and a collection of hut hospitals at Balaklava; and there was what might have been, with good management, a sufficiency of hospital supplies sent out by the British government. But for some reason, never fully understood, no comforts were provided for well soldiers and no effective help was given the sick and wounded.

W. H. Russell in *The Times* wrote: "It is now pouring rain, the skies are black as ink, the wind is howling over the staggering tents, the trenches are turned into dykes; in the tents the water is sometimes a foot deep; our men have not either warm or waterproof clothing; they are out for twelve hours at a time in the trenches; they are plunged into the inevitable miseries of a winter campaign, and not a soul seems to care for their comfort, or even for their lives. These are hard truths, but the people of England must hear them. They must know that the wretched beggar who wanders about the streets of London in the rain, leads the life of a prince compared with the British soldiers who are fighting out here for their country."

And again the same correspondent wrote in the same paper: "The commonest accessories of a hospital are wanting; there is not the least attention paid to decency or clean linen; the stench is appalling; the fetid air can hardly struggle out to taint the atmosphere, save through the chinks in the walls and roofs; and for all I can observe, these men die without the least effort being made to save them.

There they lie, just as they were let gently down on the ground by the poor fellows, their comrades, who brought them on their backs from the camp with the greatest tenderness, but who were not allowed to remain with them. The sick appear to be tended by the sick, and the dying by the dying."

These facts had the effect which might have been expected. Letters, expostulations, supplies, offers of assistance began to pour in on the War Office in a flood. No offers of hospital supplies were refused, and before long vast quantities were on their way to the East. But it seemed as if everything were destined to go wrong; part of the supplies were lost, part were landed at Varna and were allowed to lie there and rot, far from the place where men were starving and freezing and dying for the lack of them.

Many nurses volunteered their services, but the head of the War Department, Mr. Sidney Herbert, felt that he could not accept their offers. They were, he knew, little better than the untrained orderlies who were waiting on the soldiers in the hospitals, and they were for the most part women of such character that he felt they would do more harm than good. Something must be done, and he felt that that something must be done by women. At last, with many misgivings, he wrote to his friend, Miss Nightingale, laying the situation fairly before her, and concluding with the statement that there was but one woman whom he knew of in England who was capable of bringing order out of such chaos—and that that woman was herself.

This letter was written on October 15, 1854, and on that same day, strangely enough, Miss Nightin-

gale at Lea Hurst was writing to Mr. Herbert, offering just such service as he had asked of her. Plans were rapidly made, and within eight days Miss Nightingale was ready to start for Scutari with a band of thirty-eight nurses. The selection of these nurses was by no means an easy task, but both Miss Nightingale and Mr. Herbert were well satisfied with the fourteen sisters from the established church, the ten Roman Catholic Sisters of Charity and the fourteen hospital nurses who were finally chosen. Miss Nightingale had insisted, as of course it was her right to do, that she be given absolute control over this band of workers, and the War Department gave her official authority to proceed largely according to her own judgment in all matters connected with the hospital at Scutari.

Much criticism was heard in England of this sending out of women nurses to a military hospital. Many considered it improper; many objected because a part of the nurses were Catholic. The medical staff of the army were by no means unanimous in their approval; they felt that so many women could be nothing but an extra care, and that they would, besides, interfere with the strictness of military rule. But the Lady-in-chief, as she was called, paid no heed to criticism, but went on her way with her "angel band," and arrived at Scutari November 5th.

Appalling indeed were the scenes that greeted her. The Barrack Hospital, as it was called, was a great building loaned to the British by the Turkish government. It was a quarter of a mile long on each side, and had a tower at each corner. Along the corridors of each floor were stretched the rows

of sick and wounded soldiers, side by side on their filthy mattresses, which were placed end to end, and so close together that there was scarcely room for two people to pass each other in the space between. Thus there were actually *miles* of these soldiers, lying in a condition difficult to describe. "The men," wrote one historian of the war, "lay in their uniforms, stiff with gore and covered with filth to a degree and of a kind no one could write about." And within a day or two, hundreds of new patients, the wounded of the Battle of Inkerman, were being borne into this crowded hospital. The poor fellows were often in a desperate condition when they arrived, for among all the awful and shameful things connected with this war, few things were worse than the manner in which the sick and wounded were treated on the transports which carried them from the "Front" to the hospital at Scutari. Even in the dead of winter they lay between decks without any bedding, and often without a blanket for covering. There was food on board, but it was of a character utterly unfit for invalids; and there was water, but it was often so buried under ammunition and baggage that it could not be got at. Men actually died on these transports of want of food and drink.

These conditions on shipboard Florence Nightingale could not touch, but with the hospital conditions she could and did deal. As there were thousands of sufferers, it was not possible that she should start out from bed to bed and nurse each one; her task was the much more difficult one of organization, of management; and it was for her genius for just such work that she had been selected. The first matter to be dealt with was that of cleanliness

and sanitation; nothing could be accomplished while the men lay in such a condition. And so the nurses were immediately set to work ripping up, renovating, replacing the soldiers' mattresses. Then the Lady-in-chief turned her attention to the matter of food. Nothing fitted to the needs of the patients had ever been provided—they had little more than the salt pork and biscuit which the soldiers in action ate. Often when wine or any other delicacy was provided for the sick, the orderlies in attendance upon them, themselves half starved, appropriated it. A kitchen was immediately set up under Miss Nightingale's supervision, and such things as the soldiers had not dreamed of were provided for them. One man wrote home, in delighted surprise, describing his day's rations. When a bowl of hot gruel was brought to him he thought "I'd best take it all, for it's all I'll get, and far better than I've been having;" but later, he says, "another nurse came with a cup of chicken broth—'and wouldn't I drink it for her?' And then, in the afternoon came another 'begging me to eat just a little jelly.'" The supplies which Miss Nightingale had brought with her were of inestimable value in eking out what was provided by the government. Later on a French cook, M. Sayer, a great admirer of Miss Nightingale, came out to Scutari and took charge of the kitchen there.

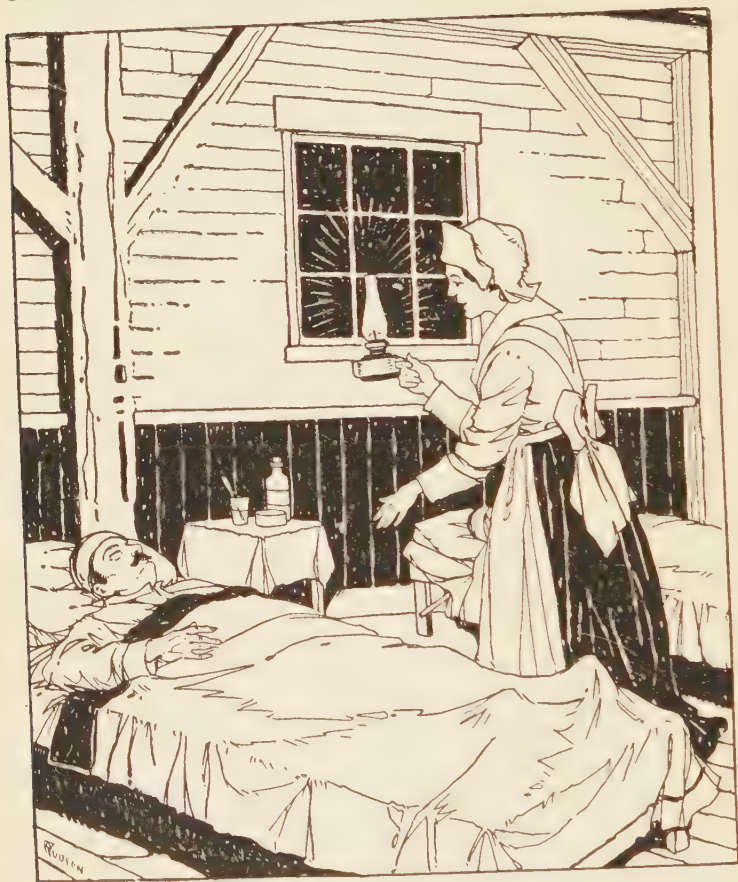
Another thing that hampered the nurses in their work was the inability to get clean clothing or bedding, and as soon as the kitchens were in working order, Miss Nightingale began to inquire into the laundry arrangements. The washing had been done by contract—or rather, it was supposed to be done

by contract, and in reality was not done at all. A large empty building was secured, and a laundry was set up in it, many of the soldiers' widows and wives working in it and receiving fair pay for their services. The clothes and bedding of those who were suffering from infectious diseases were separated from those of the wounded soldiers—a thing that had not been done before. Another difficulty lay in the fact that the soldiers had no changes of clothing, but this Miss Nightingale remedied by buying for them shirts with her own money. In fact, she used her own fortune throughout most freely.

The early days at Scutari were crowded days for Miss Nightingale and her helpers. Sometimes, when new patients were being brought by hundreds from the battlefield, the Lady-in-chief stood for twenty hours dealing out supplies and issuing instructions. Much of the time she was hampered in her work by the difficulty of securing supplies. These were, in many cases, at hand, for the people of England, roused by the published accounts of conditions in the East, had been sending ship-loads of clothing, hospital accessories, and food; but the "red tape" often rendered these stores practically useless by making it impossible for any one to lay hands upon them when they were most needed. Sometimes Miss Nightingale, on her own authority, dispensed with official inspection and approval, promising to bear all the blame if those in charge of the stores were held to account.

But by no means all of Miss Nightingale's work was of this character. She spent much of her time, after the first rush was over, in looking after the most dangerous cases, showing absolutely no fear

of fever or contagion. One writer in *The Times* said: "Wherever there is disease in its most dangerous form, and the hand of the spoiler distressingly



THE LADY WITH THE LAMP

nigh, there is this incomparable woman sure to be seen. Her benignant presence is an influence for good comfort even among the struggles of expiring nature. She is a ministering angel without any

exaggeration in these hospitals, and as her slender form glides quietly along each corridor, every poor fellow's face softens with gratitude at the sight of her. When all the medical officers have retired for the night, and silence and darkness have settled down upon those miles of prostrate sick, she may be observed alone, with a little lamp in her hands, making her solitary rounds."

It was this picture of the Lady-in-chief moving softly about through the shadows with her lamp shaded by her hand, which gave rise to Longfellow's poem that bestowed upon her the popular name of "the lady with the lamp."

"Thus thought I, as by night I read
Of the great army of the dead,
The trenches cold and damp,
The starved and frozen camp,—

"The wounded from the battle-plain,
In dreary hospitals of pain,
The cheerless corridors,
The cold and stony floors.

"Lo! in that home of misery
A lady with a lamp I see
Pass through the glimmering gloom,
And flit from room to room.

"And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
Her shadow, as it falls
Upon the darkening walls.

"A Lady with a Lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good,
Heroic womanhood."

Nor did Longfellow need to make use of poetic license in speaking of the soldiers as kissing her shadow. One poor convalescent said, "To see her pass was happiness. As she passed the beds she would nod to one and smile at many more; but she could not do it to all, you know. We lay there by hundreds; but we could kiss her shadow as it fell, and lay our heads upon the pillow again content." This affectionate admiration was felt by all the soldiers; and these men, many of them of the roughest, coarsest type, were softened by the appearance among them of this refined and delicate woman. "Before she came," wrote one soldier, "there was such cussing and swearing as you never heard; but after she came, it was as holy as a church."

Incredible as it may seem, Miss Nightingale had not, by all her efforts and all her success, silenced the voice of criticism in England. There were those who said, and said openly, that she was doing the soldiers more harm than good! The only reason they could allege for such statements was the old one of the Catholic sisters; Miss Nightingale must be a Catholic, they said, or she would never have chosen Sisters of Mercy to help her. And what harm might she not work, when she had softened the soldiers by her ministrations, by drawing them from the established to the Roman Church? Her friends indignantly denied such charges, and the denial was taken up by the press. Indeed, as time went on and the work of the heroic women at Scutari became better known, no one dared speak a word against them, and all were anxious to have a part in their glorious work. From queen to peasant, English women were

scraping lint, making bandages, knitting socks—preparing and collecting anything which might be of use in the hospitals.

And truly, help was needed there. The cleanliness, the care, the organization had accomplished much; the death rate had been cut down from over sixty to one per cent. But a cholera scourge made matters worse again, filling the hospitals, and making days and nights horrible for the devoted nurses. Almost more terrible than the cholera scourge in its effects was the Russian winter. The soldiers at the "Front" had nothing but the thin linen suits in which they had set out in the summer; and the suffering from frost-bite was beyond description. Absolutely gruesome are the accounts of the state of the British soldiers, who were obliged to be in action during the day and to lie without shelter at night, frozen to their clothes and to their neighbors. A continual stream of patients suffering from cholera and from frost-bite was pouring into the hospital at Scutari, but while the nurses blanched and shuddered, they worked on day and night, themselves suffering privations innumerable, yet without complaint.

The hardest thing they had to endure was the pleas of the poor soldiers for warmer clothing, with which they could not be supplied. "Whenever a man opens his mouth with 'Please ma'am, I want to speak to you,' " wrote one nurse, "my heart sinks, for I feel sure it will end in flannel shirts." A re-enforcement of fifty nurses was sent to Miss Nightingale's aid, and it is not reported that any were turned away because there was nothing for them to do.

Throughout the winter of 1854-1855, Miss Nightingale remained at Scutari, but in May of 1855 she set sail for the Crimea for a visit of inspection to the hospitals there. Her arrival caused a stir—there were but four ladies in the Crimea, besides the Sisters of Mercy, who were not seen publicly. And when it was found out who she was, there were shoutings and ovations; and some of the soldiers, whom Miss Nightingale had nursed back to health at Scutari, wept with joy at seeing her again. She visited the General Hospital and the collection of hut hospitals on the height above Balaklava, and gave advice as to the management of them. But the delight of the soldiers at the sight of the “Soldiers’ Friend” was soon changed to mourning, for Florence Nightingale contracted Crimean fever in its worst form. Very gently she was carried up to a hut hospital, and very tenderly she was cared for. Some time before a correspondent of *The Times* had written, “The popular instinct was not mistaken which, when she set out from England on the mission of mercy, hailed her as a heroine; I trust she may not earn her title to a higher though sadder appellation.” The right to this title of *martyr*, people feared she was about to earn; but gradually she grew better, and the joyous news spread rapidly to Scutari and to England. In her writings afterward she declared that she dated her recovery from the receipt of a little bunch of flowers which a friend sent to her; and she always advocated flowers in the sickroom, despite what many other nurses say about them. When she recovered, she was ordered home to England, but she refused to obey orders, returning

to Scutari instead. She twice later visited the Crimea, to superintend the carrying out of hospital reforms which she herself had suggested.

On September 8, 1855, Sebastopol was taken; and only then, when the army was withdrawn from the Crimea, did Miss Nightingale consent to leave her post. Before setting out she had placed above Balaklava, at her own expense, a monument to the soldiers who had fallen in the war. This was in the form of a huge white marble cross, twenty feet high. She guessed, what was indeed the truth, that a reception was being prepared for her in England, and with her intense hatred of publicity she determined to avoid it. Under an assumed name, therefore, she journeyed quietly to England, and not until she was in Lea Hurst did the people know that she had reached England. The public was desirous of showing appreciation of her work, and Mr. Herbert was asked what form such a testimony of appreciation ought to take. Knowing Miss Nightingale well, he declared that nothing could please her like the founding of a hospital and nurses' training school. The work was undertaken with enthusiasm, and within a comparatively short time almost two hundred and fifty thousand dollars was raised. Madame Goldschmidt (Jenny Lind) gave a concert of which the proceeds were almost ten thousand dollars, all of which was given to the fund.

Queen Victoria had all along felt the greatest interest in Miss Nightingale's work, and on the return home of the Lady-in-chief, the queen presented her with a beautiful and costly jewel. This was a shield upon which was a cross of red enamel,

bearing in diamonds the letters *V. R.*, and a crown, and surrounded by a black enamel band on which were the words "Blessed are the merciful."

After her return to England, Miss Nightingale was practically an invalid and a recluse. She was not even able to undertake, as she would have so liked to do, the headship of the hospital which was founded and named for her. But, shut up in her room, she was by no means idle. She was constantly consulted by the War Department on all plans for securing better sanitary conditions in the army, and her room often looked like an annex of the War Department, with its plans and diagrams.

Then too, no new hospital was built in England until Miss Nightingale had passed her opinion on the plans, and committees from other countries consulted her on like subjects. During the Civil War in the United States, her advice on questions connected with nursing and hospital arrangements was of inestimable value, as it was some years later in the Franco-German War. She took, as was natural, the greatest interest when the Red Cross Society was proposed, and was active in securing its foundation.

In her writings, too, she gave to the world the benefits of her experience. Her "Notes on Hospitals" have been of immense service to those engaged in building hospitals, while her "Notes on Nursing" contain advice which is as valuable to-day as when it was first given. In a time when people feared to let out-of-door air into their bedrooms, she pleaded for open bed curtains and windows, and plenty of fresh air.

On the general subject of nursing, she gave her views distinctly. "It seems a commonly received idea among men," she wrote, "and even among women themselves, that it requires nothing but a disappointment in love, the want of an object, a general disgust, or an incapacity for other things, to turn a woman into a good nurse. This reminds one of the parish where a stupid old man was set to be schoolmaster because he was 'past keeping the pigs.'" She contended that nursing, "the finest of the fine arts," demanded not only the best, but the best-trained women, and she has certainly done more than any other one person to bring to pass that in which she so firmly believed.

Some time after the close of the Crimean War, a banquet was given to all the officers, military and naval, who had taken part in that struggle, and while they were assembled it was suggested that each one write on a paper the name of the person that he thought would be longest remembered in connection with the war. When the papers were opened and read, every one had on it the name of Florence Nightingale. And this prophecy has proved correct; for while comparatively few people could recall the name of any of the military leaders, almost any one, on hearing the words "Crimean War," thinks, half unconsciously, of Florence Nightingale.

THE IMPEACHMENT OF WARREN HASTINGS

By THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY¹

INTRODUCTORY NOTE



WARREN HASTINGS, the remarkable man whose trial is described in this selection, was born on the sixth of December, 1732. As he was in his childhood dependent on his grandfather, a poor man, his early advantages were no greater than those of the peasant children of the neighborhood. He had, however, from his earliest years, an indomitable will, and the determination, made when he was but seven years old, to regain possession of the estate of Daylesford, which had passed out of the hands of the family, he kept before him all his life.

At the age of ten he was sent by an uncle to Westminster School, where he received an excellent education, and at seventeen he was sent to

1. Thomas Babington Macaulay, English statesman and author, was born in 1800. That he was a remarkably precocious child is shown by the fact that he read widely at the age of three, that he wrote a history of the world at seven, and that by the time he was ten, he had written poems, metrical romances and treatises on various subjects. Both at school and at college he showed that the precocity of his childhood was no false promise. He first attracted wide attention in 1825, when he published his famous *Essay on Milton*, and he immediately found himself popular in the social as well as the literary world. Shortly after he left college, the financial reverses of his father made it necessary that he should do something to earn his own living, and to help his family. From this time on he showed the most tireless energy, writing essays, poems and historical articles, which constantly increased his fame. In

India as a clerk in the service of the East India Company. In 1764 he returned to England, and five years later he went back to India as member of the Council of Madras. In 1774 he was made governor-general of India, and it was while in this position that he committed those acts for which he was impeached.

The chief of these were the rendering of military assistance to Sujah Dowlah, Nabob of Oude, in his successful attempt to subdue the province of Katakhr, occupied by the Rohillas; his acquiescence in the condemnation and execution of Nuncomar, an intriguing Brahmin; the deposition of Cheyte Sing, Rajah of Benares, for alleged disloyalty, and the enrichment of Asaph-ul-Dowlah, son and successor of Sujah Dowlah, at the expense of the Begums, or Princesses, of Oude—the mother and the grandmother of Asaph-ul-Dowlah. It is but just to Hastings to state that these things were done not to enrich himself, but to satisfy the constant demands of the East India Company for funds; and that when he left India in 1785, his great empire was in a prosperous and tranquil state. The selection from Macaulay begins with the arrival of Hastings in England.

1830 he entered Parliament and was a most active and influential member. At times his speeches were so powerful that they changed the vote of the House of Commons.

His greatest work was his *History of England from the Accession of James II.* The fascinating descriptions and exciting episodes made this work instantly popular on both sides of the Atlantic, despite the fact that its most ardent admirer could not claim for it the merit of impartiality.

Macaulay's life was too laborious; by 1852 his health broke down, and seven years later he died.

The essay on *Warren Hastings*, from which this selection is taken, is one of his historical essays, and shows very clearly many of the peculiar characteristics of his style.



HE voyage was, for those times, very speedy. Hastings was little more than four months on the sea. In June, 1785, he landed at Plymouth, posted to London, appeared at Court, paid his respects to Leadenhall Street, then retired with his wife to Cheltenham.

Within a week after he landed at Plymouth, Burke gave notice in the House of Commons of a motion seriously affecting a gentleman lately returned from India.

Hastings, it is clear, was not sensible of the danger of his position. A man who, having left England when a boy, returns to it after thirty or forty years passed in India, will find, be his talents what they may, that he has much both to learn and to unlearn before he can take a place among English statesmen. This was strikingly the case with Hastings. In India he had a bad hand but he was master of the game, and he won every stake. In England he held excellent cards, if he had known how to play them; and it was chiefly by his own errors that he was brought to the verge of ruin. Of all his errors the most serious was perhaps the choice of his champion, Major Scott. In spite, however, of this unfortunate choice the general aspect of affairs was favorable to Hastings. The King was on his side; the Company and its servants were zealous in his cause; among public men he had many ardent friends. The ministers were generally believed to be favorable to him. Mr. Dundas was the only important member of the administration who was deeply committed to a different view of the subject.

The Opposition was loud and vehement against him. But the Opposition, though formidable from the wealth and influence of some of its members, and from the admirable talents and eloquence of others, was outnumbered in Parliament, and odious throughout the country. Nor, as far as we can judge, was the Opposition generally desirous to engage in so serious an undertaking as the impeachment of an Indian Governor. Such an impeachment must last for years. It must impose on the chiefs of the party an immense load of labor. Yet it could scarcely, in any manner, affect the event of the great political game. The followers of the coalition were therefore more inclined to revile Hastings than to prosecute him. But there were two men whose indignation was not to be so appeased, Philip Francis and Edmund Burke.

Francis had recently entered the House of Commons, and had already established a character there for industry and ability. He labored indeed under one most unfortunate defect, want of fluency. But he occasionally expressed himself with a dignity and energy worthy of the greatest orators. Before he had been many days in Parliament, he incurred the bitter dislike of Pitt,² who constantly treated him with as much asperity as the laws of debate would allow. Neither lapse

2. William Pitt (1759–1806), often called the younger Pitt, to distinguish him from his father, was at this time prime minister. He had been advanced to this high office when but twenty-four years of age, and he was, as one writer says, “the most powerful subject that England had had for generations.” From this time until his death, the story of Pitt’s life and the history of England were to a large extent identical, so did he sway England’s policy.

of years nor change of scene had mitigated the enmities which Francis had brought back from the East. After his usual fashion, he mistook his malevolence for virtue, nursed it, as preachers tell us that we ought to nurse our good dispositions, and paraded it, on all occasions, with Pharisaical ostentation.

The zeal of Burke was still fiercer, but it was far purer. Men unable to understand the elevation of his mind have tried to find out some discreditable motive for the vehemence and pertinacity which he showed on this occasion. But they have altogether failed. The idle story that he had some private slight to revenge has long been given up, even by the advocates of Hastings. The plain truth is that Hastings had committed some great crimes, and that the thought of those crimes made the blood of Burke boil in his veins. For Burke was a man in whom compassion for suffering, and hatred of injustice and tyranny, were as strong as in Las Casas³ or Clarkson.⁴ And although in him, as in Las Casas and in Clarkson, these noble feelings were alloyed with the infirmity which belongs to human nature, he is, like them, entitled to this great praise, that he devoted years of intense labor to the service of a people with whom he had

3. Bartolomé de Las Casas (1474–1566), was a Spanish monk of the Dominican order, who spent much of his life in the attempt to better the conditions of slaves in the West Indies and in Spanish South America.

4. Thomas Clarkson (1760–1846) early resolved to give up his life to a crusade against African slavery. He wrote books, made speeches, and in various ways labored constantly, and in conjunction with William Wilberforce he was instrumental in bringing about the abolition of slave trade in 1807. In 1833, also in part through his efforts, slavery was abolished in the West Indies.

neither blood nor language, neither religion nor manners in common, and from whom no requital, no thanks, no applause could be expected.

His knowledge of India was such as few, even of those Europeans who have passed many years in that country, have attained, and such as certainly was never attained by any public man who had not quitted Europe. He had studied the history, the laws, and the usages of the East with an industry, such as is seldom found united to so much genius and so much sensibility. Others have perhaps been equally laborious, and have collected an equal mass of materials. But the manner in which Burke brought his higher powers of intellect to work on statements of facts, and on tables of figures, was peculiar to himself. In every part of those huge bales of Indian information which repelled almost all other readers, his mind, at once philosophical and poetical, found something to instruct or to delight. His reason analysed and digested those vast and shapeless masses; his imagination animated and colored them. Out of darkness and dullness, and confusion, he formed a multitude of ingenious theories and vivid pictures. He had, in the highest degree, that noble faculty whereby man is able to live in the past and in the future, in the distant and in the unreal. India and its inhabitants were not to him, as to most Englishmen, mere names and abstractions, but a real country and a real people. The burning sun, the strange vegetation of the palm and the cocoa tree, the rice-field, the tank, the huge trees, older than the Mogul empire, under which the village crowds assemble, the thatched roof of the peasant's hut, the rich

tracery of the mosque where the imaum prays with his face to Mecca,⁵ the drums, and banners, and gaudy idols, the devotee swinging in the air, the graceful maiden with the pitcher on her head, descending the steps to the river-side, the black faces, the long beards, the turbans and the flowing robes, the spears and the silver maces, the elephants with their canopies of state, the gorgeous palanquin of the prince, and the close litter of the noble lady, all these things were to him as the objects amidst which his own life had been passed, as the objects which lay on the road between Beaconsfield and St. James Street. All India was present to the eye of his mind, from the halls where suitors laid gold and perfumes at the feet of sovereigns to the wild moor where the gypsy camp was pitched, from the bazaar, humming like a bee-hive with the crowd of buyers and sellers, to the jungle where the lonely courier shakes his bunch of iron rings to scare away the hyenas.

It may be doubted whether the personal antipathy of Francis, or the nobler indignation of Burke, would have led their party to adopt extreme measures against Hastings, if his own conduct had been judicious. He should have felt that, great as his public services had been, he was not faultless, and should have been content to make his escape, without aspiring to the honors of a triumph. He and his agent took a different view. They were impatient for the rewards which, as they conceived, were deferred only till Burke's at-

5. The imaum, or imam, is a Mohammedan priest, and according to the rules of his religion, must always pray with his face toward Mecca, the sacred city of the Mohammedans.

tack should be over. They accordingly resolved to force on a decisive action with an enemy for whom, if they had been wise, they would have made a bridge of gold. On the first day of the session of 1786, Major Scott reminded Burke of the notice given in the preceding year, and asked whether it was seriously intended to bring any charge against the late Governor-General. This challenge left no course open to the Opposition, except to come forward as accusers, or to acknowledge themselves calumniators. The administration of Hastings had not been so blameless, nor was the great party of Fox⁶ and North so feeble, that it could be prudent to venture on so bold a defiance. The leaders of the Opposition instantly returned the only answer which they could with honor return; and the whole party was irrevocably pledged to a prosecution. In April, the charges were laid on the table. They had been drawn by Burke with great ability, though in a form too much resembling that of a pamphlet. Hastings was furnished with a copy of the accusation; and it was intimated to him that he might, if he thought fit, be heard in his own defense at the bar of the Commons.

Here again Hastings was pursued by the same fatality which had attended him ever since the

6. Charles James Fox (1749–1806), entered Parliament in 1768, and a few years later was given his first position in the Cabinet. This he soon lost because of his opposition to the policy of George III and his prime minister, Lord North. For years the brilliant Fox contended with North, objecting particularly to his attitude toward the Revolutionary War, of which Fox was the most determined and able opponent. To the end of his life Fox was active on all subjects of public interest, particularly the abolition of slave trade and the removal of the political restrictions of the Catholics. He favored the French Revolution, and opposed the war with France, as, in fact, he opposed much of Pitt's policy.

day when he set foot on English ground. It seemed to be decreed that this man, so politic and so successful in the East, should commit nothing but blunders in Europe. Any judicious adviser would have told him that the best thing which he could do would be to make an eloquent, forcible, and affecting oration at the bar of the House; but that, if he could not trust himself to speak, and found it necessary to read, he ought to be as concise as possible. Audiences accustomed to extemporaneous debating of the highest excellence are always impatient of long written compositions. Hastings, however, sat down as he would have done at the Government house at Bengal, and prepared a paper of immense length. That paper, if recorded on the consultations of an Indian administration, would have been justly praised as a very able minute. But it was now out of place. It fell flat, as the best written defence must have fallen flat, on an assembly accustomed to the animated and strenuous conflicts of Pitt and Fox. The members, as soon as their curiosity about the face and demeanor of so eminent a stranger was satisfied, walked away to dinner, and left Hastings to tell his story till midnight to the clerks and the Serjeant-at-arms.

All preliminary steps having been duly taken, Burke, in the beginning of June, brought forward the charge relating to the Rohilla War. Hastings was absolved by a hundred and nineteen votes against sixty-seven. Now was he confident of victory, and indeed, it seemed that he had reason to be so. But in a very few days these fair prospects were overcast. On the thirteenth of June, Mr. Fox

brought forward, with great ability and eloquence, the charge respecting the treatment of Cheyte Sing. Francis followed on the same side. The friends of Hastings were in high spirits when Pitt rose. With his usual abundance of felicity of language, the Minister gave his opinion on the case. The necessary inference from Pitt's arguments seemed to be that Hastings ought to be honorably acquitted; and both the friends and the opponents of the Minister expected from him a declaration to that effect. To the astonishment of all parties, he concluded by saying that, though he thought it right in Hastings to fine Cheyte Sing for contumacy, yet the amount of the fine was too great for the occasion. On this ground, and on this ground alone, did Mr. Pitt, applauding every other part of the conduct of Hastings with regard to Benares, declare that he should vote in favor of Mr. Fox's motion.

The House was thunderstruck; and it well might be so. For the wrong done to Cheyte Sing, even had it been as flagitious as Fox and Francis contended, was a trifle when compared with the horrors which had been inflicted on Rohilcund. It was impossible even for the most powerful minister to carry all his followers with him in so strange a course. Several persons high in office divided against Mr. Pitt. But the devoted adherents who stood by the head of the government without asking questions were sufficiently numerous to turn the scale. A hundred and nineteen members voted for Mr. Fox's motion; seventy-nine against it.

The prorogation soon interrupted the discussions respecting Hastings. In the following year,

these discussions were resumed. The charge touching the spoliation of the Begums was brought forward by Sheridan,⁷ in a speech which was so imperfectly reported that it may be said to be wholly lost, but which was, without doubt, the most elaborately brilliant of all the productions of his ingenious mind. The impression which it produced was such as has never been equaled. He sat down, not merely amidst cheering, but amidst the loud clapping of hands, in which the Lords below the bar and the strangers in the gallery joined. The excitement of the House was such that no other speaker could obtain a hearing; and the debate was adjourned. The ferment spread fast through the town. Within four and twenty hours, Sheridan was offered a thousand pounds for the copyright of the speech, if he would himself correct it for the press. The impression made by this remarkable display of eloquence on severe and experienced critics, whose discernment may be supposed to have been quickened by emulation, was deep and permanent. Mr. Windham,⁸ twenty years later, said that the speech deserved all its fame, and was, in spite of some faults of taste, such as were seldom wanting either in the literary or in

7. Richard Brinsley Sheridan (1751-1816), was famous both as a dramatist and as a statesman. *The Rivals* and the *School for Scandal* are certainly among the best comedies written since the time of Shakespeare, and would have made him famous had he done naught else. Like Fox, he opposed the war with America, and one speech of his was so masterly that the Congress of the United States offered him as a reward about \$100,000, which he declined.

8. William Windham (1750-1810), was an English statesman, who held various offices, first under Fox, then under Fox's opponent, Pitt, and then again under Fox. His chief work was a series of reforms in the army, to which he devoted himself, whatever party he was working with.

the parliamentary performances of Sheridan, the finest that had been delivered within the memory of man. Mr. Fox, about the same time, being asked what was the best speech ever made in the House of Commons, assigned the first place, without hesitation, to the great oration of Sheridan on the Oude charge.

When the debate was resumed, the tide ran so strongly against the accused that his friends were coughed and scraped down. Pitt declared himself for Sheridan's motion; and the question was carried by a hundred and seventy-five votes against sixty-eight.

At length the House, having agreed to twenty articles of charge, directed Burke to go before the Lords, and to impeach the late Governor-General of High Crimes and Misdemeanors.⁹ Hastings was at the same time arrested by the Serjeant-at-arms and carried to the bar of the Peers.

The session was now within ten days of its close. It was, therefore, impossible that any progress could be made in the trial till the next year. Hastings was admitted to bail; and further proceedings were postponed till the Houses should re-assemble.

When Parliament met in the following winter, the Commons proceeded to elect a committee for managing the impeachment. Burke stood at the head; and with him were associated most of the leading members of the Opposition. But when the name of Francis was read a fierce contention arose. It was said that Francis and Hastings were

9. In impeachment cases in England, the prosecutor is the House of Commons, while the court before which the case is tried is the House of Lords.

notoriously on bad terms, that they had been at feud during many years, that on one occasion their mutual aversion had impelled them to seek each other's lives, and that it would be improper and indelicate to select a private enemy to be a public accuser. It was urged on the other side with great force, particularly by Mr. Windham, that impartiality, though the first duty of a judge, had never been reckoned among the qualities of an advocate; that in the ordinary administration of criminal justice among the English, the aggrieved party, the very last person who ought to be admitted into the jury-box, is the prosecutor; that what was wanted in a manager was, not that he should be free from bias, that he should be able, well-informed, energetic, and active. The ability and information of Francis was admitted; and the very animosity with which he was reproached, whether a virtue or a vice, was at least a pledge for his energy and activity. It seems difficult to refute these arguments. But the inveterate hatred borne by Francis to Hastings had excited general disgust. The House decided that Francis should not be a manager.

The preparations for the trial proceeded rapidly; and on the thirteenth of February, 1788, the sittings of the Court commenced. There have been spectacles more dazzling to the eye, more gorgeous with jewelry and cloth of gold, more attractive to grown-up children, than that which was then exhibited at Westminster; but, perhaps, there never was a spectacle so well calculated to strike a highly cultivated, a reflecting, an imaginative mind. All the various kinds of interest which belong to the

near and to the distant, to the present and to the past, were collected on one spot and in one hour. All the talents and all the accomplishments which are developed by liberty and civilization were now displayed, with every advantage that could be derived both from co-operation and from contrast. Every step in the proceedings carried the mind either backward, through many troubled centuries, to the days when the foundations of our constitution were laid; or far away, over boundless seas and deserts, to dusky nations living under strange stars, worshipping strange gods, and writing strange characters from right to left. The High Court of Parliament was to sit, according to forms handed down from the days of the Plantagenets,¹⁰ on an Englishman accused of exercising tyranny over the lord of the holy city of Benares, and over the ladies of the princely house of Oude.

The place was worthy of such a trial. It was the great hall of William Rufus, the hall which had resounded with acclamations at the inauguration of thirty kings, the hall which had witnessed the just sentence of Bacon¹¹ and the just absolution of Somers,¹² the hall where the eloquence of Straf-

10. The first of the royal house of the Plantagenets was Henry II, who came to the throne of England in 1154; the last was Richard II (1377-1399). Some of the ablest kings who have ever ruled England were of this house.

11. Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam (1561-1625), was a great English philosopher and statesman. He entered Parliament at thirty-four, held various offices, and in 1618 was made lord high chancellor. Accused of corruption as a judge, he pleaded guilty, was fined \$200,000, and sentenced to imprisonment. Although the sentence was afterward practically remitted, he was disgraced for life. Bacon is known now chiefly through his *Essays*.

12. John Somers (1651-1716), was an English lawyer and statesman. He held offices of increasing importance, and in 1697 was raised to the peerage and made lord chancellor of England. Three

ford¹³ had for a moment awed and melted a victorious party inflamed with just resentment, the hall where Charles¹⁴ had confronted the High Court of Justice with the placid courage which has half redeemed his fame. Neither military nor civil pomp was wanting. The avenues were lined with grenadiers. The streets were kept clear by cavalry. The peers, robed in gold and ermine, were marshalled by the heralds under Garter King-at-arms. The judges in their vestments of state attended to give advice on points of law. Near a hundred and seventy lords, three-fourths of the Upper House as the Upper House then was, walked in solemn order from their usual place of assembling to the tribunal. The junior Baron present led the way, George Eliott, Lord Heathfield, recently ennobled for his memorable defense of Gibraltar against the fleets and armies of France and Spain. The long procession was closed by the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of the realm, by the great dignitaries, and by the brothers and sons of the King. Last of all came the Prince of Wales, conspicuous by his fine years later he was removed from office, and impeachment proceedings were begun against him. They were, however, soon dropped.

13. Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford (1593-1641), was an English statesman, chief supporter of Charles I in his absolutist policy. Early in his career he sided with Parliament and attempted to check Charles, but feeling that Parliament was going too far, he joined Charles. In Ireland, as lord deputy, he made himself intensely unpopular, and after his return to England he drew upon himself, by his arbitrary character, the hatred of Parliament. At length a bill of attainder was passed against him, and was signed by Charles I, who had assured Strafford that no harm should ever come to him by reason of his allegiance to the king. In May, 1641, he was beheaded.

14. This was, of course, Charles I, who when condemned to death, met his fate with such dignity and composure that many who had been in favor of his execution regarded him afterward as a martyr and a saint.

person and noble bearing. The gray old walls were hung with scarlet. The long galleries were crowded by an audience such as has rarely excited the fears or the emulations of an orator. They were gathered together, from all parts of a great, free, enlightened, and prosperous empire, grace and female loveliness, wit and learning, the representatives of every science and of every art. There were seated round the Queen the fair-haired young daughters of the House of Brunswick. There the Ambassadors of great Kings and Commonwealths gazed with admiration on a spectacle which no other country in the world could present. There Siddons,¹⁵ in the prime of her majestic beauty, looked with emotion on a scene surpassing all the imitations of the stage. There the historian of the Roman Empire thought of the days when Cicero pleaded the cause of Sicily against Verres,¹⁶ and when, before a senate which still retained some show of freedom, Tacitus thundered against the oppressor of Africa.¹⁷ There were seen side by side the greatest painter and the greatest scholar of the age. The spectacle had allured Reynolds¹⁸ from that easel which preserved to us the thoughtful foreheads of so many writers and statesmen, and the sweet smiles of so many noble

15. Mrs. Sarah Siddons (1755–1831), was one of the greatest, perhaps the greatest, of English tragic actresses.

16. Verres was a Roman Politician, governor of Sicily. Accused by the Sicilians of oppression and robbery, he was brought to trial, Cicero managing the prosecution. Cicero prepared six orations, but after the first, Verres, seeing that his guilt would be clearly established, fled from Italy.

17. "The oppressor of Africa" was Marius Priscus, who was successfully prosecuted by Tacitus and his friend, Pliny the Younger.

18. Sir Joshua Reynolds (1723–1792), the most famous English portrait painter.

matrons. It had induced Parr¹⁹ to suspend his labors in that dark and profound mine from which he had extracted a vast treasure of erudition, a treasure too often buried in the earth, too often paraded with injudicious and inelegant ostentation, but still precious, massive, and splendid. There appeared the voluptuous charms of her to whom the heir of the throne had in secret plighted his faith.²⁰ There were the members of that brilliant society which quoted, criticized and exchanged repartees, under the rich peacock-hangings of Mrs. Montagu.²¹ And there the ladies whose lips, more persuasive than those of Fox himself, had carried the Westminster election against palace and treasury, shone around Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire.

The Serjeants made proclamation. Hastings advanced to the bar, and bent his knee. The culprit was indeed not unworthy of that great presence. He had ruled an extensive and populous country, had made laws and treaties, had sent forth armies, had set up and pulled down princes. And in his high place he had so borne himself, that all had feared him, that most had loved him, and that hatred itself could deny him no title to glory, except virtue. He looked like a great man, and not like a bad man. A person small and emaciated, yet deriving dignity from a carriage which, while it indicated deference to the court, indicated also

19. Samuel Parr (1747-1825), a once noted English scholar.

20. This was Mrs. Fitzherbert, whom the Prince of Wales, afterward George IV, had secretly married in 1785. Later, wishing to obtain help from Parliament for the payment of his debts, he allowed the marriage to be denied in Parliament.

21. Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu (1720-1800), was an English society leader, who numbered among her regular visitors Horace Walpole, Dr. Johnson, Burke and Sir Joshua Reynolds.

habitual self-possession and self-respect, a high and intellectual forehead, a brow pensive, but not gloomy, a mouth of inflexible decision, a face pale and worn, but serene, on which was written, as legibly as under the picture in the council-chamber at Calcutta, *Mens æqua in arduis*,²² such was the aspect with which the great Proconsul presented himself to his judges.

His counsel accompanied him, men all of whom were afterwards raised by their talents and learning to the highest posts in their profession. But neither the culprit nor his advocates attracted so much notice as the accusers. In the midst of the blaze of red drapery, a space had been fitted up with green benches and tables for the Commons. The managers, with Burke at their head, appeared in full dress. The collectors of gossip did not fail to remark that even Fox, generally so regardless of his appearance, had paid to the illustrious tribunal the compliment of wearing a bag and sword. Pitt had refused to be one of the conductors of the impeachment; and his commanding, copious and sonorous eloquence was wanting to that great muster of various talents. Age and blindness had unfitted Lord North for the duties of a public prosecutor; and his friends were left without the help of his excellent sense, his tact, and his urbanity. But, in spite of the absence of these two distinguished members of the Lower House, the box in which the managers stood contained an array of speakers such as perhaps had not appeared together since the great age of Athenian eloquence. There were Fox and Sheridan, the English Demos-

22. That is, a mind calm in difficulties.

thenes and the English Hyperides.²³ There was Burke, ignorant indeed, or negligent of the art of adapting his reasonings and his style to the capacity and taste of his hearers, but in amplitude of comprehension and richness of imagination superior to every orator, ancient or modern. There, with eyes reverentially fixed on Burke, appeared the finest gentleman of the age, his form developed by every manly exercise, his face beaming with intelligence and spirit, the ingenious, the chivalrous, the high-souled Windham. Nor, though surrounded by such men, did the youngest manager pass unnoticed. At an age when most of those who distinguish themselves in life are still contending for prizes and fellowships at college, he had won for himself a conspicuous place in Parliament. No advantage of fortune or connection was wanting that could set off to the height his splendid talents and his unblemished honor. At twenty-three he had been thought worthy to be ranked with the veteran statesmen who appeared as the delegates of the British Commons, at the bar of the British nobility. All who stood at that bar, save him alone, are gone, culprit, advocates, accusers. To the generation which is now in the vigor of life, he is the sole representative of a great age which has passed away. But those who, within the last ten years, have listened with delight, till the morning sun shone on the tapestries of the House of Lords, to the lofty and animated eloquence of Charles, Earl Grey,²⁴

23. Hyperides was a celebrated Athenian orator, who lived in the fourth century B. C.

24. Charles, Earl Grey (1764-1845), had, as Macaulay here intimates, but just begun his political career. It was a long and

are able to form some estimate of the powers of a race of men among whom he was not the foremost.

The charges and the answers of Hastings were first read. The ceremony occupied two whole days, and was rendered less tedious than it would otherwise have been by the silver voice and just emphasis of Cowper, the clerk of the court, a near relation of the amiable poet. On the third day Burke rose. Four sittings were occupied by his opening speech, which was intended to be a general introduction to all the charges. With an exuberance of thought and a splendor of diction which more than satisfied the highly raised expectation of the audience, he described the character and institutions of the natives of India, recounted the circumstances in which the Asiatic empire of Britain had originated, and set forth the constitution of the Company and of the English presidencies. Having thus attempted to communicate to his hearers an idea of Eastern society, as vivid as that which existed in his own mind, he proceeded to arraign the administration of Hastings as systematically conducted in defiance of morality and public law. The energy and pathos of the great orator extorted expressions of unwonted admiration from the stern and hostile Chancellor, and, for a moment, seemed to pierce even the resolute heart of the defendant. The ladies in the galleries, unaccustomed to such displays of eloquence, excited by the solemnity of the occasion, and perhaps not

brilliant one, and throughout it he was concerned chiefly with the question of Parliamentary reform. Several times he presented petitions for such reform, but it was not until 1832, when he had been twenty-three years in the House of Lords, that he succeeded in putting through both houses of Parliament the bill which did away with many of the abuses in the elections to the House of Commons.

unwilling to display their taste and sensibility, were in a state of uncontrollable emotion. Handkerchiefs were pulled out; smelling bottles were handed round; hysterical sobs and screams were heard; and Mrs. Sheridan was carried out in a fit. At length the orator concluded. Raising his voice till the old arches of Irish oak resounded, "Therefore," said he, "hath it with all confidence been ordered by the Commons of Great Britain, that I impeach Warren Hastings of high crimes and misdemeanors. I impeach him in the name of the Commons' House of Parliament, whose trust he has betrayed. I impeach him in the name of the English nation, whose ancient honor he has sullied. I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose rights he has trodden under foot, and whose country he has turned into a desert. Lastly, in the name of human nature itself, in the name of both sexes, in the name of every age, in the name of every rank, I impeach the common enemy and oppressor of all!"

When the deep murmur of various emotions had subsided, Mr. Fox rose to address the Lords respecting the course of proceeding to be followed. The wish of the accusers was that the Court would bring to a close the investigation of the first charge before the second was opened. The wish of Hastings and of his counsel was that the managers should open all the charges, and produce all the evidence for the prosecution, before the defence began. The Lords retired to consider the question and by a majority of near three to one decided in favor of the course for which Hastings contended.

When the Court sat again, Mr. Fox, assisted by Mr. Grey, opened the charge respecting Cheyte

Sing, and several days were spent in reading papers and hearing witnesses. The next article was that relating to the Princesses of Oude. The conduct of this part of the case was intrusted to Sheridan. The curiosity of the public to hear him was unbounded. His sparkling and highly finished declamation lasted two days; but the Hall was crowded to suffocation during the whole time. It was said that fifty guineas had been paid for a single ticket. Sheridan, when he concluded, contrived, with a knowledge of stage effect which his father might have envied,²⁵ to sink back, as if exhausted, into the arms of Burke, who hugged him with the energy of generous admiration.

June was now far advanced. The session could not last much longer; and the progress which had been made in the impeachment was not very satisfactory. There were twenty charges. On two only of these had even the case for the prosecution been heard; and it was now a year since Hastings had been admitted to bail.

The interest taken by the public in the trial was great when the Court began to sit, and rose to the height when Sheridan spoke on the charge relating to the Begums. From that time the excitement went down fast. The spectacle had lost the attraction of novelty. The great displays of rhetoric were over. What was behind was not of a nature to entice men of letters from their books in the morning, or to tempt ladies who had left the masquerade at two to be out of bed before eight.

In the session of 1788, when the proceedings had the interest of novelty, and when the Peers had

25. Sheridan's father, Thomas Sheridan, was an actor.

little other business before them, only thirty-five days were given to the impeachment. In 1789, only seventeen days were given to the case of Hastings. It was clear that the matter would be protracted to a length unprecedented in the annals of criminal law.

At length, in the spring of 1795, the decision was pronounced, near eight years after Hastings had been brought by the Serjeant-at-arms of the Commons to the bar of the Lords. On the last day of this great procedure the public curiosity, long suspended, seemed to be revived. Anxiety about the judgment there could be none; for it had been fully ascertained that there was a great majority for the defendant. Nevertheless many wished to see the pageant, and the Hall was as much crowded as on the first day. But those who, having been present on the first day, now bore a part in the proceedings of the last, were few; and most of those few were altered men.

As Hastings himself said, the arraignment had taken place before one generation, and the judgment was pronounced by another. The spectator could not look at the woolsack, or at the red benches of the Peers, or at the green benches of the Commons, without seeing something that reminded him of the instability of all human things, of the instability of power and fame and life, of the more lamentable instability of friendship. The great seal was borne before Lord Loughborough, who, when the trial commenced, was a fierce opponent of Mr. Pitt's government, and who was now a member of that government, while Thurlow, who presided in the Court when it first sat, estranged from all his

old allies, sat scowling among the junior barons. Of about a hundred and sixty nobles who walked in procession on that first day, sixty had been laid in their family vaults. Still more affecting must have been the sight of the managers' box. What had become of that fair fellowship, so closely bound together by public and private ties, so resplendent with every talent and accomplishment? It had been scattered by calamities more bitter than the bitterness of death. The great chiefs were still living, and still in the full vigor of their genius. But their friendship was at an end. It had been violently and publicly dissolved, with tears and stormy reproaches. If those men, once so dear to each other, were now compelled to meet for the purpose of managing the impeachment, they met as strangers whom public business had brought together, and behaved to each other with cold and distant civility. Burke had in his vortex whirled away Windham. Fox had been followed by Sheridan and Grey.

Only twenty-nine Peers voted. Of these only six found Hastings guilty on the charges relating to Cheyte Sing and to the Begums. On the other charges, the majority in his favor was still greater. On some he was unanimously absolved. He was then called to the bar, was informed from the wool-sack that the Lords had acquitted him, and was solemnly discharged. He bowed respectfully and retired.²⁶

26. Hastings passed the remaining twenty-three years of his life at Daylesford, spending his time in reading and writing, and in the ordinary pursuits of a country gentleman. The East India Company, grateful for his services, granted him a large annuity, but owing to his extravagance he was often in difficulties, from which the Company always extricated him. He died on August 22, 1818.

A DISSERTATION UPON ROAST PIG

By CHARLES LAMB



ANKIND, says a Chinese manuscript, which my friend M. was obliging enough to read and explain to me,¹ for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day. This period is not obscurely hinted at by their great Confucius in the second chapter of his Mundane Mutations, where he designates a kind of golden age by the term Cho-fang, literally the Cook's Holiday. The manuscript goes on to say, that the art of roasting, or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder brother), was accidentally discovered in the manner following: The swineherd, Ho-ti, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son, Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who being fond of playing with fire, as youngers of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. Together

1. A friend who had traveled extensively in China and Thibet told Lamb this story of the origin of cooking. We do not know that the friend found the story current in China, but we are certain that it is found in very old writings. Of course the quaint, fanciful form of the story is Lamb's own.

with the cottage (a sorry antediluvian makeshift of a building, you may think it), what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs, not less than nine in number, perished. China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East, from the remotest period that we read of. Bo-bo was in the utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches, and the labor of an hour or two, at any time, as for the loss of the pigs. While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odor assailed his nostrils, unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from?—not from the burnt cottage,—he had smelt that smell before,—indeed this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young firebrand. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burnt his fingers, and to cool them he applied them, in his booby fashion, to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted—*crackling!* Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now, still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding, that it was the

pig that smelt so, and the pig tasted so delicious; and surrendering himself up to the new-born pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with retributory cudgel, and finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders, as thick as hailstones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. The tickling pleasure, which he experienced in his lower regions, had rendered him quite callous to any inconveniences he might feel in those remote quarters. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig, till he had fairly made an end of it, when, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like this dialogue ensued:

"You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burnt me down three houses with your dog's tricks, and be hanged to you! but you must be eating fire, and I know not what; what have you got there, I say?"

"O father, the pig, the pig! do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats."

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself that ever he should beget a son that should eat burnt pig.

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting, "Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, father, only taste; O Lord!"—with such-like barbarous ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

Ho-ti trembled in every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when the crackling scorching his fingers, as it had done his son's, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavor, which, make what sour mouths he would for a pretense, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion (for the manuscript here is a little tedious) both father and son fairly sat down to the mess and never left off until they had dispatched all that remained of the litter.

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbors would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless, strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burnt down now more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the night time. As often as the sow farrowed, so sure was the house of Ho-ti to be in a blaze; and Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever. At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Pekin, then an inconsiderable assize town. Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box. He handled it and they all handled

it; and burning their fingers, as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against the face of all the facts, and the clearest charge which judge had ever given,—to the surprise of the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present,—without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of Not Guilty.

The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision; and when the court was dismissed, went privily, and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his Lordship's town-house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fire in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance offices one and all shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world. Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till in process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose, like our Locke, who made a discovery, that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (*burnt*, as they called it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it. Then first began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string or spit came in a century or two later; I forget in whose dynasty.
* * * * Thus do the most useful arts make their way among mankind.

Without placing too implicit faith in the account above given, it must be agreed, that if a worthy

pretext for so dangerous an experiment as setting houses on fire (especially in these days) could be assigned in favor of any culinary object, that pretext and excuse might be found in ROAST PIG.

Of all the delicacies in the whole *mundus edibilis*,² I will maintain it to be the most delicate—*princeps obsoniorum*.³

I speak not of your grown porkers—things between pig and pork—those hobbydehoys—but a young and tender suckling—under a moon old—guiltless as yet of the sty—with no original speck of the *amor immunditiæ*,⁴ the hereditary failing of the first parent, yet manifest—his voice as yet not broken, but something between a childish treble and a grumble — the mild forerunner, or *prælude*⁵ of a grunt.

He must be roasted. I am not ignorant that our ancestors ate them seethed, or boiled,—but what a sacrifice of the exterior tegument!

There is no flavor comparable, I will contend, to that of the crisp, tawny, well-watched, not over-roasted *crackling*, as it is well called,—the very teeth are invited to their share of the pleasure at this banquet in overcoming the coy, brittle resistance,—with the adhesive oleaginous—O call it not fat! but an indefinable sweetness growing up to it,—the tender blossoming of fat—fat cropped in the bud—taken in the shoot—in the first innocence—the cream and quintessence of the child-pig's yet pure food,—the lean, no lean, but a kind of animal

2. *Mundus edibilis* is a Latin expression meaning *edible world*.

3. *Princeps obsoniorum* means *chief of viands*.

4. This is a Latin phrase meaning *love of filth*.

5. *Prælude* means *prelude*.

manna,—or, rather, fat and lean (if it must be so) so blended and running into each other, that both together make but one ambrosian result, or common substance.

Behold him, while he is “doing”—it seemeth rather a refreshing warmth, than a scorching heat, that he is so passive to. How equably he twirleth round the string! Now he is just done. To see the extreme sensibility of that tender age! he hath wept out his pretty eyes—radiant jellies—shooting stars.

See him in the dish, his second cradle, how meek he lieth!—wouldst thou have had this innocent grow up to the grossness and indocility which too often accompany maturer swinehood? Ten to one he would have proved a glutton, a sloven, an obstinate, disagreeable animal—wallowing in all manner of filthy conversation,—from these sins he is happily snatched away,—

Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade,
Death came with timely care⁶—

his memory is odoriferous,—no clown curseth, while his stomach half rejecteth, the rank bacon,—no coal-heaver bolteth him in reeking sausages,—he hath a fair sepulcher in the grateful stomach of the judicious epicure,—and for such a tomb might be content to die.

He is the best of savors. Pineapple is great. She is indeed almost too transcendent—a delight, if not sinful, yet so like to sinning that really a tender conscientious person would do well to pause—too ravishing for mortal taste, she woundeth and

6. From Coleridge's *Epitaph on an Infant*.

excoriateth the lips that approach her—like lovers' kisses she biteth—she is a pleasure bordering on pain from the fierceness and insanity of her relish—but she stoppeth at the palate—she meddleth not with the appetite—and the coarsest hunger might barter her consistently for a mutton chop.

Pig—let me speak his praise—is no less provocative of the appetite, than he is satisfactory to the criticalness of the censorious palate. The strong man may batten on him, and the weakling refuseth not his mild juices.

Unlike to mankind's mixed characters, a bundle of virtues and vices, inexplicably intertwined, and not to be unraveled without hazard, he is—good throughout. No part of him is better or worse than another. He helpeth, as far as his little means extend, all around. He is the least envious of banquets. He is all neighbor's fare.

I am one of those, who freely and ungrudgingly impart a share of the good things of this life which fall to their lot (few as mine are in this kind) to a friend. I protest I take as great an interest in my friend's pleasures, his relishes, and proper satisfactions, as in mine own. "Presents," I often say, "endear Absents." Hares, pheasants, partridges, snipes, barn-door chickens (those "tame villatic fowl,") capons, plovers, brawn, barrels of oysters, I dispense as freely as I receive them. I love to taste them, as it were, upon the tongue of my friend. But a stop must be put somewhere. One would not, like Lear, "give everything." I make my stand upon pig. Methinks it is an ingratitude to the Giver of all good flavors, to extra-domiciliate, or send out of the house, slightly, a blessing so

particularly adapted, predestined, I may say, to my individual palate—it argues an insensibility.

I remember a touch of conscience of this kind at school. My good old aunt, who never parted from me at the end of a holiday without stuffing a sweetmeat, or some nice thing, into my pocket, had dismissed me one evening with a smoking plum cake fresh from the oven. In my way to school (it was over London bridge) a grayheaded old beggar saluted me (I have no doubt, at this time of day, that he was a counterfeit). I had no pence to console him with, and in the vanity of self-denial, and the very coxcombry of charity, schoolboy-like, I made him a present of—the whole cake! I walked on a little, buoyed up, as one is on such occasions, with a sweet soothing of self-satisfaction; but before I had got to the end of the bridge, my better feelings returned, and I burst into tears, thinking how ungrateful I had been to my good aunt, to go and give her good gift away to a stranger that I had never seen before, and who might be a bad man for aught I knew; and then I thought of the pleasure my aunt would be taking in thinking that I—I myself, and not another—would eat her nice cake,—and what should I say to her the next time I saw her,—how naughty I was to part with her pretty present!—and the odor of that spicy cake came back upon my recollection, and the pleasure and the curiosity I had taken in seeing her make it, and her joy when she sent it to the oven, and how disappointed she would feel that I had never had a bit of it in my mouth at last,—and I blamed my impertinent spirit of alms-giving, and out-of-place hypocrisy of goodness; and above all I wished never

to see the face again of that insidious, good-for-nothing, old gray imposter.

Our ancestors were nice in their method of sacrificing these tender victims. We read of pigs whipped to death with something of a shock, as we hear of any other obsolete custom. The age of discipline is gone by, or it would be curious to inquire (in a philosophical light merely) what effect this process might have towards intenerating and dulcifying a substance, naturally so mild and dulcet as the flesh of young pigs. It looks like refining a violet. Yet we should be cautious, while we condemn the inhumanity, how we censure the wisdom of the practice. It might impart a gusto.

I remember an hypothesis, argued upon by the young students, when I was at St. Omer's, and maintained with much learning and pleasantry on both sides. "Whether, supposing that the flavor of a pig who obtained his death by whipping (*per flagellationem extremam*,⁷) super-added a pleasure upon the palate of a man more intense than any possible suffering we can conceive in the animal, is man justified in using that method of putting the animal to death?" I forget the decision.

His sauce should be considered. Decidedly, a few bread-crumbs done up with his liver and brains, and a dash of mild sage. But banish, dear Mrs. Cook, I beseech you, the whole onion tribe. Barbecue your whole hogs to your palate, steep them in shallots, stuff them out with plantations of the rank and guilty garlic; you cannot poison them, or make them stronger than they are,—but consider, he is a weakling—a flower.

7. *Per flagellationem extremam* means by a terrible beating.

THE PRAISE OF CHIMNEY SWEEPERS

By CHARLES LAMB



LIKE to meet a sweep—understand me—not a grown sweeper,—old chimney sweepers are by no means attractive,—but one of those tender novices, blooming through their first nigritude, the maternal washings not yet effaced from the cheek,—such as come forth with the dawn, or somewhat earlier, with their little professional notes sounding like the *peep peep* of a young sparrow; or liker to the matin lark should I pronounce them, in their aerial ascents not seldom anticipating the sunrise?

I have a kindly yearning toward these dim specks—poor blots—innocent blacknesses—I reverence these young Africans of our own growth—these almost clergy imps, who sport their cloth¹ without assumption; and from their little pulpits (the tops of chimneys), in the nipping air of a December morning, preach a lesson of patience to mankind.

When a child, what a mysterious pleasure it was to witness their operation! to see a chit no bigger than one's self, enter, one knew not by what process, into what seemed the *fauces Averni*,² to pursue him

1. Distinctive dress of the clergy. The "sweeps" are boys who clean the chimneys.

2. *Fauces Averni* means *throat of the lower world*. Avernus was a lake in Italy whose waters it was believed poisoned the birds

in imagination, as he went sounding on through so many dark stifling caverns, horrid shades! to shudder with the idea that “now, surely, he must be lost forever!”—to revive at hearing his feeble shout of discovered daylight—and then (O fulness of delight!) running out of doors, to come just in time to see the sable phenomenon emerge in safety, the brandished weapon of his art victorious like some flag waved over a conquered citadel! I seem to remember having been told that a bad sweep was once left in a stack with his brush, to indicate which way the wind blew. It was an awful spectacle, certainly; not much unlike the old stage direction in *Macbeth*, where the “Apparition of a child crowned, with a tree in his hand, rises.”

Reader, if thou meetest one of these small gentry in thy early rambles, it is good to give him a penny. It is better to give him twopence. If it be starving weather, and to the proper troubles of his hard occupation, a pair of kibed heels (no unusual accompaniment) be superadded, the demand on thy humanity will surely rise to a tester.³

There is a composition, the groundwork of which I have understood to be the sweet wood yclept sassafras. This wood, boiled down to a kind of tea, and tempered with an infusion of milk and sugar, hath to some tastes a delicacy beyond the China luxury.⁴ I know not how thy palate may relish it; for myself, with every deference to the judicious Mr. Read, who hath time out of mind kept open a shop (the only one he avers in London) that flew over them and through which Ulysses made his entry into the lower world.

3. A tester is about a sixpence—twelve cents.

4. The “China luxury” is tea.

don) for the vending of this “wholesome and pleasant beverage,” on the south side of Fleet Street, as thou approachest Bridge Street—*the only Salopian⁵ house*—I have never yet ventured to dip my own particular lip in a basin of his commended ingredients—a cautious premonition to the olfactories constantly whispering to me, that my stomach must infallibly, with all due courtesy, decline it. Yet I have seen palates, otherwise not uninstructed in dietetical elegancies, sup it up with avidity.

I know not by what particular conformation of the organ it happens, but I have always found that this composition is surprisingly gratifying to the palate of a young chimney sweeper,—whether the oily particles (sassafras is slightly oleaginous) do attenuate and soften the fuliginous concretions, which are sometimes found (in dissections) to adhere to the roof of the mouth in these unfledged practitioners; or whether Nature, sensible that she had mingled too much of bitter wood in the lot of these raw victims, caused to grow out of the earth her sassafras for a sweet lenitive;—but so it is, that no possible taste or odor to the senses of a young chimney sweeper can convey a delicate excitement comparable to this mixture.

Being penniless, they will yet hang their black heads over the ascending steam, to gratify one sense if possible, seemingly no less pleased than those domestic animals—cats—when they purr over a new-found sprig of valerian. There is something more in these sympathies than philosophy can inculcate.

5. *Saloop* was a drink prepared from sassafras bark and other ingredients.

Now albeit Mr. Read boasteth, not without reason, that his is the *only Salopian house*; yet be it known to thee, reader,—if thou art one who keepeth what are called good hours, thou art haply ignorant of the fact,—he hath a race of industrious imitators, who from stalls, and under open sky, dispense the same savory mess to humbler customers, at that dead time of the dawn when (as extremes meet) the rake, reeling home from his midnight cups, and the hard-handed artisan leaving his bed to assume the premature labors of the day, jostle, not infrequently to the manifest disconcerting of the former, for the honors of the pavement. It is the time when, in summer, between the expired and the not yet relumined kitchen fires, the kennels of our fair metropolis give forth the least satisfactory odors. The rake, who wisheth to dissipate his o'er-night vapors in more grateful coffee, curses the ungenial fume as he passeth; but the artisan stops to taste, and blesses the fragrant breakfast.

This is *saloop* — the precocious herb-woman's darling,—the delight of the early gardener, who transports his smoking cabbages by break of day from Hammersmith to Covent Garden's famed piazzas,—the delight, and oh! I fear, too often the envy of the unpennied sweep. Him shouldst thou haply encounter, with his dim visage pendent over the grateful steam, regale him with a sumptuous basin (it will cost thee but three half-pennies) and a slice of delicate bread and butter (an added half-penny)—so may thy culinary fires, eased of the o'ercharged secretions from thy worse-placed hospitalities, curl up a lighter volume to the

welkin,—so may the descending soot never taint thy costly well-ingredieniced soups,—nor the odious cry, quick-reaching from street to street, of the *fired chimney*, invite the rattling engines from ten adjacent parishes, to disturb for a casual scintillation thy peace and pocket!

I am by nature extremely susceptible of street affronts; the jeers and taunts of the populace; the lowbred triumph they display over the casual trip, or splashed stocking, of a gentleman. Yet can I endure the jocularly of a young sweep with something more than forgiveness. In the last winter but one, pacing along Cheapside with my accustomed precipitation when I walk westward, a treacherous slide brought me upon my back in an instant. I scrambled up with pain and shame enough,—yet outwardly trying to face it down, as if nothing had happened—when the roguish grin of one of these young wits encountered me. There he stood, pointing me out with his dusky finger to the mob, and to a poor woman (I suppose his mother) in particular, till the tears for the exquisiteness of the fun (so he thought it) worked themselves out at the corners of his poor red eyes, red from many a previous weeping, and soot-inflamed, yet twinkling through all with such a joy, snatched out of desolation, that Hogarth⁶—but Hogarth has got him already (how could he miss him!) in the *March to Finchley*, grinning at the pieman,—there he stood, as he stands in the picture, irremovable, as if the jest was to last forever,—with such a maximum of glee, and minimum of mischief, in

6. A celebrated painter (1697–1764), noted for the vividness of his satirical pictures.

his mirth,—for the grin of a genuine sweep hath absolutely no malice in it,—that I could have been content, if the honor of the gentleman might endure it, to have remained his butt and his mockery till midnight.

I am by theory obdurate to the seductiveness of what are called a fine set of teeth. Every pair of rosy lips (the ladies must pardon me) is a casket presumably holding such jewels; but, methinks, they should take leave to “air” them as frugally as possible. The fine ladies, or fine gentlemen, who show me their teeth, show me bones. Yet must I confess, that from the mouth of a true sweep a display (even to ostentation) of those white and shining ossifications, strikes me as an agreeable anomaly in manners, and an allowable piece of foppery. It is, as when—

A sable cloud

Turns forth her silvery lining on the night.

It is like some remnant of gentry not quite extinct; a badge of better days; a hint of nobility,— and, doubtless, under the obscuring darkness and double night of their forlorn disguisement, oftentimes lurketh good blood, and gentle conditions, derived from lost ancestry, and a lapsed pedigree.

In one of the state beds at Arundel castle, a few years since—under a ducal canopy—(that seat of the Howards is an object of curiosity to visitors, chiefly for its beds, in which the late duke was especially a connoisseur)—encircled with curtains of delicatest crimson, with starry coronets inwoven—folded between a pair of sheets whiter and softer than the lap where Venus lulled Ascanius—was dis-

covered by chance, after all methods of search had failed, at noonday, fast asleep, a lost chimney sweeper. The little creature, having somehow confounded his passage among the intricacies of those lordly chimneys, by some unknown aperture had alighted upon this magnificent chamber; and, tired with his tedious explorations, was unable to resist the delicious invitement to repose, which he there saw exhibited; so creeping between the sheets very quietly, laid his black head upon the pillow, and slept like a young Howard.

Such is the account given to the visitors at the Castle. But I can not help seeming to perceive a confirmation of what I have just hinted at in this story. A high instinct was at work in the case, or I am mistaken. Is it probable that a poor child of that description, with whatever weariness he might be visited, would have ventured, under such a penalty as he would be taught to expect, to uncover the sheets of a duke's bed, and deliberately to lay himself down between them, when the rug, or the carpet, presented an obvious couch, still far above his pretensions,—is this probable, I would ask, if the great power of nature, which I contend for, had not been manifested within him, prompting to the adventure? Doubtless this young nobleman (for such my mind misgives me he must be) was allured by some memory, not amounting to full consciousness, of his condition in infancy, when he was used to be lapped by his mother, or his nurse, in just such sheets as he there found, into which he was now but creeping back as into his proper *incunabula*,⁷ and resting place. By no other theory

7. *Incunabula* means *cradle*.

than by this sentiment of a pre-existent state (as I may call it), can I explain a deed so venturous, and indeed, upon any other system so indecorous, in this tender, but unseasonable, sleeper.

My pleasant friend Jem White was so impressed with a belief of metamorphoses like this frequently taking place, that in some sort to reverse the wrongs of fortune in these poor changelings, he instituted an annual feast of chimney sweepers, at which it was his pleasure to officiate as host and waiter. It was a solemn supper held in Smithfield, upon the yearly return of the fair of Saint Bartholomew.⁸ Cards were issued a week before to the master-sweeps in and about the metropolis, confining the invitation to their younger fry. Now and then an elderly stripling would get in among us, and be good-naturedly winked at; but our main body were infantry. One unfortunate wight, indeed, who, relying upon his dusky suit, had intruded himself into our party, but by tokens was providentially discovered in time to be no chimney sweeper (all is not soot which looks so) was quoited out of the presence with universal indignation, as not having on the wedding garment; but in general the greatest harmony prevailed. The place chosen was a convenient spot among the pens, at the north side of the fair, not so far distant as to be impervious to the agreeable hubbub of that vanity; but remote enough not to be obvious to the interruption of every gaping spectator in it. The guests assembled about seven. In those little temporary parlors three tables were spread with napery, not so fine as substantial, and at every board a

8. A festival of the Roman church held in August.

comely hostess presided with her pan of hissing sausages. The nostrils of the young rogues dilated at the savor. James White, as head waiter, had charge of the first table; and myself, with our trusty companion Bigod, ordinarily ministered to the other two. There was clambering and jostling, you may be sure, who should get at the first table,—for Rochester in his maddest days could not have done the humors of the scene with more spirit than my friend. After some general expression of thanks for the honor the company had done him, his inaugural ceremony was to clasp the greasy waist of old dame Ursula (the fattest of the three), that stood frying and fretting, half-blessing, half-cursing “the gentleman,” and imprint upon her chaste lips a tender salute, whereat the universal host would set up a shout that tore the concave, while hundreds of grinning teeth startled the night with their brightness. O it was a pleasure to see the sable youngers lick in the unctuous meat, with *his* more unctuous sayings,—how he would fit the titbits to the puny mouths, reserving the lengthier links for the seniors,—how he would intercept a morsel even in the jaws of some young desperado, declaring it “must to the pan again to be browned, for it was not fit for a gentleman’s eating,”—how he would recommend this slice of white bread, or that piece of kissing-crust,⁹ to a tender juvenile, advising them all to have a care of cracking their teeth, which were their best patrimony,—how genteely he would deal about the small ale, as if it were wine, naming the brewer, and protesting, if it were

9. The “kissing crust” is that portion of the upper crust of a loaf of bread that has touched another in baking.

not good, he should lose their custom; with a special recommendation to wipe the lip before drinking. Then we had our toasts—"the King!"—"the Cloth"—which, whether they understood or not, was equally diverting and flattering;—and for a crowning sentiment which never failed, "May the Brush supersede the Laurel!" All these and fifty other fancies, which were rather felt than comprehended by his guests, would he utter, standing upon tables, and prefacing every sentiment with a "Gentlemen, give me leave to propose so and so," which was a prodigious comfort to those young orphans; every now and then stuffing into his mouth (for it did not do to be squeamish on these occasions) indiscriminate pieces of those reeking sausages, which pleased them mightily, and was the savoriest part, you may believe, of the entertainment.

Golden lads and lassies must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.—

James White is extinct, and with him these suppers have long ceased. He carried away with him half the fun of the world when he died—of my world at least. His old clients look for him among the pens; and, missing him, reproach the altered feast of Saint Bartholomew, and the glory of Smithfield departed forever.

MR. PICKWICK AND SAM WELLER

By CHARLES DICKENS

MRS. BARDELL AND SAM



R. PICKWICK'S² apartments in Goswell Street,³ although on a limited scale, were not only of a very neat and comfortable description, but peculiarly adapted for the residence of a man of his genius and observation. His sitting-room was the first floor front, his bed-room the second floor front; and thus, whether he was sitting at his desk in his parlour, or standing

1. These selections are from *The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club*. This was published originally in monthly numbers, and it was not until the appearance of Sam Weller as a character that it gained any great popularity. The preface to the original edition bears date September 27, 1837. Since that time there has been no falling off of interest in the books, and they leave us with their diverting incidents, which amuse and entertain us as much as they did their first readers.

The extracts published here are arranged in the order in which they appear in the books. They give a good idea of Pickwick and his inimitable servant.

2. Mr. Pickwick is elsewhere described as a small, portly man with a bald head, whose beaming eyes were seen twinkling behind circular spectacles. He wore a long-tailed coat, waistcoat, tight breeches, hose and gaiters, and presented altogether an amusing and attractive personality.

His faithful servant Sam says of him, "I never heerd, mind you, nor read of in story books, nor see in picters, any angel in tights and gaiters—not even in spectacles, as I remember, though that may have been done for anythin' I know to the contrairey—but mark my words, he's a reg'lar thoroughbred angel for all that; and let me see the man as wenturs to tell me he knows a better vun."

3. Goswell Street, London.

before the dressing-glass in his dormitory, he had an equal opportunity of contemplating human nature in all the numerous phases it exhibits, in that not more populous than popular thoroughfare. His landlady, Mrs. Bardell—the relict⁴ and sole executrix⁵ of a deceased custom-house officer—was a comely woman of bustling manners and agreeable appearance, with a natural genius for cooking, improved by study and long practice, into an exquisite talent. There were no children, no servants, no fowls. The only other inmates of the house were a large man and a small boy; the first a lodger, the second a production of Mrs. Bardell's. The large man was always home precisely at ten o'clock at night, at which hour he regularly condensed himself into the limits of a dwarfish French bedstead in the back parlour; and the infantine sports and gymnastic exercises of Master Bardell were exclusively confined to the neighboring pavements and gutters. Cleanliness and quiet reigned throughout the house; and in it Mr. Pickwick's will was law.

To any one acquainted with these points of the domestic economy of the establishment, and conversant with the admirable regulation of Mr. Pickwick's mind, his appearance and behaviour on this particular morning would have been most mysterious and unaccountable. He paced the room to and fro with hurried steps, popped his head out of the window at intervals of about three minutes each, constantly referred to his watch, and exhibited many other manifestations of impatience very un-

4. *Relict* means *widow*.

5. She was left to manage all the property her husband had when he died.

usual with him. It was evident that something of great importance was in contemplation, but what that something was, not even Mrs. Bardell herself had been enabled to discover.

"Mrs. Bardell," said Mr. Pickwick, at last, as that amiable female approached the termination of a prolonged dusting of the apartment—

"Sir," said Mrs. Bardell.

"Your little boy is a very long time gone."

"Why it's a good long way to the Borough, sir," remonstrated Mrs. Bardell.

"Ah," said Mr. Pickwick, "very true; so it is."

Mr. Pickwick relapsed into silence, and Mrs. Bardell resumed her dusting.

"Mrs. Bardell," said Mr. Pickwick, at the expiration of a few minutes.

"Sir," said Mrs. Bardell again.

"Do you think it a much greater expense to keep two people, than to keep one?"

"La, Mr. Pickwick," said Mrs. Bardell, colouring up to the very border of her cap, as she fancied she observed a species of matrimonial twinkle in the eyes of her lodger; "La, Mr. Pickwick, what a question!"

"Well, but *do* you?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"That depends—" said Mrs. Bardell, approaching the duster very near to Mr. Pickwick's elbow, which was planted on the table—"that depends a good deal upon the person, you know, Mr. Pickwick; and whether it's a saving and careful person, sir."

"That's very true," said Mr. Pickwick, "but the person I have in my eye (here he looked very hard at Mrs. Bardell) I think possesses these qualities;

and has, moreover, a considerable knowledge of the world, and a great deal of sharpness, Mrs. Bardell; which may be of material use to me."

"La, Mr. Pickwick," said Mrs. Bardell; the crimson rising to her cap-border again.

"I do," said Mr. Pickwick, growing energetic, as was his wont in speaking of a subject which interested him, "I do, indeed; and to tell you the truth, Mrs. Bardell, I have made up my mind."

"Dear me, sir," exclaimed Mrs. Bardell.

"You'll think it very strange now," said the amiable Mr. Pickwick, with a good-humoured glance at his companion, "that I never consulted you about this matter, and never even mentioned it, till I sent your little boy out this morning—eh?"

Mrs. Bardell could only reply by a look. She had long worshipped Mr. Pickwick at a distance, but here she was, all at once, raised to a pinnacle to which her wildest and most extravagant hopes had never dared to aspire. Mr. Pickwick was going to propose—a deliberate plan, too—sent her little boy to the Borough, to get him out of the way—how thoughtful—how considerate!

"Well," said Mr. Pickwick, "what do you think?"

"Oh, Mr. Pickwick," said Mrs. Bardell, trembling with agitation, "you're very kind, sir."

"It'll save you a good deal of trouble, won't it?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Oh, I never thought anything of the trouble, sir," replied Mrs. Bardell; "and, of course, I should take more trouble to please you then, than ever; but it is so kind of you, Mr. Pickwick, to have so much consideration for my loneliness."

"Ah, to be sure," said Mr. Pickwick; "I never

thought of that. When I am in town, you'll always have somebody to sit with you. To be sure, so you will."

"I'm sure I ought to be a very happy woman," said Mrs. Bardell.

"And your little boy—" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Bless his heart!" interposed Mrs. Bardell, with a maternal sob.

"He, too, will have a companion," resumed Mr. Pickwick, "a lively one, who'll teach him, I'll be bound, more tricks in a week than he would ever learn in a year." And Mr. Pickwick smiled placidly.

"Oh, you dear—" said Mrs. Bardell.

Mr. Pickwick started.

"Oh you kind, good playful dear," said Mrs. Bardell; and without more ado, she rose from her chair, and flung her arms round Mr. Pickwick's neck, with a cataract of tears and a chorus of sobs.

"Bless my soul," cried the astonished Mr. Pickwick;—"Mrs. Bardell, my good woman—dear me, what a situation—pray consider.—Mrs. Bardell, don't—if anybody should come—"

"Oh, let them come," exclaimed Mrs. Bardell frantically; "I'll never leave you—dear, kind, good soul;" and, with these words Mrs. Bardell clung the tighter.

"Mercy upon me," said Mr. Pickwick, struggling violently, "I hear somebody coming up the stairs. Don't, don't, there's a good creature, don't." But entreaty and remonstrance were alike unavailing: for Mrs. Bardell had fainted in Mr. Pickwick's arms; and before he could gain time to deposit her on a chair, Master Bardell entered the

room, ushering in Mr. Tupman,⁶ Mr. Winkle, and Mr. Snodgrass.

Mr. Pickwick was struck motionless and speechless. He stood with his lovely burden in his arms, gazing vacantly on the countenances of his friends, without the slightest attempt at recognition or explanation. They, in their turn, stared at him; and Master Bardell, in his turn, stared at everybody.

The astonishment of the Pickwickians was so absorbing, and the perplexity of Mr. Pickwick was so extreme, that they might have remained in exactly the same relative situations until the suspended animation of the lady was restored, had it not been for a most beautiful and touching expression of filial affection on the part of her youthful son. Clad in a tight suit of corduroy, spangled with brass buttons of a very considerable size, he at first stood at the door astounded and uncertain; but by degrees, the impression that his mother must have suffered some personal damage, pervaded his partially developed mind, and considering Mr.

6. Tupman, Winkle and Snodgrass are the three members of the Pickwick Club who travel with Mr. Pickwick, and whose adventures make up the greater part of the *Pickwick Papers*. In another place Dickens speaks of the three men as follows:

"Mr. Tracy Tupman—the too susceptible Tupman, who to the wisdom and experience of maturer years superadded the enthusiasm and ardor of a boy, in the most interesting and pardonable of human weaknesses—love. Time and feeding had expanded that once romantic form; the black waistcoat had become more and more developed; inch by inch had the gold watch chain beneath it disappeared from within the range of Tupman's vision; and gradually had the capacious chin encroached upon the borders of the white cravat; but the soul of Tupman had known no change—admiration of the fair sex was still its ruling passion."

"The poetic Snodgrass and the sporting Winkle, the former poetically enveloped in a mysterious blue cloak with a canine-skin collar, and the latter communicating additional lustre to a new green shooting-coat, plaid neckerchief, and closely-fitted drabs."

Pickwick as the aggressor, he set up an appalling and semi-earthly kind of howling, and butting for-



"TAKE THIS LITTLE VILLAIN AWAY!"

ward with his head, commenced assailing that immortal gentleman about the back and legs, with such blows and pinches as the strength of his arm, and the violence of his excitement, allowed.

"Take this little villain away," said the agonized Mr. Pickwick, "he's mad."

"What *is* the matter?" said the three tonguetied Pickwickians.

"I don't know," replied Mr. Pickwick, pettishly. "Take away the boy" (here Mr. Winkle carried the interesting boy, screaming and struggling, to the further end of the apartment). "Now, help me lead this woman down stairs."

"Oh, I am better now," said Mrs. Bardell, faintly.

"Let me lead you down stairs," said the ever gallant Mr. Tupman.

"Thank you, sir—thank you;" exclaimed Mrs. Bardell, hysterically. And downstairs she was led accordingly, accompanied by her affectionate son.

"I cannot conceive—" said Mr. Pickwick when his friend returned—"I cannot conceive what has been the matter with that woman. I had merely announced to her my intention of keeping a man servant, when she fell into the extraordinary paroxysm in which you found her. Very extraordinary thing."

"Very," said his three friends.

"Placed me in such an extremely awkward situation," continued Mr. Pickwick.

"Very," was the reply of his followers, as they coughed slightly, and looked dubiously at each other. This behaviour was not lost upon Mr. Pickwick. He remarked their incredulity. They evidently suspected him. "There is a man in the passage now," said Mr. Tupman.

"It's the man I spoke to you about," said Mr. Pickwick, "I sent for him to the Borough this

morning. Have the goodness to call him up, Snodgrass."

Mr. Snodgrass did as he was desired; and Mr. Samuel Weller forthwith presented himself.

"Oh—you remember me, I suppose?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"I should think so," replied Sam, with a patronizing wink.

"I want to speak to you about something," said Mr. Pickwick. "Sit down."

"Thank'ee, sir," said Sam. And down he sat without farther bidding, having previously deposited his old white hat on the landing outside the door.

"Ta'nt a werry good 'un to look at," said Sam, "but it's an astonishin' 'un to wear; and before the brim went, it was a werry handsome tile. Hows'ever it's lighter without it, that's one thing, and every hole lets in some air, that's another—wentilation gossamer I calls it." On the delivery of this sentiment, Mr. Weller smiled agreeably upon the assembled Pickwickians.

"Now with regard to the matter on which I, with the concurrence of these gentlemen, sent for you," said Mr. Pickwick.

"That's the pint, sir," interposed Sam; "out vith it, as the father said to the child, wen he swallowed a farden."⁷

"We want to know, in the first place," said Mr. Pickwick, "whether you have any reason to be discontented with your present situation."

"Afore I answers that 'ere question, gen'lm'n," replied Mr. Weller, "I should like to know, in the

7. *Farden*—*farthing*.

first place, whether you're a goin' to purvide me with a better."

A sunbeam of placid benevolence played on Mr. Pickwick's features as he said, "I have half made up my mind to engage you myself."

"Have you, though?" said Sam.

Mr. Pickwick nodded in the affirmative.

"Wages?" inquired Sam.

"Twelve pounds⁸ a year," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"Clothes?"

"Two suits."

"Work?"

"To attend upon me; and travel about with me and these gentlemen here."

"Take the bill down,"⁹ said Sam, emphatically. "I'm let to a single gentleman, and the terms is agreed upon."

"You accept the situation?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"Cert'nly," replied Sam. "If the clothes fits me half as well as the place, they'll do."

"You can get a character of course?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Ask the landlady o' the White Hart about that, sir," replied Sam.

"Can you come this evening?"

"I'll get into the clothes this minute, if they're here," said Sam with great alacrity.

"Call at eight this evening," said Mr. Pickwick; "and if the enquiries are satisfactory, they shall be provided."

8. Twelve pounds equal about sixty dollars.

9. Sam alludes to the bills "Boy Wanted" or "Man Wanted," that are often seen in the windows of stores and offices in the city.

The history of Mr. Weller's conduct was so very blameless, that Mr. Pickwick felt fully justified in closing the engagement that very evening. With the promptness and energy which characterized not only the public proceedings, but all the private actions of this extraordinary man, he at once led his new attendant to one of those convenient emporiums where gentlemen's new and second-hand clothes are provided, and the troublesome and inconvenient formality of measurement dispensed with; and before night had closed in, Mr. Weller was furnished with a gray coat with the P. C. button,¹⁰ a black hat with a cockade to it, a pink striped waistcoat, light breeches and gaiters, and a variety of other necessities, too numerous to recapitulate.

"Well," said the suddenly-transformed individual, "I wonder whether I'm meant to be a footman, or a groom, or a gamekeeper, or a seedsman. I looks like a sort of compo of every one on 'em. Never mind; there's change of air, plenty to see, and little to do; and all this suits my complaint uncommon; so, long life to the Pickvicks, says I!"

SAM'S VALENTINE



S Sam was sauntering away his spare time, and stopped to look at almost every object that met his gaze, it is by no means surprising that he should have paused before a small stationer's and print-seller's window; but without further explanation it does appear surprising that his eyes should have no

10. A brass button with the initials "P. C.," Pickwick Club.

sooner rested on certain pictures which were exposed for sale therein, than he gave a sudden start, smote his right leg with great vehemence, and exclaimed with energy, "If it hadn't been for this, I should ha' forgot all about it, till it was too late!"

So saying, he at once stepped into a stationer's shop, and requested to be served with a sheet of the best gilt-edged letter-paper, and a hard-nibbed pen which could be warranted not to splutter. These articles having been promptly supplied, he walked on direct towards Leadenhall Market at a good round pace. Looking round him, he there beheld a sign-board on which the painter's art had delineated something remotely resembling a cerulean elephant with an aquiline nose in lieu of trunk. Rightly conjecturing that this was the Blue Boar¹¹ himself, he stepped into the house, and inquired concerning his parent.

"He won't be here this three quarters of an hour or more," said the young lady who superintended the domestic arrangements of the Blue Boar.

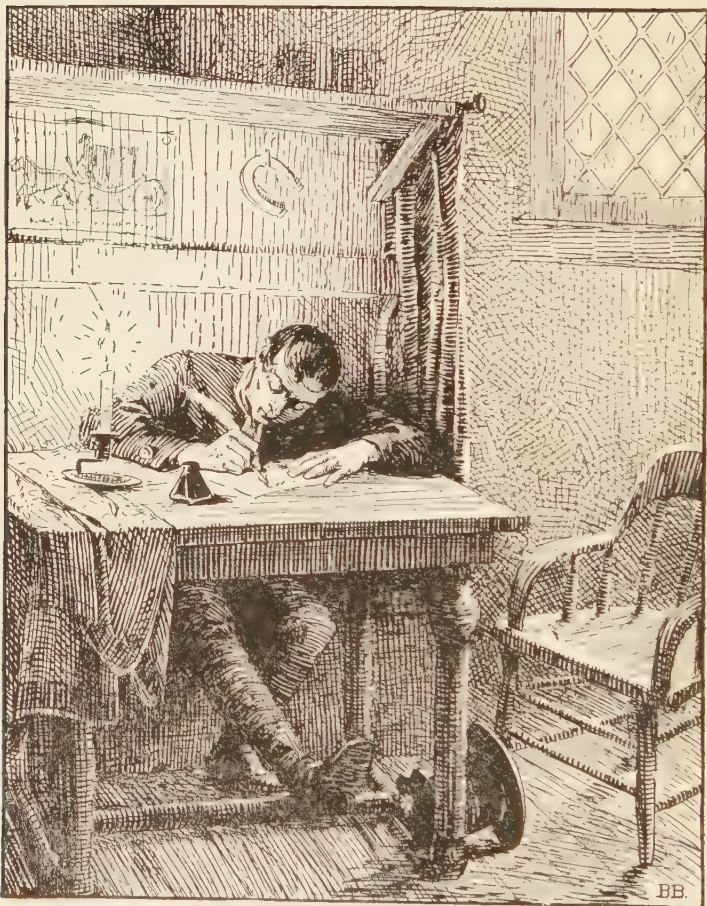
"Wery good, my dear," replied Sam. "Let me have nine pennorth o' brandy and water luke, and the inkstand, will you miss?"

The brandy and water luke,¹² and the inkstand, having been carried into the little parlor, and the young lady having carefully flattened down the coals to prevent their blazing, and carried away the poker to preclude the possibility of the fire being stirred, without the full privity and concur-

11. The Blue Boar is a tavern or inn. The old English inns bore verry curious names: *The George and Vulture*, *The Marquis of Granby*, *The Pig and Whistle* are examples.

12. Luke—lukewarm water.

rence of the Blue Boar being first had and obtained, Sam Weller sat himself down in a box near



SAM COMPOSED HIMSELF TO WRITE

the stove, and pulled out the sheet of gilt-edged letter-paper, and the hard-nibbed pen. Then looking carefully at the pen to see that there were no hairs in it, and dusting down the table, so that

there might be no crumbs of bread under the paper, Sam tucked up the cuffs of his coat, squared his elbows, and composed himself to write.

To ladies and gentlemen who are not in the habit of devoting themselves practically to the science of penmanship, writing a letter is no very easy task; it being always considered necessary in such cases for the writer to recline his head on his left arm, so as to place his eyes as nearly as possible on a level with the paper, while glancing sideways at the letters he is constructing, to form with his tongue imaginary characters to correspond. These motions, although unquestionably of the greatest assistance to original composition, retard in some degree the progress of the writer; and Sam had unconsciously been a full hour and a half writing words in small text, smearing out wrong letters with his little finger, and putting in new ones which required going over very often to render them visible through the old blots, when he was aroused by the opening of the door and the entrance of his parent.

"Vell, Sammy," said the father.

"Vell, my Prooshan Blue," responded the son, laying down his pen. "What's the last bulletin about mother-in-law?"

"Mrs. Veller passed a very good night, but is uncommon perwerse, and unpleasant this mornin'. Signed upon oath, S. Veller, Esquire, Senior. That's the last vun as was issued, Sammy," replied Mr. Weller, untying his shawl.

"No better yet?" inquired Sam.

"All the symptoms aggerawated," replied Mr. Weller, shaking his head. "But wot's that, you're

a doin' of? Pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, Sammy?"

"I've done now," said Sam with slight embarrassment; "I've been a writin'."

"So I see," replied Mr. Weller. "Not to any young 'ooman, I hope, Sammy?"

"Why it's no use a sayin' it ain't," replied Sam. "It's a valentine."

"A what!" exclaimed Mr. Weller, apparently horror-stricken by the word.

"A valentine," replied Sam.

"Samivel, Samivel," said Mr. Weller, in reproachful accents, "I didn't think you'd ha' done it. Arter the warnin' you've had o' your father's vicious propensities; arter all I've said to you upon this here wery subject; arter actiwallly seein' and bein' in the company o' your own mother-in-law, vich I should ha' thought was a moral lesson as no man could never ha' forgotten to his dyin' day! I didn't think you'd ha' done it, Sammy. I didn't think you'd ha' done it!"¹³ These reflections

13. In another place Mr. Pickwick is told by Sam how his father came to marry. Sam is speaking about the "touts" who peddled licenses for marriage at the offices. "'What do they do?' asked Mr. Pickwick. 'Do,' said Sam, 'do! You, sir! That a'n't the wost on it neither. They puts things into old gen'lm'n's heads as they never dreamed of. My father, sir, was a coachman. A widower he wos, and fat enough for anything—uncommon fat, to be sure. His missus dies, and leaves him four hundred pound. Down he goes to the Commons, to see the lawyer and draw the blunt—wery smart—top boots on—nosegay in his button-hole—broad-brimmed tile—green shawl—quite the gen'lm'n. Goes through the archvay, thinking how he should invest the money—up comes the touter, touches his hat—'Licence, sir, licence?'—'What's that?' says my father. 'Licence, sir,' says he.—'What licence?' says my father.—'Marriage licence,' says the touter.—'Dash my veskit,' says my father, 'I never thought o' that.'—'I think you wants one, sir,' says the touter. My father pulls up, and thinks a bit—'No,' says he, 'damme, I'm too old, b'sides I'm a many sizes too large,' says he.—'Not a bit on it,

were too much for the good old man. He raised Sam's tumbler to his lips and drank off its contents.

"Wot's the matter now?" said Sam.

"Nev'r mind, Sammy," replied Mr. Weller, "it'll be a verry agonizing trial to me at my time of life, but I'm pretty tough, that's vun consolation, as the verry old turkey remarked wen the farmer said he was afeerd he should be obliged to kill him for the London market."

"Wot'll be a trial?" inquired Sam.

"To see you married, Sammy—to see you a dilluded wictim, and thinkin' in your innocence that it's all verry capital," replied Mr. Weller. "It's a dreadful trial to a father's feelin's, that 'ere, Sammy."

sir,' says the touter.—'Think not?' says my father.—'I'm sure not,' says he; 'we married a gen'lm'n twice your size, last Monday.' 'Did you, though,' said my father.—'To be sure, we did,' says the touter, 'you're a babby to him—this way, sir—this way!' and sure enough my father walks arter him, like a tame monkey behind a organ, into a little back office, vere a feller sat among dirty papers and tin boxes, making believe he was busy. 'Pray take a seat, vile I makes out the affidavit, sir,' says the lawyer.—'Thankee, sir,' says my father, and down he sat, and stared with all his eyes, and his mouth vide open, at the names on the boxes. 'What's your name, sir,' says the lawyer.—'Tony Weller,' says my father.—'Parish?' says the lawyer.—'Belle Savage,' says my father; for he stopped there wen he drove up, and he know'd nothing about parishes, *he* didn't.—'And what's the lady's name?' says the lawyer. My father was struck all of a heap. 'Blessed if I know,' says he.—'Not know!' says the lawyer.—'No more nor you do,' says my father, 'can't I put that in arterwards?'—'Impossible!' says the lawyer.—'Wery well,' says my father, after he'd thought a moment, 'put down Mrs. Clarke.'—'What Clarke?' says the lawyer, dipping his pen in the ink.—'Susan Clarke, Markis o' Granby, Dorking,' says my father; 'she'll have me, if I ask, I des-say—I never said nothing to her, but she'll have me, I know.' The licence was made out, and she *did* have him, and what's more she's got him now; and *I* never had any of the four hundred pound, worse luck. 'Beg your pardon, sir,' said Sam, when he had concluded, 'but ven I gets on this here grievance, I runs on like a new barrow vith the wheel greased.'"

"Nonsense," said Sam. "I ain't a going to get married, don't you fret yourself about that; I know you're a judge of these things. Order in your pipe, and I'll read you the letter. There!"

Sam dipped his pen into the ink to be ready for any corrections, and began with a very theatrical air: "'Lovely——.'"

"Stop," said Mr. Weller, ringing the bell. "A double glass o' the invariable, my dear."

"Very well, sir," replied the girl; who with great quickness appeared, vanished, returned, and disappeared.

"They seem to know your ways here," observed Sam.

"Yes," replied his father, "I've been here before, in my time. Go on, Sammy."

"'Lovely creetur,'" repeated Sam.

"'Tain't in poetry, is it?" interposed his father.

"No, no," replied Sam.

"Werry glad to hear it," said Mr. Weller. "Poetry's unnat'ral; no man ever talked poetry 'cept a beadle on boxin' day, or Warren's blackin', or Rowland's oil, or some o' them low fellows: never you let yourself down to talk poetry, my boy. Begin agin, Sammy."

Mr. Weller resumed his pipe with critical solemnity, and Sam once more commenced, and read as follows: "'Lovely creetur I feel myself a dammed'—."

"That ain't proper," said Mr. Weller, taking his pipe from his mouth.

"No; it ain't 'dammed'," observed Sam, holding the letter up to the light, "it's 'shamed,' there's a blot there—I feel myself ashamed.'"



"I FORGET WHAT THIS HERE WORD IS," SAID SAM

"Werry good," said Mr. Weller. "Go on."

"'Feel myself ashamed, and completely cir—' I forget what this here word is," said Sam, scratching his head with the pen, in vain attempts to remember.

"Why don't you look at it, then?" inquired Mr. Weller.

"So I *am* lookin' at it," replied Sam, "but there's another blot. Here's a 'c,' and a 'i,' and a 'd.' "

"Circumwented, p'raps," suggested Mr. Weller.

"No, it ain't that," said Sam, "circumscribed; that's it."

"That ain't as good a word as circumwented, Sammy," said Mr. Weller, gravely.

"Think not?" said Sam.

"Nothin' like it," replied his father.

"But don't you think it means more?" inquired Sam.

"Vell p'raps it is a more tenderer word," said Mr. Weller, after a few moments' reflection. "Go on, Sammy."

"'Feel myself ashamed and completely circumscribed in a dressin' of you, for you *are* a nice gal and nothin' but it.' "

"That's a werry pretty sentiment," said the elder Mr. Weller, removing his pipe to make way for the remark.

"Yes, I think it is rayther good," observed Sam, highly flattered.

"Wot I like in that 'ere style of writin'," said the elder Mr. Weller, "is, that there ain't no callin' names in it,—no Wenuses, nor nothin' o' that kind. Wot's the good o' callin a young 'ooman a Venus or a angel, Sammy?"

"Ah! what, indeed?" replied Sam.

"You might jist as well call her a griffin, or a unicorn, or a king's arms at once, which is werry well known to be a collection o' fabulous animals," added Mr. Weller.

"Just as well," replied Sam.

"Drive on, Sammy," said Mr. Weller.

Sam complied with the request, and proceeded as follows; his father continuing to smoke, with a mixed expression of wisdom and complacency, which was particularly edifying.

“‘Afore I see you, I thought all women was alike.’”

“So they are,” observed the elder Mr. Weller, parenthetically.

“‘But now,’ continued Sam, ‘now I find what a reg’lar soft-headed, inkred’lous turnip I must ha’ been; for there ain’t nobody like you, though *I* like you better than nothin’ at all.’ I thought it best to make that rayther strong,” said Sam, looking up.

Mr. Weller nodded approvingly, and Sam resumed.

“‘So I take the privilidge of the day, Mary my dear—as the gen’l’m’n in difficulties did, ven he valked out of a Sunday,—to tell you that the first and only time I see you, your likeness was took on my hart in much quicker time and brighter colours than ever a likeness was took by the profeel macheen (wich p’raps you may have heerd on Mary my dear) altho it *does* finish a portrait and put the frame and glass on complete, with a hook at the end to hang it up by, and all in two minutes and a quarter.’”

“I am afeerd that werges on the poetical, Sammy,” said Mr. Weller, dubiously.

“No it don’t,” replied Sam, reading on very quickly, to avoid contesting the point:

“Except of me Mary my dear as your valentine and think over what I’ve said.—My dear Mary I will now conclude.’ That’s all,” said Sam.

"That's rather a sudden pull up, ain't it, Sammy?" inquired Mr. Weller.

"Not a bit on it," said Sam; "she'll vish there wos more, and that's the great art o' letter writin'."

"Well," said Mr. Weller, "there's somethin' in that; and I wish your mother-in-law 'ud only conduct her conversation on the same gen-teel principle. Ain't you a goin' to sign it?"

"That's the difficulty," said Sam; "I don't know what *to* sign it."

"Sign it, Veller," said the oldest surviving proprietor of that name.

"Won't do," said Sam. "Never sign a valentine with your own name."

"Sign it, 'Pickvick,' then," said Mr. Weller; "it's a werry good name, and a easy one to spell."

"The werry thing," said Sam. "I *could* end with a werse; what do you think?"

"I don't like it, Sam," rejoined Mr. Weller, "I never know'd a respectable coachman as wrote poetry, 'cept one, as made an affectin' copy o' werse the night afore he wos hung for a highway robbery."

But Sam was not to be dissuaded from the poetical idea that had occurred to him, so he signed the letter,

"Your love-sick
Pickwick."

And having folded it, in a very intricate manner, squeezed a down-hill direction in one corner: "To Mary, Housemaid, at Mr. Nupkin's Mayor's, Ipswich, Suffolk;" and put it into his pocket, wafered, and ready for the General Post.

THE TRIAL¹⁴

JUSTICE Stareleigh was a most particularly short man, and so fat, that he seemed all face and waistcoat. He rolled in, upon two little turned legs, and having bobbed gravely to the bar,¹⁵ who bobbed gravely to him, put his little legs underneath his table, and his little three-cornered hat upon it; and when Mr. Justice Stareleigh had done this, all you could see of him was two queer little eyes, one broad pink face, and somewhere about half of a big and very comical-looking wig.

The judge had no sooner taken his seat, than the officer on the floor of the court called out "Silence!" in a commanding tone, upon which another officer in the gallery cried "Silence!" in an angry manner, whereupon three or four more ushers shouted "Silence!" in a voice of indignant remonstrance. This being done, a gentleman in black, who sat below the judge, proceeded to call over the names of the jury. Immediately afterward Mrs. Bardell, supported by Mrs. Cluppins, was led in, and placed, in a drooping state, at the other end of the seat on which Mr. Pickwick sat. An extra sized umbrella was then handed in by Mr. Dodson, and a pair of pattens by Mr. Fogg, each of whom had prepared a most sympathising and melancholy face for the occasion. Mrs. Sanders then appeared leading in Master Bardell. At sight of her child,

14. This is the account of the trial of the breach-of-promise suit brought by Mrs. Bardell against Mr. Pickwick.

15. *The bar*—the lawyers who are admitted inside the bar that divides the room and keeps spectators out of the way.

Mrs. Bardell started; suddenly recollecting herself, she kissed him in a frantic manner; then relapsing into a state of hysterical imbecility, the good lady requested to be informed where she was. In reply to this, Mrs. Cluppins and Mrs. Sanders turned



MRS. CLUPPINS PLACED MASTER BARDELL ON THE FLOOR

their heads away and wept, while Messrs. Dodson and Fogg intreated the plaintiff to compose herself. Serjeant Buzfuz¹⁶ rubbed his eyes very hard with a

16. Serjeant Buzfuz is the lawyer who will speak to the jury on Mrs. Bardell's side. Dodson & Fogg have prepared the papers and conducted the case until now. In this country, one attorney may attend to everything, but in England the practice is different. Mr. Perker has conducted Mr. Pickwick's affairs, and Serjeant Snubbin will plead at the trial.

large, white handkerchief, and gave an appealing look towards the jury, while the judge was visibly affected, and several of the beholders tried to cough down their emotions.

Mrs. Bardell recovered by slow degrees, while Mrs. Cluppins, after a careful survey of Master Bardell's buttons and the button-holes to which they severally belonged, placed him on the floor of the court in front of his mother,—a commanding position in which he could not fail to awaken the full commiseration and sympathy of both judge and jury. This was not done without considerable opposition, and many tears, on the part of the young gentleman himself, who had certain inward misgivings that the placing him within the full glare of the judge's eye was only a formal prelude to his being immediately ordered away for instant execution, or for transportation beyond the seas, during the whole term of his natural life, at the very least.

"Bardell and Pickwick," cried the gentleman in black, calling on the case, which stood first on the list.

"I am for the plaintiff, my Lord," said Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz.

"Who is with you, brother Buzfuz?" said the judge. Mr. Skimpin bowed, to intimate that he was.

"I appear for the defendant, my Lord," said Mr. Serjeant Snubbin.

"Anybody with you, brother Snubbin?" inquired the court.

"Mr. Phunky, my Lord," replied Serjeant Snubbin.

"Serjeant Buzfuz and Mr. Skimpin for the plaintiff," said the judge, writing down the names

in his note-book, and reading as he wrote: "for the defendant, Serjeant Snubbin and Mr. Monkey."

"Beg your Lordship's pardon, Phunky."

"Oh, very good," said the judge; "I never had the pleasure of hearing the gentleman's name before." Here Mr. Phunky bowed and smiled, and the judge bowed and smiled too, and then Mr. Phunky, blushing into the very whites of his eyes, tried to look as if he didn't know that everybody was gazing at him.

"Go on," said the judge.

The ushers again called silence, and Mr. Skimpin proceeded to "open the case."

Serjeant Buzfuz then rose with all the dignity which the grave nature of the proceedings demanded, and having whispered to Dodson, and conferred briefly with Fogg, pulled his gown over his shoulders, settled his wig, and addressed the jury.

Serjeant Buzfuz began by saying, that never in the whole course of his professional experience—never, from the very first moment of his applying himself to the study and practice of the law—had he approached a case with feelings of such deep emotion, or with such a heavy sense of responsibility imposed upon him—a responsibility, he would say, which he could never have supported, were he not buoyed up and sustained by a conviction so strong, that it amounted to positive certainty that the cause of truth and justice, or, in other words, the cause of his much-injured and most oppressed client, must prevail with the high-minded and intelligent dozen of men whom he now saw in that box before him.

"The plaintiff, gentlemen," continued Serjeant Buzfuz, in a soft and melancholy voice, "the plain-

tiff is a widow; yes, gentlemen, a widow. The late Mr. Bardell, after enjoying, for many years, the esteem and confidence of his sovereign, as one of the guardians of his royal revenues, glided almost imperceptibly from the world, to seek elsewhere for that repose and peace which a custom-house can never afford."

At this pathetic description of the decease of Mr. Bardell, who had been knocked on the head with a quart-pot in a public-house cellar, the learned serjeant's voice faltered, and he proceeded with emotion:

"Some time before his death, he had stamped his likeness upon a little boy. With this little boy, the only pledge of her departed exciseman, Mrs. Bardell shrunk from the world, and courted the retirement and tranquillity of Goswell Street; and here she placed in her front parlour-window a written placard, bearing this inscription—'Apartments furnished for a single gentleman. Inquire within.' " Here Serjeant Buzfuz paused, while several gentlemen of the jury took a note of the document.

"There is no date to that, is there, sir?" inquired a juror.

"There is no date, gentlemen," replied Serjeant Buzfuz; "but I am instructed to say that it was put in the plaintiff's parlour-window just this time three years. I intreat the attention of the jury to the wording of this document. 'Apartments furnished for a single gentleman'! Mrs. Bardell's opinions of the opposite sex, gentlemen, were derived from a long contemplation of the inestimable qualities of her lost husband. She had no fear, she had no distrust, she had no suspicion, all was confidence

and reliance. ‘Mr. Bardell,’ said the widow; ‘Mr. Bardell was a man of honour, Mr. Bardell was a man of his word, Mr. Bardell was no deceiver, Mr. Bardell was once a single gentleman himself; *to* single gentlemen I look for protection, for assistance, for comfort, and for consolation; *in* single gentlemen I shall perpetually see something to remind me of what Mr. Bardell was, when he first won my young and untried affections; to a single gentleman, then, shall my lodgings be let.’ Actuated by this beautiful and touching impulse (among the best impulses of our imperfect nature, gentlemen), the lonely, and desolate widow dried her tears, furnished her first floor, caught the innocent boy to her maternal bosom, and put the bill up in her parlour-window. Did it remain there long? No. The serpent was on the watch, the train was laid, the mine was prepared, the sapper and miner was at work. Before the bill had been in the parlour-window three days—three days—gentlemen—a Being, erect upon two legs, and bearing all the outward semblance of a man, and not of a monster, knocked at the door of Mrs. Bardell’s house. He inquired within; he took the lodgings; and on the very next day he entered into possession of them. This man was Pickwick—Pickwick, the defendant.

“Of this man Pickwick I will say little; the subject presents but few attractions; and I, gentlemen, am not the man, nor are you, gentlemen, the men, to delight in the contemplation of revolting heartlessness, and of systematic villainy.”

Here Mr. Pickwick, who had been writhing in silence for some time, gave a violent start, as if some vague idea of assaulting Serjeant Buzfuz in

the august presence of justice and law, suggested itself to his mind. An admonitory gesture from Perker restrained him, and he listened to the learned gentleman's continuation with a look of indignation, which contrasted forcibly with the admiring faces of Mrs. Cluppins and Mrs. Sanders.

"I say systematic villainy, gentlemen," said Serjeant Buzfuz, looking through Mr. Pickwick, and talking *at* him; "and when I say systematic villainy, let me tell the defendant Pickwick, if he be in court, as I am informed he is, that it would have been more decent in him, more becoming, in better judgment, and in better taste, if he had stopped away. Let me tell him, gentlemen, that any gestures of dissent or disapprobation in which he may indulge in this court will not go down with you; that you will know how to value and how to appreciate them; and let me tell him further, as my lord will tell you, gentlemen, that a counsel, in the discharge of his duty to his client, is neither to be intimidated nor bullied, nor put down; and that any attempt to do either the one or the other, or the first, or the last, will recoil on the head of the attempter, be he plaintiff or be he defendant, be his name Pickwick, or Noakes, or Stoakes, or Stiles, or Brown, or Thompson.

"I shall show you, gentlemen, that for two years Pickwick continued to reside constantly, and without interruption or intermission, at Mrs. Bardell's house. I shall show you that Mrs. Bardell, during the whole of that time, waited on him, attended to his comforts, cooked his meals, looked out his linen for the washer-woman when it went abroad, darned, aired, and prepared it for wear, when it

came home, and, in short, enjoyed his fullest trust and confidence. I shall show you, that, on many occasions, he gave halfpence, and on some occasions even sixpences, to her little boy; and I shall prove to you, by a witness, whose testimony it will be impossible for my learned friend to weaken or controvert, that on one occasion he patted the boy on the head, and after inquiring whether he had won any *alley tors* or *commoneys* lately (both of which I understand to be a particular species of marbles much prized by the youth of this town), made use of this remarkable expression: ‘How should you like to have another father?’ I shall prove to you, gentlemen, that about a year ago, Pickwick suddenly began to absent himself from home during long intervals, as if with the intention of gradually breaking off from my client; but I shall show you also, that his resolution was not at that time sufficiently strong, or that his better feelings conquered, if better feelings he has, or that the charms and accomplishments of my client prevailed against his unmanly intentions; by proving to you, that on one occasion, when he returned from the country, he distinctly and in terms, offered her marriage; previously however, taking special care that there should be no witness to their solemn contract: and I am in a situation to prove to you, on the testimony of three of his own friends,—most unwilling witnesses, gentlemen—most unwilling witnesses—that on that morning he was discovered by them holding the plaintiff in his arms, and soothing her agitation by his caresses and endearments.”

A visible impression was produced upon the auditors by this part of the learned serjeant’s

address. Drawing forth two very small scraps of paper he proceeded:

“And, now, gentlemen, but one word more. Two letters have passed between these parties, letters which are admitted to be in the hand-writing of the defendant, and which speak volumes indeed. These letters, too, bespeak the character of the man. They are not open, fervent, eloquent epistles, breathing nothing but the language of affectionate attachment. They are covert, sly, underhand communications, but, fortunately, far more conclusive than if couched in the most glowing language and the most poetic imagery—letters that must be viewed with a cautious and suspicious eye—letters that were evidently intended at the time by Pickwick, to mislead and delude any third parties into whose hands they might fall. Let me read the first:—‘Garraway’s, twelve o’clock. Dear Mrs. B.—Chops and Tomata sauce. Yours, Pickwick.’ Gentlemen, what does this mean? Chops and Tomata sauce. Yours, Pickwick! Chops! Gracious heavens! and Tomata sauce! Gentlemen, is the happiness of a sensitive and confiding female to be trifled away, by such shallow artifices as these? The next has no date whatever, which is in itself suspicious. ‘Dear Mrs. B., I shall not be at home till to-morrow. Slow coach.’ And then follows this very remarkable expression. ‘Don’t trouble yourself about the warming-pan.’ The warming pan! Why, gentlemen, who *does* trouble himself about a warming-pan? When was the peace of mind of man or woman broken or disturbed by a warming-pan, which is in itself a harmless, a useful, and I will add, gentlemen, a comforting article of domestic furniture?

Why is Mrs. Bardell so earnestly entreated not to agitate herself about this warming-pan, unless (as is no doubt the case) it is a mere cover for hidden fire—a mere substitute for some endearing word or promise, agreeably to a preconcerted system of correspondence, artfully contrived by Pickwick with a view to his contemplated desertion, and which I am not in a condition to explain? And what does this allusion to the slow coach mean? For aught I know, it may be a reference to Pickwick himself, who has most unquestionably been a criminally slow coach during the whole of this transaction, but whose speed will now be very unexpectedly accelerated, and whose wheels, gentlemen, as he will find to his cost, will very soon be greased by you!

“But enough of this, gentlemen,” said Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz, “it is difficult to smile with an aching heart; it is ill jesting when our deepest sympathies are awakened. My client’s hopes and prospects are ruined, and it is no figure of speech to say that her occupation is gone indeed. The bill is down—but there is no tenant. Eligible single gentlemen pass and repass—but there is no invitation for them to inquire within or without. All is gloom and silence in the house; even the voice of the child is hushed; his infant sports are disregarded when his mother weeps; his ‘alley tors’ and his ‘commoneys’ are alike neglected; he forgets the long familiar cry of ‘knuckle down,’ and at tip-cheese, or odd and even, his hand is out. But Pickwick, gentlemen, Pickwick, the ruthless destroyer of this domestic oasis in the desert of Goswell Street—Pickwick, who has choked up the well, and thrown ashes on the sward—Pickwick, who comes before you to-day

with his heartless Tomata sauce and warming-pans—Pickwick still rears his head with unblushing effrontery, and gazes without a sigh on the ruin he has made. Damages, gentlemen—heavy damages—is the only punishment with which you can visit him; the only recompense you can award to my client. And for those damages she now appeals to an enlightened, a high-minded, a right-feeling, a conscientious, a dispassionate, a sympathising, a contemplative jury of her civilized countrymen.” With this beautiful peroration, Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz sat down, and Mr. Justice Stareleigh woke up.

“Call Elizabeth Cluppins,” said Serjeant Buzfuz, rising a minute afterwards, with renewed vigor.

Mrs. Cluppins, with the combined assistance of Mrs. Bardell, Mrs. Sanders, Mr. Dodson, and Mr. Fogg, was hoisted into the witness-box; and when she was safely perched on the top step, Mrs. Bardell stood on the bottom one, with the pocket-handkerchief and pattens in one hand, and a glass bottle that might hold about a quarter of a pint of smelling salts in the other, ready for any emergency. Mrs. Sanders, whose eyes were intently fixed on the judge’s face, planted herself close by, with the large umbrella: keeping her right thumb pressed on the spring, as if she were fully prepared to put it up at a moment’s notice.

“Mrs. Cluppins,” said Serjeant Buzfuz, “pray compose yourself, ma’am.” Of course, directly Mrs. Cluppins was desired to compose herself, she sobbed with increased vehemence, and gave divers alarming manifestations of an approaching fainting fit, or, as she afterwards said, of her feelings being too many for her.

“Do you recollect, Mrs. Cluppins?” said Serjeant Buzfuz, after a few unimportant questions, “do you recollect being in Mrs. Bardell’s back one pair of stairs, on one particular morning in July last, when she was dusting Pickwick’s apartments?”

“Yes, my Lord and Jury, I do,” replied Mrs. Cluppins.

“Mr. Pickwick’s sitting-room was the first-floor front, I believe?”

“Yes, it were, sir,” replied Mrs. Cluppins.

“What were you doing in the back room, ma’am?” inquired the little judge.

“My Lord and Jury,” said Mrs. Cluppins, with interesting agitation, “I will not deceive you.”

“You had better not, ma’am,” said the little judge.

“I was there,” resumed Mrs. Cluppins, “unknown to Mrs. Bardell; I had been out with a little basket, gentlemen, to buy three pounds of red kidney purtaties, which was three pound tuppense ha’penny, when I see Mrs. Bardell’s street door on the jar.”

“On the what?” exclaimed the little judge.

“Partly open, my Lord,” said Serjeant Snubbin.

“She *said* on the jar,” said the little judge, with a cunning look.

“It’s all the same, my Lord,” said Serjeant Snubbin. The little judge looked doubtful, and said he’d make a note of it. Mrs. Cluppins then resumed:

“I walked in, gentlemen, just to say good mornin’, and went, in a permiscuous manner, up stairs, and into the back room. Gentlemen, there was a sound of voices in the front room, and—”

"And you listened, I believe, Mrs. Cluppins?" said Serjeant Buzfuz.

"Beggin' your pardon, sir," replied Mrs. Cluppins, in a majestic manner, "I would scorn the haction. The voices were very loud, sir, and forced themselves upon my ear."

"Well, Mrs. Cluppins, you were not listening, but you heard the voices. Was one of those voices Pickwick's?"

"Yes, it were, sir."

And Mrs. Cluppins, after distinctly stating that Mr. Pickwick addressed himself to Mrs. Bardell, repeated, by slow degrees, and by dint of many questions, the conversation with which our readers are already acquainted.

The jury looked suspicious, and Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz smiled and sat down. They looked positively awful when Serjeant Snubbin intimated that he should not cross-examine the witness, for Mr. Pickwick wished it to be distinctly stated that it was due her to say, that her account was in substance correct.

"Nathaniel Winkle!" said Mr. Skimpin.

"Here," replied a feeble voice. Mr. Winkle entered the witness box, and having been duly sworn, bowed to the judge with considerable deference.

"Don't look at me, sir," said the judge, sharply, in acknowledgment of the salute; "look at the jury."

Mr. Winkle obeyed the mandate, and looked at the place where he thought it most probable the jury might be; for seeing anything in his then state of intellectual complication was wholly out of the question.

Mr. Winkle was then examined by Mr. Skimpin, who, being a promising young man of two or three and forty, was of course anxious to confuse a witness who was notoriously predisposed in favor of the other side, as much as he could.

"Now, sir," said Mr. Skimpin, "have the goodness to let his lordship and the jury know what your name is, will you?" and Mr. Skimpin inclined his head on one side to listen with great sharpness to the answer, and glanced at the jury meanwhile, as if to imply that he rather expected Mr. Winkle's natural taste for perjury would induce him to give some name which did not belong to him.

"Winkle," replied the witness.

"What's your Christian name, sir?" angrily inquired the little judge.

"Nathaniel, sir."

"Daniel,—any other name?"

"Nathaniel, sir—my Lord, I mean."

"Nathaniel Daniel, or Daniel Nathaniel?"

"No, my Lord, only Nathaniel; not Daniel at all."

"What did you tell me it was Daniel for, then, sir?" inquired the judge.

"I didn't, my Lord," replied Mr. Winkle.

"You did, sir," replied the judge, with a severe frown. "How could I have got Daniel on my notes, unless you told me so, sir?"

This argument, was, of course, unanswerable.

"Mr. Winkle has rather a short memory, my Lord," interposed Mr. Skimpin, with a glance at the jury. "We shall find means to refresh it before we have quite done with him, I dare say."

"You had better be careful, sir," said the little judge, with a sinister look at the witness.

Poor Mr. Winkle bowed, and endeavoured to feign an easiness of manner, which, in his then state of confusion, gave him rather the air of a disconcerted pickpocket.

"Now, Mr. Winkle," said Mr. Skimpin, "attend to me, if you please, sir; and let me recommend you, for your own sake, to bear in mind his lordship's injunction to be careful. I believe you are a particular friend of Pickwick, the defendant, are you not?"

"I have known Mr. Pickwick now, as well as I recollect at this moment, nearly—"

"Pray, Mr. Winkle, do not evade the question. Are you, or are you not, a particular friend of the defendant's?"

"I was just about to say, that—"

"Will you, or will you not, answer my question, sir?"

"If you don't answer the question you'll be committed sir," interposed the little judge, looking over his notebook.

"Come, sir," said Mr. Skimpin, "yes or no, if you please."

"Yes, I am," replied Mr. Winkle.

"Yes, you are. And why couldn't you say that at once, sir? Perhaps you know the plaintiff, too? Eh, Mr. Winkle?"

"I don't know her; I've seen her."

"Oh, you don't know her, but you've seen her? Now, have the goodness to tell the gentlemen of the jury what you mean by *that*, Mr. Winkle."

"I mean that I am not intimate with her, but I

have seen her when I went to call on Mr. Pickwick in Goswell Street."

"How often have you seen her, sir?"

"How often?"

"Yes, Mr. Winkle, how often? I'll repeat the question for you a dozen times, if you require it, sir." And the learned gentleman, with a firm and steady frown, placed his hands on his hips, and smiled suspiciously at the jury.

On this question there arose the edifying brow-beating, customary on such points. First of all, Mr. Winkle said it was quite impossible for him to say how many times he had seen Mrs. Bardell. Then he was asked if he had seen her twenty times, to which he replied, "Certainly,—more than that." Then he was asked whether he hadn't seen her a hundred times—whether he couldn't swear that he had seen her more than fifty times—whether he didn't know that he had seen her at least seventy-five times—and so forth; the satisfactory conclusion which was arrived at, at last, being, that he had better take care of himself, and mind what he was about. The witness having been by these means reduced to the requisite ebb of nervous perplexity, the examination was continued as follows:

"Pray, Mr. Winkle, do you remember calling on the defendant Pickwick at these apartments in the plaintiff's house in Goswell Street, on one particular morning, in the month of July last?"

"Yes, I do."

"Were you accompanied on that occasion by a friend of the name of 'Tupman, and another of the name of Snodgrass?"

"Yes, I was."

"Are they here?"

"Yes, they are," replied Mr. Winkle, looking very earnestly towards the spot where his friends were stationed.

"Pray attend to me, Mr. Winkle, and never mind your friends," said Mr. Skimpin, with another expressive look at the jury. "They must tell their stories without any previous consultation with you, if none has yet taken place (another look at the jury). Now, sir, tell the gentlemen of the jury what you saw on entering the defendant's room, on this particular morning. Come; out with it, sir; we must have it sooner or later."

"The defendant, Mr. Pickwick, was holding the plaintiff in his arms, with his hands clasping her waist," replied Mr. Winkle, with natural hesitation, "and the plaintiff appeared to have fainted away."

"Did you hear the defendant say anything?"

"I heard him call Mrs. Bardell a good creature, and I heard him ask her to compose herself, for what a situation it was, if any body should come, or words to that effect."

"Now, Mr. Winkle, I have only one more question to ask you, and I beg you to bear in mind his lordship's caution. Will you swear that Pickwick, the defendant, did not say on the occasion in question, 'My dear Mrs. Bardell, you're a good creature; compose yourself to this situation, for to this situation you must come,' or words to *that* effect?"

"I—I didn't understand him so, certainly," said Mr. Winkle, astounded at this ingenious dove-tailing of the few words he had heard. "I was on the staircase, and couldn't hear distinctly; the impression on my mind is—"

"The gentlemen of the jury want none of the impressions on your mind, Mr. Winkle, which I fear would be of little service to honest, straightforward men," interposed Mr. Skimpin. "You were on the staircase, and didn't distinctly hear; but you will not swear that Pickwick did not make use of the expressions I have quoted? Do I understand that?"

"No, I will not," replied Mr. Winkle; and down sat Mr. Skimpin with a triumphant countenance.

Mr. Pickwick's case had not gone off in so particularly happy a manner, up to this point, that it could very well afford to have any additional suspicion cast upon it. But as it could afford to be placed in a rather better light, if possible, Mr. Phunky rose for the purpose of getting something important out of Mr. Winkle in cross-examination. Whether he did get anything important out of him, will immediately appear.

"I believe, Mr. Winkle," said Mr. Phunky, "that Mr. Pickwick is not a young man?"

"Oh no," replied Mr. Winkle; "old enough to be my father."

"You have told my learned friend that you have known Mr. Pickwick a long time. Had you ever any reason to suppose or believe that he was about to be married?"

"Oh no; certainly not;" replied Mr. Winkle with so much eagerness, that Mr. Phunky ought to have got him out of the box with all possible dispatch. Lawyers hold that there are two kinds of particularly bad witnesses: a reluctant witness, and a too-willing witness; it was Mr. Winkle's fate to figure in both characters.

"I will even go further than this, Mr. Winkle," continued Mr. Phunky, in a most smooth and complacent manner. "Did you ever see anything in Mr. Pickwick's manner and conduct towards the opposite sex, to induce you to believe that he ever contemplated matrimony of late years, in any case?"

"Oh no; certainly not," replied Mr. Winkle.

"Has his behaviour, when females have been in the case, always been that of a man, who, having attained a pretty advanced period of life, content with his own occupations and amusements, treats them only as a father might his daughters?"

"Not the least doubt of it," replied Mr. Winkle, in the fulness of his heart. "That is—yes—oh yes—certainly."

"You have never known anything in his behaviour towards Mrs. Bardell, or any other female, in the least degree suspicious?" said Mr. Phunky, preparing to sit down; for Serjeant Snubbin was winking at him.

"N—n—no," replied Mr. Winkle, "except on one trifling occasion, which, I have no doubt, might be easily explained."

The moment the words fell from Mr. Winkle's lips, Mr. Phunky sat down, and Serjeant Snubbin rather hastily told him he might leave the box, which Mr. Winkle prepared to do with great readiness, when Serjeant Buzfuz stopped him.

"Stay, Mr. Winkle, stay!" said Serjeant Buzfuz, "will your lordship have the goodness to ask him, what this one instance of suspicious behaviour towards females on the part of this gentlemen, who is old enough to be his father, was?"

"You hear what the learned counsel says, sir," observed the judge, turning to the miserable and agonized Mr. Winkle. "Describe the occasion to which you refer."

"My Lord," said Mr. Winkle, trembling with anxiety, "I—I'd rather not."

"Perhaps so," said the little judge; "but you must."

Amid the profound silence of the whole court, Mr. Winkle faltered out, that the trifling circumstance of suspicion had terminated, he believed, in the breaking off of a projected marriage, and had led, he knew, to the defendant being forcibly carried before George Nupkins, Esq., magistrate and justice of the peace, for the borough of Ipswich!¹⁷

"You may leave the box, sir," said Serjeant Snubbin. Mr. Winkle *did* leave the box, and rushed with delirious haste to the George and Vulture, where he was discovered some hours after, by the waiter, groaning in a hollow and dismal manner, with his head buried beneath the sofa cushions.

Tracy Tupman, and Augustus Snodgrass, were severally called into the box: both corroborated the testimony of their unhappy friend; and each was driven to the verge of desperation by excessive badgering.

Susannah Sanders was then called, and examined by Serjeant Buzfuz, and cross-examined by Serjeant Snubbin. Had always said and believed that Pickwick would marry Mrs. Bardell; knew that

17. The little incident told in another part of the story was one in which Mr. Pickwick was wholly innocent and which had been closed to the perfect satisfaction of every one concerned. Mr. Winkle, in his embarrassment, tells only half the truth, and the skilful lawyers on the other side make the most of it.

Mrs. Bardell's being engaged to Pickwick was the current topic of conversation in the neighborhood, after the fainting in July. Had heard Mr. Pickwick ask the little boy how he should like to have another father. Did not know that Mrs. Bardell was at that time keeping company with the baker, but did know that the baker was then a single man and is now married. Couldn't swear that Mrs. Bardell was not very fond of the baker, but should think that the baker was not very fond of Mrs. Bardell, or he wouldn't have married somebody else. Thought Mrs. Bardell fainted away on the morning in July, because Pickwick asked her to name the day; knew that she (witness) fainted away stone dead when Mr. Sanders asked *her* to name the day, and believed that everybody as called herself a lady would do the same, under similar circumstances.

Serjeant Buzfuz now rose with more importance than he had yet exhibited, if that were possible, and vociferated: "Call Samuel Weller."

It was quite unnecessary to call Samuel Weller; for Samuel Weller stepped briskly into the box the instant his name was pronounced; and placing his hat on the floor, and his arms on the rail, took a bird's-eye view of the bar, and a comprehensive survey of the bench, with a remarkably cheerful and lively aspect.

"What's your name, sir?" inquired the judge.

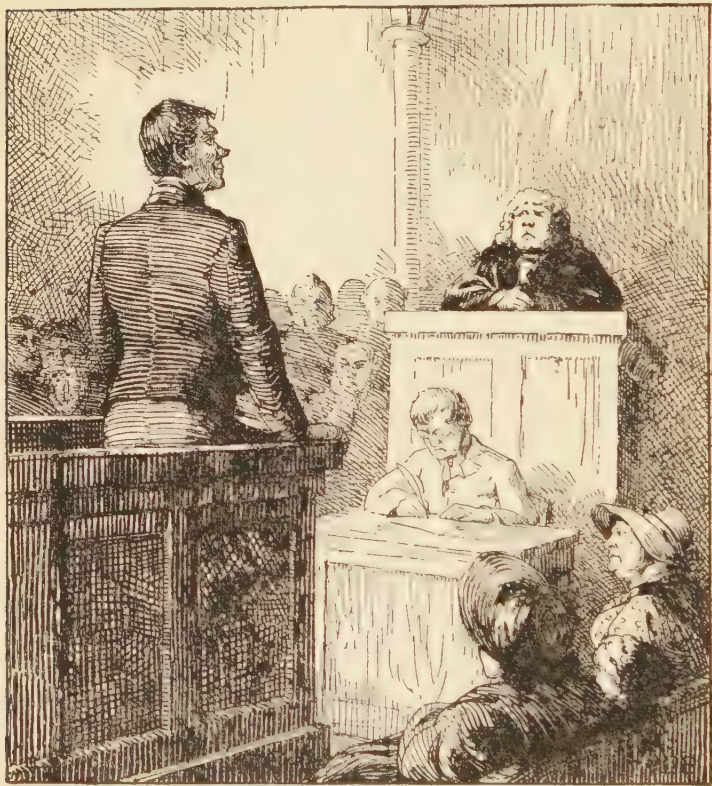
"Sam Weller, my Lord," replied that gentleman.

"Do you spell it with a 'V' or a 'W'?"

"That depends upon the taste and fancy of the speller, my Lord," replied Sam, "I never had oc-

casion to spell it more than once or twice in my life, but I spells it with a 'V.' ”

Here a voice in the gallery exclaimed aloud,



“SAM WELLER, MY LORD”

“Quite right too, Samuel, quite right. Put it down a we, my Lord, put it down a we.”

“Who is that, who dares to address the court?” said the little judge, looking up. “Usher.”

“Yes, my Lord.”

“Bring that person here instantly.”

"Yes, my Lord."

But as the usher didn't find the person, he didn't bring him; and, after a great commotion, all the people who had got up to look for the culprit, sat down again. The little judge turned to the witness as soon as his indignation would allow him to speak, and said, "Do you know who that was, sir?"

"I rayther suspect it was my father, my Lord," replied Sam.

"Do you see him here now?" said the judge.

"No, I don't, my Lord," replied Sam, staring right up into the lantern in the roof of the court.

"If you could have pointed him out, I would have committed him instantly," said the judge.

Sam bowed his acknowledgment and turned, with unimpaired cheerfulness of countenance, towards Serjeant Buzfuz.

"Now, Mr. Weller," said Serjeant Buzfuz.

"Now, sir," replied Sam.

"I believe you are in the service of Mr. Pickwick, the defendant in this case. Speak up, if you please, Mr. Weller."

"I mean to speak up, sir," replied Sam; "I am in the service o' that 'ere gen'l'man, and a wery good service it is."

"Little to do, and plenty to get, I suppose?" said Serjeant Buzfuz, with jocularly.

"Oh, quite enough to get, sir, as the soldier said ven they ordered him three hundred and fifty lashes," replied Sam.

"You must not tell us what the soldier, or any other man said, sir," interposed the judge; "it's not evidence."

"Wery good, my Lord," replied Sam.

"Do you recollect anything particular happening on the morning when you were first engaged by defendant; eh, Mr. Weller?" said Serjeant Buzfuz.

"Yes, I do, sir," replied Sam.

"Have the goodness to tell the jury what it was."

"I had a reg'lar new fit out o' clothes that mornin', gen'l'men of the jury," said Sam, "and that was a wery partickler and uncommon circumstance with me in those days."

Hereupon there was a general laugh; and the little judge, looking with an angry countenance over his desk, said, "You had better be careful, sir."

"So Mr. Pickwick said at that time, my Lord," replied Sam; "and I was wery careful o' that 'ere suit of clothes; wery careful indeed, my Lord."

The judge looked sternly at Sam for full two minutes, but Sam's features were so perfectly calm and serene that the judge said nothing, and motioned Serjeant Buzfuz to proceed.

"Do you mean to tell me, Mr. Weller," said Serjeant Buzfuz, folding his arms emphatically, and turning half-round to the jury, as if in mute assurance that he would bother the witness yet: "Do you mean to tell me, Mr. Weller, that you saw nothing of this fainting on the part of the plaintiff in the arms of the defendant, which you heard described by the witnesses?"

"Certainly not," replied Sam, "I was in the passage 'till they called me up, and then the old lady was not there."

"Now, attend, Mr. Weller," said Serjeant Buzfuz, dipping a large pen into the inkstand before him, for the purpose of frightening Sam with a

show of taking down his answer. "You were in the passage, and yet you saw nothing of what was going forward. Have you a pair of eyes, Mr. Weller?"

"Yes, I have a pair of eyes," replied Sam, "and that's just it. If they wos a pair o' patent double million magnifyin' gas microscopes of hextra power, p'raps I might be able to see through a flight o' stairs and a deal door; but bein' only eyes, you see, my wision's limited."

At this answer, which was delivered without the slightest appearance of irritation, and with the most complete simplicity and equanimity of manner, the spectators tittered, the little judge smiled, and Serjeant Buzfuz looked particularly foolish. After a short consultation with Dodson and Fogg, the learned Serjeant again turned towards Sam, and said, with a painful effort to conceal his vexation,

"Now, Mr. Weller, I'll ask you a question on another point, if you please."

"If you please, sir," rejoined Sam, with the utmost good-humor.

"Do you remember going up to Mrs. Bardell's house, one night in November last?"

"Oh, yes, wery well."

"Oh, you *do* remember that, Mr. Weller," said Serjeant Buzfuz, recovering his spirits; "I thought we should get at something at last."

"I rayther thought that, too, sir," replied Sam: and at that the spectators tittered again.

"Well; I suppose you went up to have a little talk about this trial—eh, Mr. Weller?" said Serjeant Buzfuz, looking knowingly at the jury.

"I went up to pay the rent; but we *did* get a talkin' about the trial," replied Sam.

"Oh, you did get a talking about the trial," said Serjeant Buzfuz, brightening up with anticipation of some important discovery. "Now what passed about the trial; will you have the goodness to tell us, Mr. Weller?"

"Vith all the pleasure in life, sir," replied Sam. "Arter a few unimportant obserwations from the two virtuous females as has been examined here to-day, the ladies gets into a very great state o' admiration at the honourable conduct of Mr. Dodson and Fogg—them two gen'l'men as is settin' near you now." This, of course, drew general attention to Dodson and Fogg, who looked as virtuous as possible.

"The attorneys for the plaintiff," said Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz. "Well! They spoke in high praise of the honourable conduct of Messrs. Dodson and Fogg, the attorneys for the plaintiff, did they?"

"Yes," said Sam, "they said what a wery gen'rous thing it was o' them to have taken up the case on spec, and to charge nothing at all for costs, unless they got 'em out of Mr. Pickwick."

At this very unexpected reply, the spectators tittered again, and Dodson and Fogg, turning very red, leant over to Serjeant Buzfuz, and in a hurried manner whispered something in his ear.

"You are quite right," said Serjeant Buzfuz aloud, with affected composure. "It's perfectly useless, my Lord, attempting to get at any evidence through the impenetrable stupidity of this witness. I will not trouble the court by asking him any more questions. Stand down, sir."

"Would any other gen'l'man like to ask me anythin'?" inquired Sam, taking up his hat and looking round most deliberately.

"Not I, Mr. Weller, thank you," said Serjeant Snubbin, laughing.

"You may go down, sir," said Serjeant Buzfuz, waving his hand impatiently. Sam went down accordingly, after doing Messrs. Dodson and Fogg's case as much harm as he conveniently could, and saying just as little respecting Mr. Pickwick as might be, which was precisely the object he had had in view all along.

"I have no objection to admit, my Lord," said Serjeant Snubbin, "if it will save the examination of another witness, that Mr. Pickwick has retired from business, and is a gentleman of considerable independent property."

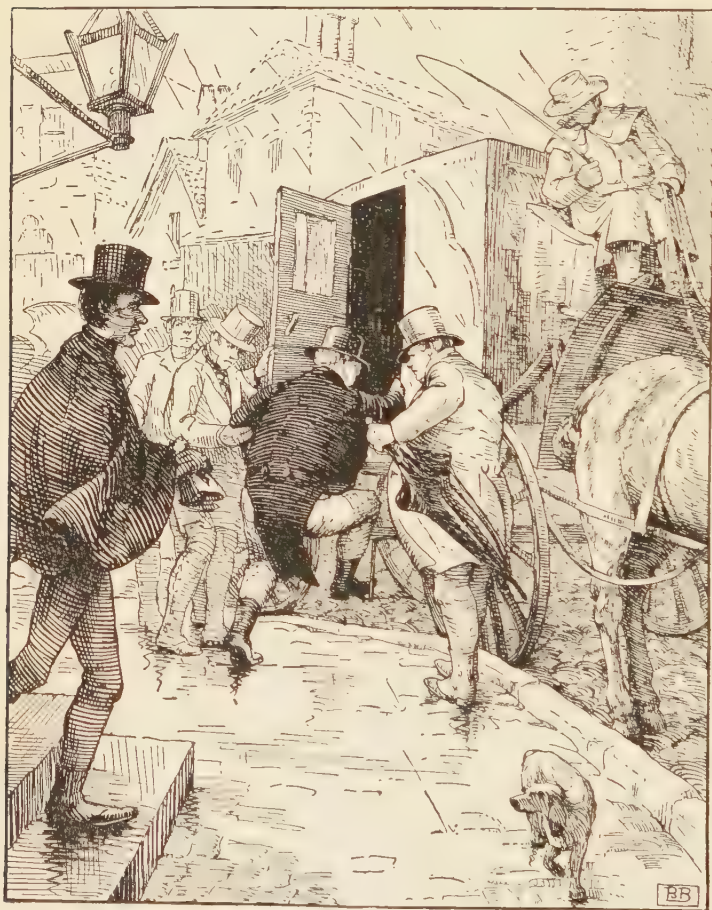
"Very well," said Serjeant Buzfuz, putting in the two letters to be read. "Then that's my case, my Lord."

Serjeant Snubbin then addressed the jury on behalf of the defendant. He attempted to show that the letters which had been exhibited, merely related to Mr. Pickwick's dinner, or to the preparations for receiving him in his apartments on his return home from some country excursion.

Mr. Justice Stareleigh summed up, in the old-established and most approved form. The jury then retired to their private room to talk the matter over, and the judge retired to *his* private room, to refresh himself with a mutton chop and a glass of sherry.

An anxious quarter of an hour elapsed; the jury came back; the judge was fetched in. Mr. Pick-

wick put on his spectacles, and gazed at the foreman with an agitated countenance and a quickly beating heart.



MR. PICKWICK WAS ASSISTED INTO A HACKNEY COACH

"Gentlemen," said the individual in black, "are you all agreed on your verdict?"

"We are," replied the foreman.

"Do you find for the plaintiff, gentlemen, or for the defendant?"

"For the plaintiff."

"With what damages, gentlemen?"

"Seven hundred and fifty pounds."

Mr. Pickwick took off his spectacles, carefully wiped the glasses, folded them into their case, and put them in his pocket; and mechanically followed Mr. Perker and the blue bag out of court.

They stopped in a side room while Perker paid the court fees; and here, Mr. Pickwick was joined by his friends. Here, too, he encountered Messrs. Dodson and Fogg, rubbing their hands with every token of outward satisfaction.

"Well, gentlemen," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Well, sir," said Dodson: for self and partner.

"You imagine you'll get your costs, don't you, gentlemen?" said Mr. Pickwick.

Fogg said they thought it rather probable. Dodson smiled, and said they'd try.

"You may try, and try, and try again, Messrs. Dodson and Fogg," said Mr. Pickwick vehemently, "but not one farthing of costs or damages do you ever get from me, if I spend the rest of my existence in a debtor's prison."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Dodson. "You'll think better of that, before next term, Mr. Pickwick."

"He, he, he! We'll soon see about that, Mr. Pickwick," grinned Fogg.

Speechless with indignation, Mr. Pickwick allowed himself to be led by his solicitor and friends to the door, and there assisted into a hackney-coach, which had been fetched for the purpose, by the ever watchful Sam Weller.

THE DEATH OF CÆSAR¹

NOTE.—Caius Julius Cæsar (100—44 B. C.) was the greatest of Roman generals. He began early to take part in political life, identifying himself with the popular party, and he filled various offices most satisfactorily. In 62 B. C. he was elected to the consulate, the highest office in the state, and just before entering on his duties he formed with Pompey, then at the height of his power, and with Crassus, the First Triumvirate. This was not a form of government; it was simply a coalition formed to advance the interests of its members.

At the close of his consulship, Cæsar was sent as pro-consul, or governor, to Gaul, where he remained for nine years. He did wonderful things in that province, conquering the warlike Gauls and the sturdy German invaders,

1. Plutarch, the author of the *Life of Cæsar*, from which this selection is taken, was a Greek writer who was born about 46 A. D. and lived about eighty years. Of his life not much is known, save that he spent considerable time in travel, and that he returned for his last years to his birthplace, Chæronea in Bœotia. He was, during his lifetime, less famous as an author than as a philosopher and as a teacher and guide to the young people who gathered about him, constituting a sort of informal school.

His *Lives*, for which he is chiefly remembered, are among the most valuable as well as the most delightful writings that have come down to us from ancient times. Most of them are arranged in pairs; that is, a life of Cæsar is joined with a life of Alexander the Great, and a formal comparison is added. These comparisons are often forced, and it is believed by some authorities that they were not written by Plutarch, but were added later.

For our knowledge of many of the great men of antiquity we are chiefly indebted to Plutarch, and English literature owes a special debt to him because it is from his *Lives* that Shakespeare drew the materials for all of his dramas which deal with ancient history. The translation which Shakespeare used was the one quoted from here—that of Sir Thomas North.

For ease in reading, this selection has been divided into paragraphs, and quotation marks have been added, but no other changes have been made.

and reducing the country to complete subjection. Leaving Gaul for a season, he crossed over to Britain and subdued the island. Meanwhile Pompey, at Rome, had become jealous of Cæsar, whose victories had made him a popular idol and he succeeded in getting the Senate to pass a decree ordering Cæsar to disband his army. This Cæsar refused to do, and instead he led his soldiers across the Rubicon, the river which separated Gaul from Italy, and advanced toward Rome. Pompey and his supporters fled, and Cæsar speedily became master of the state. He crossed into Greece and defeated Pompey, and the Senate, subservient to Cæsar as it had been to Pompey, conferred upon him all the offices in its powers. Wars in Spain, in Africa and in Pontus increased his fame, and he became undisputed master of the Roman world.

Cæsar was great not only in war. He was an author as well as a general, and his *Commentaries on the Gallic and Civil Wars* is a masterly history. One of his acts which conferred most benefit on the people was the revision of the Calendar. Many were the projects for the improvement of the city which he planned, but he was not allowed to carry them out. While he was at the height of his power, his death came in the manner which Plutarch describes in the following selection.



AT that time, the feast Lupercalia² was celebrated, the which in old time men say was the feast of shepherds or herd men, and is much like unto the feast of the Lycæans in Arcadia. But howsoever it is, that day there are divers noblemen's sons, young men

(and some of them magistrates themselves that govern then), which run naked through the city, striking in sport them they meet in their way, with leather thongs, hair and all on, to make them give place.

2. The Lupercalia was a Roman festival held annually on February 15th, in honor of the pastoral deity Lupercus.

Cæsar sat to behold that sport upon the pulpit for orations, in a chair of gold, apparelled in triumphing manner. Antonius,³ who was Consul at that time, was one of them that ran this holy course. So when he came into the market-place, the people made a lane for him to run at liberty, and he came to Cæsar, and presented him a diadem wreathed about with laurel. Whereupon there rose a certain cry of rejoicing, not very great, done only by a few, appointed for the purpose. But when Cæsar refused the diadem, then all the people together made an outcry of joy. Then Antonius offering it him again, there was a second shout of joy, but yet of a few. But when Cæsar refused it again the second time, then all the whole people shouted. Cæsar, having made this proof, found that the people did not like of it, and thereupon rose out of his chair, and commanded the crown to be carried unto Jupiter in the Capitol.

After that, there were set up images of Cæsar in the city with diadems upon their heads, like kings. Those, the two Tribunes, Flavius and Marullus, went and pulled down: and furthermore, meeting with them that first saluted Cæsar as king, they committed them to prison. The people followed them rejoicing at it, and called them Brutes:⁴ because of Brutus, who had in old time driven the kings out of Rome, and that brought the kingdom of one person, unto the government of the Senate

3. Marcus Antonius, or Mark Antony (83-30 B. C.) had helped Cæsar in his contest with Pompey and was his colleague in the consulship.

4. That is, *Brutuses*. Lucius Junius Brutus was an ancient Roman hero who had taken a chief part in driving Tarquin the King from Rome, and in abolishing the kingly office (509 B. C.).

and people. Cæsar was so offended withal, that he deprived Marullus and Flavius of their Tribuneships, and accusing them, he spake also against the people, and called them Bruti, and Cumani, to wit, beasts and fools.

Hereupon the people went straight until Marcus Brutus, who from his father came of the first Brutus, and by his mother, of the house of the Servilians, a noble house as any was in Rome, and was also nephew and son-in-law of Marcus Cato. Notwithstanding, the great honors and favor Cæsar showed unto him, kept him back that of himself alone he did not conspire nor consent to depose him of his kingdom. For Cæsar did not only save his life, after the battle of Pharsalia⁵ when Pompey fled, and did at his request also save many more of his friends besides: but furthermore, he put a marvellous confidence in him. For he had already preferred him to the Prætorship for that year, and furthermore was appointed to be Consul, the fourth year after that, having through Cæsar's friendship obtained it before Cassius,⁶ who likewise made suit for the same: and Cæsar also, as it is reported, said in this contention, "Indeed Cassius hath alleged best reason, but yet shall he not be chosen before Brutus." Some one day accusing Brutus while he practiced this conspiracy, Cæsar would not hear of it, but clapping his hand on his body, told them, "Brutus will look for this skin:" meaning thereby,

5. This was the battle in Greece at which Cæsar finally defeated Pompey.

6. Cassius has been a friend of Pompey, whom he had aided in his struggle against Cæsar. After the Battle of Pharsalia, Cæsar pardoned him, as he did many of Pompey's supporters and they were to all appearance fully reconciled.

that Brutus for his virtue deserved to rule after him, but yet, that for ambition's sake, he would not show himself unthankful or dishonorable.

Now they that desired change, and wished Brutus only their prince and governor above all other: they durst not come to him themselves to tell him what they would have him to do, but in the night did cast sundry papers into the Prætor's seat where he gave audience, and the most of them to this effect. "Thou sleepest Brutus, and art not Brutus indeed." Cassius finding Brutus' ambition stirred up the more by these seditious bills, did prick him forward, and egg him on the more, for a private quarrel he had conceived against Cæsar. Cæsar also had Cassius in great jealousy, and suspected him much: whereupon he said on a time to his friends, "What will Cassius do, think ye? I like not his pale looks."

Another time when Cæsar's friends complained unto him of Antonius and Dolabella,⁷ that they pretended some mischief toward him: he answered them again, "As for those fat men and smooth-combed heads," quoth he, "I never reckon of them: but these pale-visaged and carrion lean people, I fear them most," meaning Brutus and Cassius.

Certainly, destiny may easier be foreseen than avoided: considering the strange and wonderful signs that were said to be seen before Cæsar's death. For, touching the fires in the element, and spirits running up and down in the night, and also

7. Dolabella was a Roman politician who had given Cæsar some aid at the Battle of Pharsalia and who therefore felt himself entitled to great rewards. Since, owing to his turbulence and his profligate character, he was constantly stirring up strife at Rome, Cæsar gave him appointments in Spain and in Africa.

the solitary birds to be seen at noondays sitting in the great market-place: are not all these signs perhaps worth the noting, in such a wonderful chance as happened?

But Strabo⁸ the Philosopher writeth, that divers men were seen going up and down in fire: and furthermore, that there was a slave of the soldiers, that did cast a marvellous burning flame out of his hand, insomuch as they that saw it thought he had been burned, but when the fire was out, it was found he had no hurt. Cæsar himself also doing sacrifice unto the gods, found that one of the beasts which was sacrificed had no heart: and that was a strange thing in nature, how a beast could live without a heart. Furthermore, there was a certain soothsayer that had given Cæsar warning long time afore, to take heed of the day of the Ides of March (which is the fifteenth of the month), for on that day he should be in great danger.

That day being come, Cæsar going unto the Senate-house, and speaking merrily unto the soothsayer, told him, "The Ides of March be come:" "So be they," softly answered the soothsayer, "but yet are they not past." And the very day before, Cæsar supping with Marcus Lepidus,⁹ sealed certain letters as he was wont to do at the board: so talk falling out among them, reasoning what death was best: he preventing their opinions, cried out aloud, "Death unlooked for."

8. Strabo (about 64 B. C.-19 A. D.) was a Greek historian and geographer. His *Geography*, in seventeen books, is still extant, but of the forty-three books of his *History*, there remain but fragments.

9. Marcus Æmilius Lepidus had served as consul with Cæsar, and had been appointed by Cæsar governor of Nearer Spain. After Cæsar's death he joined himself with Antony.

Then going to bed the same night as his manner was, and lying with his wife Calpurnia, all the windows and doors of his chamber flying open, the noise awoke him, and made him afraid when he saw such light: but more, when he heard his wife Calpurnia, being fast asleep, weep and sigh, and put forth fumbling lamentable speeches. For she dreamed that Cæsar was slain, and that she had him in her arms.

Others also do deny that she had any such dream, as among other, Titus Livius¹⁰ writeth, that it was in this sort. The Senate having set upon the top of Cæsar's house, for an ornament and setting forth of the same, a certain pinnacle: Calpurnia dreamed that she saw it broken down, and that she thought she lamented and wept for it. Inasmuch that Cæsar rising in the morning, she prayed him if it were possible not to go out of the doors that day, but to adjourn the session of the Senate, until another day. And if that he made no reckoning of her dream, yet that he would search further of the soothsayers by their sacrifices, to know what should happen him that day. Thereby it seemed that Cæsar likewise did fear and suspect somewhat, because his wife Calpurnia until that time was never given to any fear or superstition: and then, for that he saw her so troubled in mind with this dream she had.

But much more afterward, when the soothsayers, having sacrificed many beasts one after another, told him that none did like them: then he deter-

10. Titus Livius, or Livy (59 B. C.-19 A. D.), was a famous Roman historian. He wrote a history of Rome in one hundred and forty books, of which, however, only thirty-five are extant.

mined to send Antonius to adjourn the session of the Senate.

But in the meantime came Decius Brutus, sur-named Albinus, in whom Cæsar put such confidence, that in his last will and testament he had appointed him to be his next heir, and yet was of



CALPURNIA ENTREATS CÆSAR

the conspiracy with Cassius and Brutus: he fearing that if Cæsar did adjourn the session that day, the conspiracy would out, laughed the soothsayers to scorn, and reproved Cæsar, saying: That he gave the Senate occasion to mislike with him, and that they might think he mocked them, considering that by his commandment they were assembled, and that they were ready willingly to grant him all things, and to proclaim him king of all the provinces of the empire of Rome out of Italy, and

that he should wear his diadem in all other places both by sea and land. And furthermore, that if any man should tell them from him, they should depart for that present time, and return again when Calpurnia should have better dreams: what would his enemies and ill-willers say, and how could they like of his friends' words? And who could persuade them otherwise, but that they would think his dominion a slavery unto them, and tyrannical in himself?

"And yet if it be so," said he, "that you utterly mislike of this day, it is better that you go yourself in person, and saluting the Senate, to dismiss them till another time."

Therewithal he took Cæsar by the hand, and brought him out of his house. Cæsar was not gone far from his house, but a bondman, a stranger, did what he could to speak with him: and when he saw he was put back by the great press and multitude of people that followed him, he went straight into his house, and put himself into Calpurnia's hands to be kept, till Cæsar came back again, telling her that he had great matters to impart unto him.

And one Artemidorus, also born in the Isle of Gnidos, a doctor of rhetoric in the Greek tongue, who by means of his profession was very familiar with certain of Brutus' confederates, and therefore knew the most part of all their practices against Cæsar: came and brought him a little bill written with his own hand, of all that he meant to tell him. He marking how Cæsar received all the supplications that were offered him, and that he gave them straight to his men that were about him, pressed

nearer to him, and said: "Cæsar, read this memorial to yourself, and that quickly, for they be matters of great weight, and touch you nearly." Cæsar took it to him, but could never read it, though he many times attempted it, for the number of people that did salute him; but holding it still in his hand, keeping it to himself, went on withal into the Senate-house. Howbeit others are of opinion, that it was some man else that gave him that memorial, and not Artemidorus, who did what he could all the way as he went to give it Cæsar, but he was always repulsed by the people.

For these things, they may seem to come by chance: but the place where the murder was prepared, and where the Senate were assembled and where also there stood up an image of Pompey dedicated by himself among other ornaments which he gave unto the theatre: all these were manifest proofs that it was the ordinance of some god, that made this treason to be executed, specially in that very place. It is also reported, that Cassius, beholding the image of Pompey, before they entered into the action of their traitorous enterprise: he did softly call upon it, to aid him. But the instant danger of the present time, taking away his former reason, did suddenly put him into a furious passion, and made him like a man half beside himself.

Now Antonius, that was a faithful friend to Cæsar, and a valiant man besides of his hands, him Decius Brutus Albinus entertained out of the Senate-house, having begun a long tale of set purpose.

So Cæsar coming into the house, all the Senate

stood up on their feet to do him honor. Then part of Brutus' company and confederates stood round about Cæsar's chair, and part of them also came toward him, as though they made suit with Metellus Cimber, to call home his brother again from banishment: and thus prosecuting still their suit, they followed Cæsar, till he was set in his chair. Who, denying their petitions, and being offended with them one after another, because the more they were denied, the more they pressed upon him, and were the earnestest with him: Metellus at length, taking his gown with both his hands pulled it over his neck, which was the sign given the confederates to set upon him. Then Casca behind him struck him in the neck with his sword, howbeit the wound was not great nor mortal, because it seemed, the fear of such a devilish attempt did amaze him, and take his strength from him, that he killed him not at the first blow. But Cæsar turning straight unto him, caught hold of his sword, and held it hard; and they both cried out, Cæsar, in Latin: "O vile traitor Casca, what doest thou?" And Casca in Greek to his brother, "Brother, help me."

At the beginning of this stir, they that were present, not knowing of the conspiracy, were so amazed with the horrible sight they saw; they had no power to fly, neither to help him, not so much as once to make any outcry. They on the other side that had conspired his death, compassed him in on every side with their swords drawn in their hands, that Cæsar turned him nowhere, but he was stricken at by some, and still had naked swords in his face, and was hacked and mangled among

them, as a wild beast taken of hunters. For it was agreed among them that every man should give him a wound, because all their parts should be in this murder: and then Brutus himself gave him one wound about his body. Men report also, that Cæsar did still defend himself against the rest, running every way with his body: but when he saw Brutus with his sword drawn in his hand, then he pulled his gown over his head, and made no more resistance, and was driven either casually, or purposely, by the counsel of the conspirators, against the base whereupon Pompey's image stood, which ran all of a gore-blood till he was slain. Thus it seemed, that the image took just revenge of Pompey's enemy, being thrown down on the ground at his feet, and yielding up his ghost there, for the number of wounds he had upon him. For it is reported, that he had three-and-twenty wounds upon his body: and divers of the conspirators did hurt themselves, striking one body with so many blows.

When Cæsar was slain, the Senate (though Brutus stood in the midst among them, as though he would have said somewhat touching this fact) presently ran out of the house, and flying, filled all the city with marvellous fear and tumult. In-somuch as some did shut-to their doors, others forsook their shops and warehouses, and others ran to the place to see what the matter was: and others also that had seen it ran home to their houses again.

But Antonius and Lepidus, which were two of Cæsar's chiefest friends, secretly conveying themselves away, fled into other men's houses, and forsook their own. Brutus and his confederates on

the other side, being yet hot with this murder they had committed, having their swords drawn in their hands, came all in a troop together out of the Senate, and went in the market-place, not as men that made countenance to fly, but otherwise boldly holding up their heads like men of courage, and called to the people to defend their liberty, and stayed to speak with every great personage whom they met in their way. Of them, some followed this troop, and went among them, as if they had been of the conspiracy, and falsely challenged part of the honor with them: among them was Caius Octavius, and Lentulus Spinther. But both of them were afterward put to death, for their vain covetousness of honor, by Antonius and Octavius Cæsar the younger: and yet had no part of that honor for the which they were put to death, neither did any man believe that they were any of the confederates, or of counsel with them. For they that did put them to death took revenge rather of the will they had to offend than of any fact they had committed.

The next morning, Brutus and his confederates came into the market-place to speak unto the people, who gave them such audience that it seemed they neither greatly reprov'd, nor allowed the fact: for by their great silence they showed that they were sorry for Cæsar's death, and also that they did reverence Brutus. Now the Senate granted general pardon for all that was past, and ordained besides that Cæsar's funeral should be honored as a god, and established all things that he had done: and gave certain provinces also, and convenient honors unto Brutus and his confederates.

whereby every man thought all things were brought to good peace and quietness again.

But when they had opened Cæsar's testament and found a liberal legacy of money, bequeathed unto every citizen of Rome, and that they saw his body (which was brought into the market-place) all bemangled with gashes of swords: then there was no order to keep the multitude and common people quiet, but they plucked up forms, tables, and stools, and laid them all about the body, and setting them afire, burned the corpse. Then when the fire was well kindled, they took the fire-brands, and went unto their houses that had slain Cæsar, to set them afire. Others also ran up and down the city to see if they could meet with any of them, to cut them in pieces: howbeit they could meet with never a man of them, because they had locked themselves up safely in their houses.

There was one of Cæsar's friends called Cinna, that had a marvellous strange and terrible dream the night before. He dreamed that Cæsar bade him to supper, and that he refused, and would not go: and then Cæsar took him by the hand, and led him against his will. Now Cinna hearing at that time that they burned Cæsar's body in the market-place, notwithstanding that he feared his dream, and had an ague on him besides: he went into the market-place to honor his funerals. When he came thither, one of the mean sort asked him what his name was? He was straight called by his name. The first man told it to another, and that other unto another, so that it ran straight through them all, that he was one of them that murdered Cæsar (for indeed one of the traitors to Cæsar was also called

Cinna as himself), wherefore taking him for Cinna the murderer, they fell upon him with such fury that they presently despatched him in the market-place. This stir and fury made Brutus and Cassius more afraid than of all that was past, and therefore within a few days after they departed out of Rome.

Cæsar died at six-and-fifty years of age: and Pompey also lived not passing four years more than he. So he reaped no other fruit of all his reign and dominion, which he had so vehemently desired all his life, and pursued with such extreme danger: but a vain name only and a superficial glory, that procured him the envy and hatred of his country. But his great prosperity and good fortune that favored him all his lifetime, did continue afterward in the revenge of his death, pursuing the murderers both by sea and land, till they had not left a man more to be executed, of all them that were actors or counsellors in the conspiracy of his death. Furthermore, of all the chances that happen unto men upon the earth, that which came to Cassius above all other is most to be wondered at. For he being overcome in battle at Philippi,¹¹ slew himself with the same sword, with the which he struck Cæsar. Again, signs in the element, the great comet which seven nights together was seen very bright after Cæsar's death, the eighth night after was never seen more. Also the brightness of the sun was darkened, the which all that year through rose very pale, and shined not out, whereby it gave but small heat: therefore the air being very cloudy

11. This was a city in Macedonia, the scene of the battle between Brutus and Cassius on the one hand, and Antony and Octavius on the other.

and dark, by the weakness of the heat that could not come forth, did cause the earth to bring forth but raw and unripe fruit, which rotted before it could



THE DEATH OF BRUTUS

ripe. But above all, the ghost that appeared unto Brutus showed plainly that the gods were offended with the murder of Cæsar. The vision was thus: Brutus slept every night (as his manner was) in his tent, and being yet awake, thinking of his af-

fairs (for by report he was as careful a captain, and lived with as little sleep, as ever man did), he thought he heard a noise at his tent door, and looking toward the light of the lamp that waxed very dim, he saw a horrible vision of a man, of a wonderful greatness, and dreadful look, which at the first made him marvellously afraid. But when he saw that it did him no hurt, but stood by his bedside, and said nothing: at length he asked him what he was. The image answered him: "I am thy ill angel, Brutus, and thou shalt see me by the city of Philippi." Then Brutus replied again, and said: "Well, I shall see thee then." Therewithal, the spirit presently vanished from him. After that time Brutus being in battle near unto the city of Philippi, against Antonius and Octavius Cæsar, at the first battle he won the victory, and overthrowing all them that withstood him, he drove them into young Cæsar's camp, which he took. The second battle being at hand, this spirit appeared again unto him, but spake never a word. Thereupon Brutus knowing he should die, did put himself to all hazard in battle, but yet fighting could not be slain. So seeing his men put to flight and overthrown, he ran unto a little rock not far off, and there setting his sword's point to his breast, fell upon it, and slew himself, but yet as it is reported, with the help of his friend that despatched him.

THE DEATH OF CÆSAR

From SHAKESPEARE'S JULIUS CÆSAR

NOTE.—The following selection from Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar* is given to show how closely Shakespeare followed his source, Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch's *Life of Julius Cæsar*. In the other parts of this great drama the similarity is equally great; thus the incident of Antony's offering Cæsar the crown, the warnings "blazed forth" by the heavens, the vision of Brutus at Philippi, are all used by Shakespeare in a masterly manner. This unoriginality in his plot by no means detracts from the genius of Shakespeare; he invented few of his plots, but he showed his wonderful genius in his treatment of them.

Perhaps this selection from *Julius Cæsar* will make you want to read the whole play. It is the easiest and the simplest of all Shakespeare's tragedies, and therefore the best for you to begin with. There are a number of wonderful scenes in it. But perhaps the most wonderful of all is the scene where Antony makes his speech over the body of Cæsar. Plutarch does not tell us that it was Antony who stirred up the wrath of the Romans against the conspirators, but Shakespeare makes him do that in one of the most skilful and masterly speeches in all literature.

ACT II

SCENE II. CÆSAR'S house.

*Thunder and lightning. Enter CÆSAR, in his nightgown.*¹ CÆSAR speaks.

NOR heaven nor earth have been at peace
to-night:

Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep cried out,

1. His *nightgown* was his dressing-gown.

“Help! ho! they murther² Cæsar!”
Who’s within?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord?

Cæs. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice
And bring me their opinions of success.

Serv. I will, my lord.

[*Exit.*]

Enter CALPURNIA.

Cal. What mean you, Cæsar? think you to walk
forth?

You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Cæs. Cæsar shall forth: the things that threat-
en’d me

Ne’er look’d but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanishèd.

Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,³
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelpèd in the streets;
And graves have yawn’d, and yielded up their dead;
Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol;
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan,
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.
O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,⁴
And I do fear them.

2. *Murther* is an old form of *murder*.

3. *Stood on ceremonies* means *insisted on omens*.

4. *Beyond all use* means *unusual, unnatural*.

Cæs. What can be avoided
Whose end is purposed by the mighty gods?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth; for these predictions
Are to the world in general as to Cæsar.

Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets
seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of
princes.

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their
deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

Re-enter Servant.

What say the augurers!
Serv. They would not have you to stir forth
to-day.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.⁵

Cæs. The gods do this in shame of cowardice:
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar shall not: danger knows full well
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he:
We are two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible:
And Cæsar shall go forth.

Cal. Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.

5. The ancients believed that the condition of an animal offered for sacrifice foretold many things.

Do not go forth to-day: call it my fear
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the Senate-house;
And he shall say you are not well to-day:
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cæs. Mark Antony shall say I am not well;
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter DECIVS.

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

Dec. Cæsar, all hail! good morrow, worthy
Cæsar:

I come to fetch you to the Senate-house.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy time.
To bear my greeting to the Senators
And tell them that I will not come to-day:
Cannot, is false, and that I dare not, falser:
I will not come to-day: tell them so, Decius.

Cal. Say he is sick.

Cæs. Shall Cæsar send a lie?
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be afraid to tell graybeards the truth?
Decius, Go tell them Cæsar will not come.

Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some
cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so.

Cæs. The cause is in my will: I will not come;
That is enough to satisfy the Senate,
But for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know:
Calpurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:
She dreamt to-night she saw my statua,
Which, like a fountain with an hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans

Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it:
And these does she apply for warnings and portents,

And evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted;
It was a vision fair and fortunate:
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood, and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics and cognizance.⁶
This by Calpurnia's dream is signified.

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can
say:

And know it now: the Senate have concluded
To give this day a crown to mighty Cæsar.
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd,⁷ for some one to say
Break up the senate till another time,
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams.
If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper
Lo, Cæsar is afraid?

Pardon me, Cæsar, for my dear, dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this;
And reason to my love is liable.⁸

Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now,
Calpurnia!

6. *Cognizance* here means *souvenirs*.

7. *A mock apt to be render'd* means *a sneering renly likely to be made*.

8. *Liable* means *subject, subservient*.

I am ashamed I did yield to them.
Give me my robe, for I will go.

Enter PUBLIUS,⁹ BRUTUS, LIGARIUS,¹⁰ METELLUS,
CASCA, TREBONIUS¹¹ *and* CINNA.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good morrow, Cæsar.

Cæs. Welcome, Publius.

What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?

Good morrow, Casca. Caius Ligarius,

Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy

As that same ague which hath made you lean.

What is't o'clock?

Bru. Cæsar, 'tis stricken eight.¹²

Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter ANTONY.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,

Is notwithstanding up. Good morrow, Antony.

Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.

Cæs. Bid them prepare within:

I am to blame to be thus waited for.

Now, Cinna: now, Metellus: what, Trebonius!

I have an hour's talk in store for you;

Remember that you call on me to-day:

Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. Cæsar, I will; [*Aside*] and so near will
I be,

That your best friends shall wish I had been
further.

9-10-11. These are three conspirators whom Plutarch does not mention.

12. This is an anachronism. There were no clocks to strike in Cæsar's time.

Cæs. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine
with me;

And we, like friends, will straightway go together.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A street near the Capitol.*

Enter ARTEMIDORUS, reading a paper.

Art. Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber: Decius Brutus loves thee not: thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou beest not immortal, look about you: security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover.

ARTEMIDORUS.

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this.
My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of¹³ emulation.
If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou mayst live;
If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive.

[*Exit.*]

ACT III

SCENE I. *Rome. Before the Capitol.*

A crowd of people; among them ARTEMIDORUS and the SOOTHSAYER.¹⁴ Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LÆPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, and others. CÆSAR speaks to the Soothsayer.

13. *Out of the teeth of* means *beyond the reach of.*

14. This soothsayer had the month before warned Cæsar to beware the ides of March.



HE ides of March are come.

Sooth. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.

Art. Hail, Cæsar! read this schedule.

Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read.

At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

Art. O Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a suit

That touches Cæsar nearer; read it, great Cæsar.

Cæs. What touches us ourself shall be last serv'd.

Art. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.

Cæs. What, is the fellow mad?

Pub. Sirrah, give place.

Cas. What, urge you your petitions in the street?

Come to the Capitol.

Scene changes to the Senate-house, the Senate sitting. Enter CÆSAR with his train, the conspirators and others.

Pop. I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.

Cas. What enterprise, Popilius?

Pop. Fare you well.

[*Advances to Cæsar.*

Bru. What said Popilius Lena?

Cas. He wish'd to-day our enterprise might thrive.

I fear our purpose is discovered.

Bru. Look, how he makes to Cæsar: mark him.

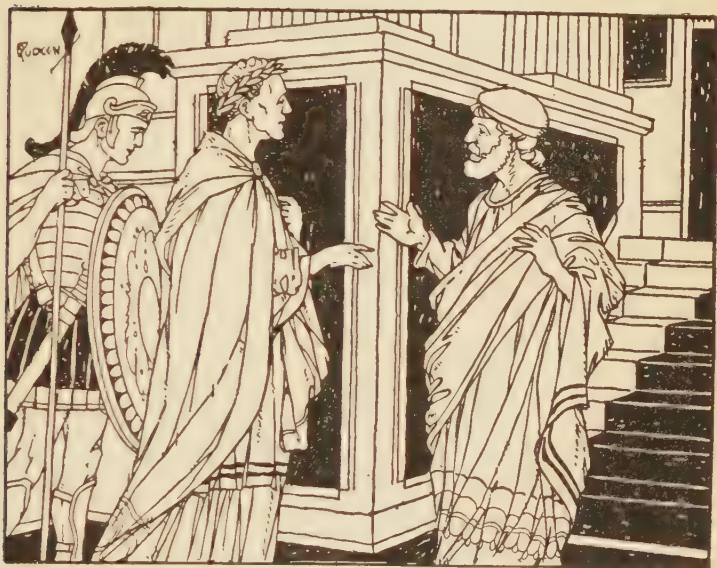
Cas. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,

Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.

Bru.

Cassius, be constant:

Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar does not change.



"THE IDES OF MARCH ARE COME"

Cas. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you,
Brutus,
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[*Exeunt Antony and Trebonius.*

Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

Bru. He is address'd:¹⁵ press near and second
him.

15. *Address'd* means *ready*.

Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

Casca. Are we all ready?

Cæs. What is now amiss
That Cæsar and his senate must redress?

Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar,

Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
An humble heart,— [Kneeling.

Cæs. I must prevent thee, Cimber.
These couchings¹⁶ and these lowly courtesies
Might fire the blood of ordinary men.

. . . Be not fond,¹⁷
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words,

Low-crook'd court'sies and base spaniel-fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banished:
If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear
For the repealing of ¹⁸ my banish'd brother?

Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery,
Cæsar;
Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may

16. *Couchings* means *crouchings*. It may be that Shakespeare wrote *crouchings*, and that the mistake crept in afterward.

17. *Fond* meant, in olden times, *foolish*, and is so used here.

18. *Repealing* is here used in its obsolete sense of *recalling*.

Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæs. What, Brutus!

Cas. Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon.



KNOW, CAESAR DOTH NOT WRONG

As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

Cæs. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you:
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
But I am constant as the northern star,

Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality
 There is no fellow in the firmament.
 The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,
 They are all fire and every one doth shine;
 But there's but one in all doth hold his place:
 So in the world: 'tis furnish'd well with men,
 And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
 Yet in the number I do know but one
 That unassailable holds on his rank,
 Unshak'd of motion: and that I am he,
 Let me a little show it, even in this;
 That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,
 And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cin. O Cæsar,—

Cæs. Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Dec. Great Cæsar,—

Cæs. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

Casca. Speak, hands, for me!

[*Casca and the other Conspirators stab Cæsar.*

Cæs. *Et tu, Brute!*¹⁹ Then fall, Cæsar!

[*Dies.*

19. *Et tu, Brute.* There is no record that Cæsar said these words in dying. Most commentators think that it is a decidedly false note for Shakespeare to introduce this Latin exclamation here.

JULIUS CÆSAR¹

By JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE



NO person Cæsar was tall and slight. His features were more refined than was usual in Roman faces; the forehead was wide and high, the nose large and thin, the lips full, the eyes dark gray like an eagle's, the neck extremely thick and sinewy. His complexion was pale. His beard and mustache were kept carefully shaved. His hair was short and naturally scanty, falling off towards the end of his life and leaving him partially bald. His voice, especially when he spoke in public, was high and shrill. His health was uniformly strong until his last year, when he became subject to epileptic fits.

He was a great bather and scrupulously clean in all his habits, abstemious in his food, and careless in what it consisted, rarely or never touching wine, and noting sobriety as the highest of qualities when describing any new people. He was an athlete in early life, admirable in all manly exercises, and especially in riding.

In Gaul he rode a remarkable horse, which he had bred himself, and which would let no one but Cæsar mount him. From his boyhood it was ob-

1. This character sketch of Cæsar is from the *Cæsar* of James Anthony Froude (1818-1894), an English historian. His judgment of Cæsar is much more favorable than is that of Plutarch.

served of him that he was the truest of friends, that he avoided quarrels, and was most easily appeased when offended. In manner he was quiet and gentlemanlike, with the natural courtesy of high breeding. On one occasion when he was dining somewhere the other guests found the oil too rancid for them. Cæsar took it without remark, to spare his entertainer's feelings. When on a journey through a forest with his friend Oppius, he came one night to a hut where there was a single bed. Oppius being unwell, Cæsar gave it up to him, and slept on the ground.

It was by accident that Cæsar took up the profession of a soldier; yet perhaps no commander who ever lived showed greater military genius. The conquest of Gaul was effected by a force numerically insignificant, which was worked with the precision of a machine. The variety of uses to which it was capable of being turned implied, in the first place, extraordinary forethought in the selection of materials.

Men whose nominal duty was merely to fight were engineers, architects, mechanics of the highest order. In a few hours they could extemporize an impregnable fortress on an open hillside. They bridged the Rhine in a week. They built a fleet in a month. The legions at Alesia² held twice their number pinned within their works, while they kept at bay the whole force of insurgent Gaul, entirely by scientific superiority. The machine, which was thus perfect, was composed of human beings who required supplies of tools, and arms,

2. The capture of Alesia, which was defended by Vercingetorix, the bravest of the Gallic leaders, was one of Cæsar's greatest exploits.

and clothes, and food, and shelter, and for all these it depended on the forethought of its commander.

Maps there were none. Countries entirely unknown had to be surveyed; routes had to be laid out; the depths and courses of rivers, the character of mountain passes, had all to be ascertained. Allies had to be found among tribes as yet unheard of. Countless contingent difficulties had to be provided for, many of which must necessarily arise, though the exact nature of them could not be anticipated. When room for accidents is left open, accidents do not fail to be heard of. But Cæsar was never defeated when personally present, save once at Gergovia, and once at Darazzo; and the failure at Gergovia was caused by the revolt of the Aedui;³ and the manner in which the failure at Durazzo was retrieved showed Cæsar's greatness more than the most brilliant of his victories.

He was rash, but with a calculated rashness, which the event never failed to justify. His greatest successes were due to the rapidity of his movements, which brought him on the enemy before they heard of his approach. He travelled sometimes a hundred miles a day, reading or writing in his carriage, through countries without roads, and crossing rivers without bridges.

No obstacles stopped him when he had a definite end in view. In battle he sometimes rode; but he was more often on foot, bareheaded, and in a conspicuous dress, that he might be seen and recognized. Again and again by his own efforts he recovered a day that was half lost. He once seized

3. The Aedui were the first Gallic tribe to form an alliance with the Romans.

a panic-stricken standard-bearer, turned him round, and told him that he had mistaken the direction of the enemy. He never misled his army as to the enemy's strength, or if he misstated their numbers it was only to exaggerate.

Yet he was singularly careful of his soldiers. He allowed his legions rest, though he allowed none to himself. He rarely fought a battle at a disadvantage. He never exposed his men to unnecessary danger, and the loss by wear and tear in the campaigns in Gaul was exceptionally and even astonishingly slight. When a gallant action was performed, he knew by whom it had been done, and every soldier, however humble, might feel assured that if he deserved praise he would have it. The army was Cæsar's family.

When Sabinus was cut off, he allowed his beard to grow, and he did not shave it till the disaster was avenged. If Quintus Cicero had been his own child, he could not have run greater personal risk to save him when shut up at Charleroy. In discipline he was lenient to ordinary faults, and not careful to make curious inquiries into such things. He liked his men to enjoy themselves. Military mistakes in his officers too he always endeavored to excuse, never blaming them for misfortunes, unless there had been a defect of courage as well as judgment.

Mutiny and desertion only he never overlooked. And thus no general was ever more loved by, or had greater power over, the army which served under him. He brought the insurgent tenth legion into submission by a single word. When the Civil War began and Labienus left him, he told all his

officers who had served under Pompey that they were free to follow if they wished. Not another man forsook him.

When prætor, Cæsar brought back money from Spain to the treasury; but he was never charged at the time with peculation or oppression there. In Gaul the war paid its own expenses; but what temples were there in Gaul which were worth spoiling? Of temples he was, indeed, scrupulously careful. Varro had taken gold from the Temple of Hercules at Cadiz. Cæsar replaced it. Metellus Scipio had threatened to plunder the Temple of Diana at Ephesus. Cæsar protected it. In Gaul the Druids were his best friends; therefore he certainly had not outraged religion there; and the quiet of the province during the Civil War is a sufficient answer to the accusation of gratuitous oppression.

The Gauls paid the expenses of their conquest in the prisoners taken in battle, who were sold to the slave merchants; and this is the real blot on Cæsar's career. But the blot was not personally upon Cæsar, but upon the age in which he lived. The great Pomponius Atticus himself was a dealer in human chattels. That prisoners of war should be sold as slaves was the law of the time, accepted alike by victors and vanquished; and the crowds of libertini who assisted at Cæsar's funeral proved that he was not regarded as the enemy of these unfortunates, but as their special friend.

As far as his public action was concerned, he betrayed no passion save hatred of injustice; and he moved through life calm and irresistible like a force of nature.

From cant of all kinds he was totally free. He was a friend of the people, but he indulged in no enthusiasm for liberty. He never dilated on the beauties of virtue, or complimented, as Cicero did, a Providence in which he did not believe. He was too sincere to stoop to unreality.

He held to the facts of this life and to his own convictions; and as he found no reason for supposing that there was a life beyond the grave he did not pretend to expect it. He respected the religion of the Roman State as an institution established by the laws. He encouraged or left unmolested the creeds and practices of the uncounted sects or tribes who were gathered under the eagles.

But his own writings contain nothing to indicate that he himself had any religious belief at all. He saw no evidence that the gods practically interfered in human affairs. He never pretended that Jupiter was on his side. He thanked his soldiers after a victory, but he did not order *Te Deums* to be sung for it; and in the absence of these conventionalisms he perhaps showed more real reverence than he could have displayed by the freest use of the formulas of pietism.

He fought his battles to establish some tolerable degree of justice in the government of this world; and he succeeded, though he was murdered for doing it.

THE BATTLE OF CRESSY

*From THE CHRONICLES OF FROISSART**

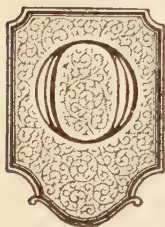
NOTE.—The following selection is from an account of the Hundred Years' War by Froissart. The Hundred Years' War is the name given to a series of contests between the French and the English between 1337 and 1453. The war was undertaken by the English kings and the object was to gain possession of the French crown, to which Edward III of England believed that he was entitled. There were various skirmishes prior to the Battle of Crecy (or Cressy), but that was the first great and decisive contest. The English were victorious, as they were in most of the battles during the reign of Edward III, but these victories, brilliant as they were, gave to England little permanent advantage; and when Edward finally withdrew from the war, England as well as France was in an exhausted condition. The war was continued with varying fortunes during the reigns of Edward's successors, and in the time of Henry V (1413-1422), it really seemed as if England might permanently subdue France. However, with the help of Joan of Arc (Volume IV, page 404) the French losses were retrieved, and when in 1453 the English were finally driven from France, they held nothing in their possession except the city of Calais, which they had captured shortly after the Battle of Crecy.

The English king referred to in Froissart's account is Edward III (1312-1377), and the French king is Philip

*Jean Froissart was a French poet and historian who lived from about 1338 to about 1410. From 1361 to 1366 he was secretary to Philippa, Queen of England, the wife of Edward III, whose exploits are celebrated in this extract from his works. Froissart's great work is his *Chronicles*, in the four books of which he described in a vivid manner the wars and other events of the last three-quarters of the fourteenth century. His account is of especial interest because he received most of his information about the events he described from people who had taken prominent parts in them.

VI (1296-1350). The English prince who distinguished himself at the Battle of Crecy was a son of Edward III, commonly known as the "Black Prince." He was at the time of the Battle of Crecy but sixteen years old.

Of the order of the Englishmen at Cressy, and how they made three battles afoot



ON the Friday the King of England lay in the fields, for the country was plentiful of wines and other victual, and if need had been, they had provision following in carts and other carriages. That night the king made a supper to all his chief lords of his host and made them good cheer; and when they were all departed to take their rest, then the king entered into his oratory and kneeled down before the altar, praying God devoutly, that if he fought the next day, that he might achieve the journey¹ to his honor; then about midnight he laid him down to rest, and in the morning he rose betimes and heard mass, and the prince his son with him, and the most part of his company were confessed and houselled;² and after the mass said he commanded every man to be armed and to draw to the field to the same place before appointed.

Then the king caused a park to be made by the wood side behind his host, and there was set all carts and carriages, and within the park were all their horses, for every man was afoot; and into this park there was but one entry. Then he ordained three battles:³ in the first was the young

1. *Journey* has here its old meaning of the *day's work*.

2. To *housel* means to administer the eucharist.

3. *Battles* means here *battalions*.

Prince of Wales, with him the Earl of Warwick and Oxford, the Lord Godfrey of Harcourt, Sir Raynold Cobham, Sir Thomas Holland, the Lord Stafford, the Lord of Mohun, the Lord Delaware, Sir John Chandos, Sir Bartholomew de Burghersh, Sir Robert Nevill, the Lord de Latimer, and divers other knights and squires that I cannot name: they were an eight hundred men of arms and two thousand archers, and a thousand of other: every lord drew to the field appointed under his own banner and pennon. In the second battle was the Earl of Northampton, the Earl of Arundel, the Lord Ros, the Lord Lucy, the Lord Willoughby, the Lord Basset, the Lord of Saint-Aubin, Sir Louis Tufton, the Lord of Multon, the Lord Lascelles and divers other, about an eight hundred men of arms and twelve hundred archers. The third battle had the king: he had seven hundred men of arms and two thousand archers. Then the king leaped on a hobby, with a white rod in his hand, one of his marshals on the one hand and the other on the other hand: he rode from rank to rank desiring every man to take heed that day to his right and honor. He spake it so sweetly and with so good countenance and merry cheer, that all such as were discomfited took courage in the seeing and hearing of him. And when he had thus visited all his battle, it was then nine of the day: then he caused every man to eat and drink a little, and so they did at their leisure. And afterward they ordered again their battles: then every man lay down on the earth and by him his salet⁴ and bow, to be the more fresher when their enemies should come.

4. A *salet*, or *sallet*, was a sort of helmet made without a visor.

The order of the Frenchmen at Cressy, and how they beheld the demeanor of the Englishmen



THIS Saturday the French king rose betimes and heard mass in Abbeville in his lodging in the Abbey of Saint Peter, and he departed after the sun-rising. When he was out of the town two leagues, approaching toward his enemies, some of his lords said to him: "Sir, it were good that ye ordered your battles and let all your footmen pass somewhat on before, that they be not troubled with the horsemen." Then the king sent four knights, the Moine of Bazeilles, the Lord of Noyers, the Lord of Beaujeu and the Lord d'Aubigny to ride to aview⁵ the English host; and so they rode so near that they might well see part of their dealing.

The Englishmen saw them well and knew well how they were come thither to aview them: they let them alone and made no countenance toward them, and let them return as they came. And when the French king saw these four knights return again, he tarried till they came to him and said: "Sirs, what tidings?" These four knights each of them looked on other, for there was none would speak before his companion; finally the king said to the Moine, who pertained to the king of Bohemia and was reputed for one of the valiantest knights of the world: "Sir, speak you."

Then he said: "Sir, I shall speak, sith⁶ it pleaseth you, under the correction of my fellows. Sir, we

5. *To aview* is an archaic synonym of *to survey*.

6. *Sith* means *since*.

have ridden and seen the behaving of your enemies: know ye for truth they are rested in three battles abiding for you. Sir, I will counsel you as for my part, saving your displeasure, that you and all your company rest here and lodge for this night: for or⁷ they that be behind of your company be come hither, and or your battles be set in good order, it will be very late, and your people be weary and out of array, and ye shall find our enemies fresh and ready to receive you. Early in the morning ye may order your battles at more leisure and advise your enemies at more deliberation, and to regard well what way ye will assail them; for, sir, surely they will abide you."

Then the king commanded that it should be so done. Then his two marshals one rode before, another behind, saying to every banner: "Tarry and abide here in the name of God and Saint Denis."⁸ They that were foremost tarried, but they that were behind would not tarry, but rode forth, and said how they would in no wise abide till they were as far forward as the foremost: and when they before saw them come on behind, then they rode forward again, so that the king nor his marshals could not rule them. So they rode without order or good array, till they came in sight of their enemies: and as soon as the foremost saw them, they reculed⁹ then aback without good array, whereof they be-

7. *Or* was formerly used to mean *before*.

8. Saint Denis was a missionary to the Gauls, sent out from Rome about 250 A. D. He made numerous converts to Christianity, but his preaching was not acceptable to the Roman ruler of Gaul, and Saint Denis was in 272 put to death. For a long time the name of Saint Denis was the war cry of the French soldiers.

9. *Reculed* is an old form of *recoiled*.

hind had marvel and were abashed, and thought that the foremost company had been fighting. Then they might have had leisure and room to have gone forward, if they had list: some went forth and some abode still. The commons, of whom all the ways between Abbeville and Cressy were full, when they saw that they were near to their enemies, they took their swords and cried: "Down with them! let us slay them all."

There is no man, though he were present at the journey, that could imagine or show the truth of the evil order that was among the French party, and yet they were a marvellous great number. That I write in this book I learned it specially of the Englishmen, who well beheld their dealing; and also certain knights of Sir John of Hainault's, who was always about King Philip, showed me as they knew.

Of the battle of Cressy between the King of England and the French King



THE Englishmen, who were in three battles lying on the ground to rest them, as soon as they saw the Frenchmen approach, they rose upon their feet fair and easily without any haste and arranged their battles. The first, which was the prince's battle, the archers there stood in manner of a herse¹⁰ and the men of arms in the bottom of the battle. The Earl of Northampton and the Earl of Arundel with the

10. *In the manner of a herse* means that the soldiers were drawn up in the form of a harrow; that is, the line of battle was much longer from side to side than from front to back.

second battle were on a wing in good order, ready to comfort the prince's battle, if need were.

The lords and knights of France came not to the assembly together in good order, for some came before and some came after in such haste and evil order that one of them did trouble another. When the French king saw the Englishmen, his blood changed, and said to his marshals: "Make the Genoways¹¹ go on before and begin the battle in the name of God and Saint Denis." There were of the Genoways cross-bows about a fifteen thousand, but they were so weary of going afoot that day a six leagues armed with their cross-bows, that they said to their constables: "We be not well ordered to fight this day, for we be not in the case to do any great deed of arms: we have more need of rest."

These words came to the Earl of Alençon, who said: "A man is well at ease to be charged with such a sort of rascals, to be faint and fail now at most need." Also the same season there fell a great rain and a clipse¹² with a terrible thunder, and before the rain there came flying over both battles a great number of crows for fear of the tempest coming. Then anon the air began to wax clear, and the sun to shine fair and bright, the which was right in the Frenchman's eyes and on the Englishmen's backs.

When the Genoways were assembled together and began to approach, they made a great leap and cry to abash the Englishmen, but they stood still and stirred not for all that: then the Genoways again the second time made another leap and a

11. *Genoways* were the *Genoese*.

12. *Cclipse* was the same as *eclipse*.

fell cry, and stepped forward a little, and the Englishmen removed not one foot: thirdly, again they leaped and cried, and went forth till they came within shot; then they shot fiercely with their cross-bows. Then the English archers stepped forth one pace and let fly their arrows so wholly together and so thick, that it seemed snow.

When the Genoways felt the arrows piercing through heads, arms and breasts, many of them cast down their cross-bows and did cut their strings and returned discomfited. When the French king saw them fly away, he said: "Slay these rascals, for they shall let¹³ and trouble us without reason." Then ye should have seen the men of arms dash in among them and killed a great number of them: and ever still the Englishmen shot whereas¹⁴ they saw thickest press; the sharp arrows ran into the men of arms and into their horses, and many fell, horse and men, among the Genoways. and when they were down, they could not relieve again, the press was so thick that one overthrew another. And also among the Englishmen there were certain rascals that went afoot with great knives, and they went in among the men of arms, and slew and murdered many as they lay on the ground, both earls, barons, knights and squires, whereof the King of England was after displeased, for he had rather they had been taken prisoners.

The valiant King of Bohemia¹⁵ called Charles of Luxembourg, son to the noble Emperor Henry of Luxembourg, for all that he was nigh blind,

13. *To let* meant *to hinder* or *to prevent*.

14. *Whereas* is here used for *wherever*.

15. The King of Bohemia was an ally of the French king.

when he understood the order of the battle, he said to them about him: "Where is the Lord Charles my son?" His men said: "Sir, we cannot tell; we think he be fighting." Then he said: "Sirs, ye are my men, my companions and friends in this journey: I require you bring me so far forward, that I may strike one stroke with my sword." They said they would do his commandment, and to the intent that they should not lose him in the press, they tied all their reins of their bridles each to other and set the king before to accomplish his desire, and so they went on their enemies. The Lord Charles of Bohemia his son, who wrote himself King of Almaine and bare the arms, he came in good order to the battle; but when he saw that the matter went awry on their party, he departed, I cannot tell you which way. The king his father was so far forward that he strake a stroke with his sword, yea and more than four, and fought valiantly and so did his company; and they adventured themselves so forward, that they were there all slain, and the next day they were found in the place about the king, and all their horses tied each to other.

The Earl of Alençon came to the battle right ordinally and fought with the Englishmen, and the Earl of Flanders also on his part. These two lords with their companies coasted the English archers and came to the prince's battle, and there fought valiantly long. The French king would fain have come thither, when he saw their banners, but there was a great hedge of archers before him. The same day the French king had given a great black courser to Sir John of Hainault, and he made the Lord Thierry of Senzeille to ride on him and to bear his

banner. The same horse took the bridle in the teeth and brought him through all the curroures¹⁶ of the Englishmen, and as he would have returned again, he fell in a great dike and was sore hurt, and had been there dead, and his page had not been, who followed him through all the battles and saw where his master lay in the dike, and had none other let¹⁷ but for his horse, for the Englishmen would not issue out of their battle for taking of any prisoner. Then the page alighted and relieved his master: then he went not back again the same way that they came, there was too many in his way.

This battle between Broie and Cressy this Saturday was right cruel and fell, and many a feat of arms done that came not to my knowledge. In the night divers knights and squires lost their masters, and sometimes came on the Englishmen, who received them in such wise that they were ever nigh slain; for there was none taken to mercy nor to ransom, for so the Englishmen were determined.

In the morning the day of the battle certain Frenchmen and Almaines perforce opened the archers of the prince's battle and came and fought with the men of arms hand to hand. Then the second battle of the Englishmen came to succor the prince's battle, the which was time, for they had as then much ado; and they with the prince sent a messenger to the king, who was on a little windmill hill. Then the knight said to the king: "Sir, the Earl of Warwick and the Earl of Oxford, Sir Raynold Cobham and other, such as be about the prince your son, are fiercely fought withal and are sore

16. *Curroures* were *couriers* or *messengers*.

17. *Let* meant *hindrance*.

handled; wherefore they desire you that you and your battle will come and aid them; for if the Frenchmen increase, as they doubt they will, your son and they shall have much ado." Then the king said: "Is my son dead or hurt or on the earth felled?" "No, sir," quoth the knight, "but he is hardly matched; wherefore he hath need of your aid." "Well," said the king, "return to him and to them that sent you hither, and say to them that they send no more to me for any adventure that falleth, as long as my son is alive: and also say to them that they suffer him this day to win his spurs; for if God be pleased, I will this journey be his and the honor thereof, and to them that be about him." Then the knight returned again to them and showed the king's words, the which greatly encouraged them.

Sir Godfrey of Harcourt¹⁸ would gladly that the Earl of Harcourt his brother might have been saved; for he heard say by them that saw his banner how that he was there in the field on the French party: but Sir Godfrey could not come to him betimes, for he was slain or he could come at him, and so was also the Earl of Aumale, his nephew. In another place the Earl of Alençon and the Earl of Flanders fought valiantly, every lord under his own banner; but finally they could not resist against the puissance of the Englishmen, and so there they were also slain, and divers other knights and squires. Also the Earl Louis of Blois, nephew to the French king, and the Duke of Lorraine fought under their banners, but at last they were

18. Sir Godfrey of Harcourt was an exiled French noble who rendered much aid to the English King.

closed in among a company of Englishmen and Welshmen, and there were slain for all their prowess.

In the evening the French king, who had left about him no more than a three-score persons, one and other, whereof Sir John of Hainault was one, who had remounted once the king, for his horse was slain with an arrow, then he said to the king: "Sir, depart hence, for it is time; lose not yourself wilfully: if ye have loss at this time, ye shall recover it again another season." And so he took the king's horse by the bridle and led him away in a manner perforce. Then the king rode till he came to the castle of Broye. The gate was closed, because it was by that time dark: then the king called the captain, who came to the walls and said: "Who is that calleth there this time of night?" Then the king said: "Open your gate quickly, for this is the fortune of France." The captain knew then it was the king, and opened the gate and let down the bridge.

Then the king entered, and he had with him but five barons, Sir John of Hainault, Sir Charles of Montmorency, the Lord of Beaujeu, the Lord d'Aubigny and the Lord of Montsault. The king would not tarry there, but drank and departed thence about midnight, and so rode by such guides as knew the country till he came in the morning to Amiens, and there he rested.

This Saturday the Englishmen never departed from their battles for chasing of any man, but kept still their field, and ever defended themselves against all such as came to assail them. This battle ended about evensong time.

*How the next day after the battle the Englishmen
discomfited divers Frenchmen*



ON this Saturday, when the night was come and that the Englishmen heard no more noise of the Frenchmen, then they reputed themselves to have the victory, and the Frenchmen to be discomfited, slain and fled away. Then they made great fires and lighted up torches and candles, because it was very dark. Then the king aualed¹⁹ down from the little hill whereas he stood; and of all that day till then his helm came never on his head. Then he went with all his battle to his son the prince and embraced him in his arms and kissed him, and said: "Fair son, God give you good perseverance; ye are my good son, thus ye have acquitted you nobly: ye are worthy to keep a realm." The prince inclined himself to the earth, honoring the king his father.

This night they thanked God for their good adventure and made no boast thereof, for the king would that no man should be proud or make boast, but every man humbly to thank God. On the Sunday in the morning there was such a mist, that a man might not see the breadth of an acre of land from him. Then there departed from the host by the commandment of the king and marshals five hundred spears and two thousand archers, to see if they might see any Frenchmen gathered again together in any place.

The same morning out of Abbeville and Saint-Riquiers in Ponthieu the commons of Rouen and of

19. *To auaie* was an old synonym for *to descend*.

Beauvais issued out of their towns, not knowing of the discomfiture the day before. They met with the Englishmen weening²⁰ they had been Frenchmen, and when the Englishmen saw them, they set on them freshly, and there was a sore battle; but at last the Frenchmen fled and kept none array. There were slain in the ways and in hedges and bushes more than seven thousand, and if the day had been clear there had never a one scaped. Anon after, another company of Frenchmen were met by the Englishmen, the Archbishop of Rouen and the great Prior of France, who also knew nothing of the discomfiture the day before; for they heard that the French king should have fought the same Sunday, and they were going thitherward.

When they met with the Englishmen, there was a great battle, for they were a great number, but they could not endure against the Englishmen; for they were nigh all slain, few escaped; the two lords were slain. This morning the Englishmen met with divers Frenchmen that had lost their way on the Saturday and had lain all night in the fields, and wist not where the king was nor the captains. They were all slain, as many as were met with; and it was showed me that of the commons and men afoot of the cities and good towns of France there was slain four times as many as were slain the Saturday in the great battle.

20. *Weening* here means *imagining*.

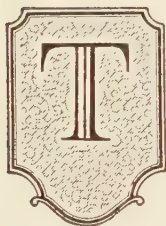
*How the next day after the battle of Cressy they
that were dead were numbered by the
Englishmen*



THE same Sunday, as the King of England came from mass, such as had been sent forth returned and showed the king what they had seen and done, and said: "Sir, we think surely there is now no more appearance of any of our enemies." Then the king sent to search how many were slain and what they were. Sir Raynold Cobham and Sir Richard Stafford with three heralds went to search the field and country: they visited all them that were slain and rode all day in the fields, and returned again to the host as the king was going to supper. They made just report of that they had seen, and said how there were eleven great princes dead, fourscore banners, twelve hundred knights, and more than thirty thousand other. The Englishmen kept still their field all that night: on the Monday in the morning the king prepared to depart: the king caused the dead bodies of the great lords to be taken up and conveyed to Montreuil, and there buried in holy ground, and made a cry in the country to grant truce for three days, to the intent that they of the country might search the field of Cressy to bury the dead bodies.

THE BATTLE OF SARATOGA¹

By E. S. CREASY



THE war which rent away the North American colonies from England is, of all subjects in history, the most painful for an Englishman to dwell on.² It was commenced and carried on by the British ministry in iniquity and folly, and it was concluded in disaster and shame. But the contemplation of it cannot be evaded by the historian, however much it may be abhorred. Nor can any military event be said to have exercised more important influence on the future fortunes of mankind than the complete defeat of Burgoyne's expedition in 1777; a defeat which rescued the revolted colonists from certain subjection, and which, by inducing the courts of France and Spain to attack England in their behalf, insured the independence of the United States, and the formation of that transatlantic power which not only America, but both Europe and Asia now see and feel.³

1. This description of the defeat of Burgoyne is taken from *The Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World*, a very interesting historical work, written over sixty years ago by a man recognized as an eminent scholar, a professor of history and a judge of the English Courts.

2. It should be remembered in reading this account that the author is a patriotic Englishman. We shall have a chance to test his fairness, to see if he is too much prejudiced to be a good historian. What does the next sentence in the text indicate?

3. The earlier part of the essay, from which this selection is taken, contains a brief sketch of the growth of the colonies, and an

Still, in proceeding to describe this "decisive battle of the world," a very brief recapitulation of the earlier events of the war may be sufficient; nor shall I linger unnecessarily on a painful theme.

The five northern colonies of Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New Hampshire, and Vermont, usually classed together as the New England colonies, were the strongholds of the insurrection against the mother country.⁴ The feeling of resistance was less vehement and general in the central settlement of New York, and still less so in Pennsylvania, Maryland, and the other colonies of the South, although everywhere it was formidably strong.⁵ But it was among the descendants of the stern Puritans that the spirit of Cromwell and Vane breathed in all its fervor; it was from the New Englanders that the first armed opposition to the British crown had been offered; and it was by them that the most stubborn determination to fight to the last, rather than waive a single right or privilege, had been displayed. In 1775 they had succeeded

estimate of the position and importance of the United States at the time the essay was written. The author says that the United States was increasing so rapidly in wealth, power and influence, that any opinions he could form would soon be out of date. Nearly seventy years have passed since then, and we can appreciate the changes that have occurred by comparing his picture with our present condition. The whole world now sees and feels the power of the United States in a way that was not dreamed of sixty years ago.

4. What reasons can you give for the fact that the New England colonies were the strongholds of insurrection?

5. What does he mean by "the central settlement of New York?" Why was the feeling of resistance less vehement in the central settlement of New York? What was there in the nature of the colonists of Pennsylvania that made them still less inclined to resist? Why should the southern colonies partake of the nature of the New Yorkers and Pennsylvanians, rather than of the New Englanders? Find the answers to these questions in the characters of the early settlers.

in forcing the British troops to evacuate Boston; and the events of 1776 had made New York (which the Royalists captured in that year) the principal basis of operations for the armies of the mother country.

A glance at the map will show that the Hudson River, which falls into the Atlantic at New York, runs down from the north at the back of the New England States, forming an angle of about forty-five degrees with the line of the coast of the Atlantic, along which the New England States are situate. Northward of the Hudson we see a small chain of lakes communicating with the Canadian frontier. It is necessary to attend closely to these geographical points, in order to understand the plan of the operations which the English attempted in 1777, and which the battle of Saratoga defeated.⁶

The English had a considerable force in Canada, and in 1776 had completely repulsed an attack which the Americans had made upon that province.⁷ The British ministry resolved to avail themselves, in the next year, of the advantage which the occupation of Canada gave them, not merely for the purpose of defense, but for the purpose of striking a vigorous and crushing blow against the revolted colonies. With this view the army in Canada was largely re-enforced. Seven thousand veteran troops were sent out from England, with a corps of artillery abundantly supplied and led by select and

6. If you are not familiar with the region described, study the map closely. It will make the text clearer.

7. This was the expedition under Montgomery and Benedict Arnold, which, though both armies reached Quebec, and attacked with vigor in December, was repulsed with great loss of life; in fact most of the assailants were either killed, wounded or taken prisoner.

experienced officers. Large quantities of military stores were also furnished for the equipment of the Canadian volunteers, who were expected to join the expedition. It was intended that the force thus collected should march southward by the line of the lakes, and thence along the banks of the Hudson River. The British army from New York (or a large detachment of it) was to make a simultaneous movement northward, up the line of the Hudson, and the two expeditions were to unite at Albany, a town on that river. By these operations, all communication between the northern colonies and those of the center and south would be cut off.⁸ An irresistible force would be concentrated, so as to crush all further opposition in New England; and when this was done, it was believed that the other colonies would speedily submit. The Americans had no troops in the field that seemed able to baffle these movements. Their principal army, under Washington, was occupied in watching over Pennsylvania and the South. At any rate, it was believed that, in order to oppose the plan intended for the new campaign, the insurgents must risk a pitched battle, in which the superiority of the Royalists, in numbers, in discipline, and in equipment, seemed to promise to the latter a crowning victory. Without question the plan was ably formed; and had the success of the execution been equal to the ingenuity of the design, the reconquest or submission of the

8. The map shows you how excellent a military plan this was. The lakes and the river made a natural highway, both ends of which the British held. The Eastern colonies lay in a rude triangle, with the English, by land and sea, on two sides of them. When the British should hold the line along the Hudson, the third side of the triangle would be filled in, and the New England colonies would be entirely surrounded as well as cut off from the Middle and Southern colonies.

thirteen United States must in all human probability have followed, and the independence which they proclaimed in 1776 would have been extinguished before it existed a second year. No European power had as yet come forward to aid America. It is true that England was generally regarded with jealousy and ill-will, and was thought to have acquired, at the treaty of Paris, a preponderance of dominion which was perilous to the balance of power; but, though many were willing to wound, none had yet ventured to strike; and America, if defeated in 1777, would have been suffered to fall unaided.

Burgoyne had gained celebrity by some bold and dashing exploits in Portugal during the last war; he was personally as brave an officer as ever headed British troops; he had considerable skill as a tactician; and his general intellectual abilities and acquirements were of a high order. He had several very able and experienced officers under him, among whom were Major-General Philips and Brigadier-General Frazer. His regular troops amounted, exclusively of the corps of artillery, to about 7,200 men, rank and file. Nearly half of these were Germans. He had also an auxiliary force of from two to three thousand Canadians. He summoned the warriors of several tribes of the red Indians near the Western lakes to join his army. Much eloquence was poured forth both in America and in England in denouncing the use of these savage auxiliaries. Yet Burgoyne seems to have done no more than Montcalm, Wolfe, and other French, American and English generals had done before him. But, in truth, the lawless ferocity of

the Indians, their unskillfulness in regular action, and the utter impossibility of bringing them under any discipline, made their services of little or no value in times of difficulty; while the indignation which their outrages inspired went far to rouse the whole population of the invaded districts into active hostilities against Burgoyne's force.⁹

Burgoyne assembled his troops and confederates near the River Bouquet, on the west side of Lake Champlain. He then, on the 21st of June, 1777, gave his red allies a war feast, and harangued them on the necessity of abstaining from their usual cruel practices against unarmed people and prisoners. At the same time, he published a pompous manifesto to the Americans, in which he threatened the refractory with all the horrors of war, Indian as well as European.¹⁰ The army proceeded by water to Crown Point, a fortification which the Americans held at the northern extremity of the inlet, by which the water from Lake George is conveyed to Lake Champlain. He landed here without opposition; but the reduction of Ticonderoga, a fortification about twelve miles to the south of Crown Point, was a more serious matter, and was supposed to be the critical part of the expedition. Ticonderoga commanded the passage along the lakes, and was considered to be the key to the route which Burgoyne wished to follow. The English had been repulsed in an attack on it in the war with the

9. Does the writer think Burgoyne profited from the use of the Indians as soldiers? Does he think it was wrong for Burgoyne to use them? What is your opinion?

10. To how great an extent would Burgoyne's words influence the Indians? Do you think he expected them to refrain from their barbarities?

French in 1758 with severe loss. But Burgoyne now invested it with great skill; and the American general, St. Clair, who had only an ill-equipped army of about 3,000 men, evacuated it on the 5th of July. It seems evident that a different course would have caused the destruction or capture of his whole army, which, weak as it was, was the chief force then in the field for the protection of the New England States. When censured by some of his countrymen for abandoning Ticonderoga, Saint Clair truly replied "that he had lost a post, but saved a province."¹¹ Burgoyne's troops pursued the retiring Americans, gained several advantages over them, and took a large part of their artillery and military stores.

The loss of the British in these engagements was trifling. The army moved southward along Lake George to Skenesborough, and thence, slowly and with great difficulty, across a broken country, full of creeks and marshes, and clogged by the enemy with felled trees and other obstacles, to Fort Edward, on the Hudson River, the American troops continuing to retire before them.

Burgoyne reached the left bank of the Hudson River on the 30th of July. Hitherto he had overcome every difficulty which the enemy and the nature of the country had placed in his way. His army was in excellent order and in the highest spirits, and the peril of the expedition seemed over when they were once on the bank of the river which was to be the channel of communication between them and the British army in the South. But their feelings, and those of the English nation in general

11. Do you think St. Clair acted wisely or in a cowardly manner?

when their successes were announced, may best be learned from a contemporary writer. Burke, in the *Annual Register* for 1777, describes them thus:

“Such was the rapid torrent of success, which swept everything away before the Northern army in its onset. It is not to be wondered at if both officers and private men were highly elated with their good fortune, and deemed that and their prowess to be irresistible; if they regarded their enemy with the greatest contempt; considered their own toils to be nearly at an end; Albany to be already in their hands; and the reduction of the northern provinces to be rather a matter of some time than an arduous task full of difficulty and danger.

“At home, the joy and exultation was extreme; not only at court, but with all those who hoped or wished the unqualified subjugation and unconditional submission of the colonies. The loss in reputation was greater to the Americans, and capable of more fatal consequences, than even that of ground, of posts, of artillery, or of men. All the contemptuous and most degrading charges which had been made by their enemies, of their wanting the resolution and abilities of men, even in their defense of whatever was dear to them, were now repeated and believed. Those who still regarded them as men, and who had not yet lost all affection to them as brethren; who also retained hopes that a happy reconciliation upon constitutional principles, without sacrificing the dignity of the just authority of government on the one side, or a dereliction of the rights of freemen on the other, was not even now impossible, notwithstanding their

favorable dispositions in general, could not help feeling upon this occasion that the Americans sunk not a little in their estimation. It was not difficult to diffuse an opinion that the war in effect was over, and that any further resistance could serve only to render the terms of their submission the worse. Such were some of the immediate effects of the loss of those grand keys of North America—Ticonderoga, and the lakes.”

The astonishment and alarm which these events produced among the Americans were naturally great; but in the midst of their disasters, none of the colonists showed any disposition to submit. The local governments of the New England States, as well as the Congress, acted with vigor and firmness in their efforts to repel the enemy. General Gates was sent to take the command of the army at Saratoga; and Arnold, a favorite leader of the Americans, was dispatched by Washington to act under him, with re-enforcements of troops and guns from the main American army. Burgoyne's employment of the Indians now produced the worst possible effects. Though he labored hard to check the atrocities which they were accustomed to commit, he could not prevent the occurrence of many barbarous outrages, repugnant both to the feelings of humanity and to the laws of civilized warfare. The American commanders took care that the reports of these excesses should be circulated far and wide, well knowing that they would make the stern New Englanders not droop, but rage.

Such was their effect; and though, when each man looked upon his wife, his children, his sisters, or his aged parents, the thought of the merciless

Indian "thirsting for the blood of man, woman, and child," of "the cannibal savage torturing, murdering, roasting, and eating the mangled victims of his barbarous battles," might raise terror in the bravest breasts; this very terror produced a directly contrary effect to causing submission to the royal army. It was seen that the few friends of the royal cause, as well as its enemies, were liable to be the victims of the indiscriminate rage of the savages; and thus "the inhabitants of the open and frontier countries had no choice of acting: they had no means of security left but by abandoning their habitations and taking up arms. Every man saw the necessity of becoming a temporary soldier, not only for his own security, but for the protection and defense of those connections which are dearer than life itself. Thus an army was poured forth by the woods, mountains, and marches, which in this part were thickly sown with plantations and villages. The Americans recalled their courage, and, when their regular army seemed to be entirely wasted, the spirit of the country produced a much greater and more formidable force."

While resolute recruits, accustomed to the use of firearms, and all partially trained by service in the provincial militias, were thus flocking to the standard of Gates and Arnold at Saratoga, and while Burgoyne was engaged at Fort Edward in providing the means for the further advance of his army through the intricate and hostile country that still lay before him, two events occurred, in each of which the British sustained loss and the Americans obtained advantage, the moral effects of which were even more important than the immediate re-

sult of the encounters. When Burgoyne left Canada, General Saint Leger was detached from that province with a mixed force¹² of about 1,000 men and some light field pieces across Lake Ontario against Fort Stanwix, which the Americans held. After capturing this, he was to march along the Mohawk River to its confluence with the Hudson, between Saratoga and Albany, where his force and that of Burgoyne's were to unite. But, after some successes, Saint Leger was obliged to retreat, and to abandon his tents and large quantities of stores to the garrison.¹³ At the very time that General Burgoyne heard of this disaster, he experienced one still more severe in the defeat of Colonel Baum, with a large detachment of German troops, at Bennington, whither Burgoyne had sent them for the purpose of capturing some magazines of provisions, of which the British army stood greatly in need. The Americans, augmented by continual accessions of strength, succeeded, after many attacks, in breaking this corps, which fled into the woods, and left its commander mortally wounded on the field:¹⁴ they then marched against a force of five hundred

12. The Indians were Mohawks under the command of Chief Joseph Brant, a blood-thirsty man, much feared and hated by the whites.

13. Fort Stanwix was held by Colonel Peter Gansevoort, with about six hundred men. General Nicholas Herkimer raised a force of eight hundred men from among the settlers of that vicinity and attacked St. Leger from the rear. At the time the soldiers made a sortie from the fort. In the struggle that followed, Herkimer was mortally wounded, and it is said that fully one-third of the troops engaged were killed.

14. The Americans were commanded by Colonel John Stark and Colonel Seth Warner, both strong types of the sturdy, patriotic American colonists. Seth Warner led a company of Green Mountain boys, the famous Vermont militia, and had already distinguished himself by his bloodless capture of Crown Point the year before.

grenadiers and light infantry, which was advancing to Colonel Baum's assistance under Lieutenant-Colonel Breyman, who, after a gallant resistance, was obliged to retreat on the main army. The British loss in these two actions exceeded six hundred men; and a party of American Loyalists, on their way to join the army, having attached themselves to Colonel Baum's corps, were destroyed with it.¹⁵

Notwithstanding these reverses, which added greatly to the spirit and numbers of the American forces, Burgoyne determined to advance. It was impossible any longer to keep up his communications with Canada by way of the lakes, so as to supply his army on his southward march; but having, by unremitting exertions, collected provisions for thirty days, he crossed the Hudson by means of a bridge of rafts, and, marching a short distance along its western bank, he encamped on the 14th of September on the heights of Saratoga, about sixteen miles from Albany. The Americans had fallen back from Saratoga, and were now strongly posted near Stillwater, about half way between Saratoga and Albany, and showed a determination to recede no further.

Meanwhile Lord Howe, with the bulk of the British army that had lain at New York, had sailed away to the Delaware, and there commenced a campaign against Washington, in which the English general took Philadelphia, and gained other showy and unprofitable successes. But Sir Henry Clin-

15. The loss to the British may have been much under-estimated. An American authority says that of the more than fifteen hundred British troops, scarcely one hundred escaped death or capture.

ton, a brave and skillful officer, was left with a considerable force at New York, and he undertook the task of moving up the Hudson to co-operate with Burgoyne. Clinton was obliged for this purpose to wait for re-enforcements which had been promised from England, and these did not arrive till Septem-



THE BATTLE LASTED UNTIL SUNSET

ber. As soon as he received them, Clinton embarked about 3,000 of his men on a flotilla, convoyed by some ships-of-war under Commander Hotham, and proceeded to force his way up the river.

The country between Burgoyne's position at Saratoga and that of the Americans at Stillwater was rugged, and seamed with creeks and water-courses; but, after great labor in making bridges and temporary causeways, the British army moved forward. About four miles from Saratoga, on the

afternoon of the 19th of September, a sharp encounter took place between part of the English right wing, under Burgoyne himself and a strong body of the enemy, under Gates and Arnold. The conflict lasted till sunset. The British remained masters of the field; but the loss on each side was nearly equal (from five to six hundred men); and the spirits of the Americans were greatly raised by having withstood the best regular troops of the English army. Burgoyne now halted again, and strengthened his position by field-works and redoubts; and the Americans also improved their defenses. The two armies remained nearly within cannon-shot of each other for a considerable time, during which Burgoyne was anxiously looking for intelligence of the promised expedition from New York, which, according to the original plan, ought by this time to have been approaching Albany from the south. At last a messenger from Clinton made his way, with great difficulty, to Burgoyne's camp, and brought the information that Clinton was on his way up the Hudson to attack the American forts which barred the passage up that river to Albany, Burgoyne, in reply, stated his hopes that the promised co-operation would be speedy and decisive, and added, that unless he received assistance before the 10th of October, he would be obliged to retreat to the lakes through want of provisions.

The Indians and Canadians now began to desert Burgoyne, while, on the other hand, Gates' army was continually re-enforced by fresh bodies of the militia. An expeditionary force was detached by the Americans, which made a bold, though unsuccessful attempt to retake Ticonderoga. And find

ing the number and spirit of the enemy to increase daily, and his own stores of provisions to diminish, Burgoyne determined on attacking the Americans in front of him, and, by dislodging them from their position, to gain the means of moving upon Albany, or, at least, of relieving his troops from the straitened position in which they were cooped up.

Burgoyne's force was now reduced to less than 6,000 men. The right of his camp was on high ground a little to the west of the river; thence his intrenchments extended along the lower ground to the bank of the Hudson, their line being nearly at a right angle with the course of the stream. The lines were fortified in the center and on the left with redoubts and field-works. The numerical force of the Americans was now greater than the British, even in regular troops, and the numbers of the militia and volunteers which had joined Gates and Arnold were greater still.¹⁶ The right of the American position, that is to say, the part of it nearest to the river, was too strong to be assailed with any prospect of success, and Burgoyne therefore determined to endeavor to force their left. For this purpose he formed a column of 1,500 regular troops, with two twelve-pounders, two howitzers, and six six-pounders. He headed this in person, having Generals Philips, Reidesel,¹⁷ and Frazer under him. The enemy's force immediately in front of his lines was so strong that he dared not weaken the troops who guarded them by detaching any more to strengthen his column of attack. The

16. The Americans had now probably twenty thousand men, counting regulars and militia.

17. Baron Reidesel was in command of the German troops.

right was commanded by Generals Hamilton and Spaight; the left by Brigadier Goll.

It was on the 7th of October that Burgoyne led his column on to the attack; and on the preceding day, the 6th, Clinton had successfully executed a brilliant enterprise against the two American forts which barred his progress up the Hudson. He had captured them both, with severe loss to the American forces opposed to him; he had destroyed the fleet which the Americans had been forming on the Hudson, under the protection of their forts; and the upward river was laid open to his squadron. He was now only a hundred and fifty-six miles distant from Burgoyne, and a detachment of 1,700 men actually advanced within forty miles of Albany. Unfortunately, Burgoyne and Clinton were each ignorant of the other's movements; but if Burgoyne had won his battle on the 7th, he must, on advancing, have soon learned the tidings of Clinton's success, and Clinton would have heard of his. A junction would soon have been made of the two victorious armies, and the great objects of the campaign might yet have been accomplished.¹⁸ All depended on the fortunes of the column with which Burgoyne, on the eventful 7th of October, 1777, advanced against the American position. There were brave men, both English and German, in its ranks; and, in particular, it comprised one of the best bodies of Grenadiers in the British service.

Burgoyne pushed forward some bodies of irregular troops to distract the enemy's attention, and led

18. What a dramatic situation the author shows. In so doing does he give force to his claim that Saratoga was really one of the fifteen decisive battles of the world?

his column to within three-quarters of a mile from the left of Gates' camp, and then deployed his men into line. The Grenadiers under Major Ackland were drawn up on the left, a corps of Germans in the center, and the English Light Infantry and the 24th regiment on the right. But Gates did not wait to be attacked; and directly the British line was formed and began to advance, the American general, with admirable skill, caused a strong force to make a sudden and vehement rush against its left. The Grenadiers under Ackland sustained the charge of superior numbers nobly. But Gates sent more Americans forward, and in a few minutes the action became general along the center, so as to prevent the Germans from sending any help to the Grenadiers. Burgoyne's right was not yet engaged; but a mass of the enemy were observed advancing from their extreme left, with the evident intention of turning the British right, and cutting off its retreat. The Light Infantry and the 24th now fell back, and formed an oblique second line which enabled them to baffle this maneuver, and also to succor their comrades in the left wing, the gallant Grenadiers, who were overpowered by superior numbers, and, but for this aid, must have been cut to pieces. Arnold now came up with three American regiments and attacked the right flanks of the English double line. Burgoyne's whole force was soon compelled to retreat toward their camp; the left and center were in complete disorder; but the Light Infantry and the 24th checked the fury of the assailants, and the remains of Burgoyne's column with great difficulty effected their return to their camp, leaving six of their guns in the possession

of the enemy, and great numbers of killed and wounded on the field; and especially a large proportion of the artillery-men, who had stood to their guns until shot down or bayoneted beside them by the advancing Americans.

Burgoyne's column had been defeated, but the action was not yet over. The English had scarcely entered the camp, when the Americans, pursuing their success, assaulted it in several places with uncommon fierceness, rushing to the lines through a severe fire of grape-shot and musketry with the utmost fury. Arnold especially, who on this day appeared maddened with the thirst of combat and carnage, urged on the attack against a part of the intrenchments which was occupied by the Light Infantry under Lord Balcarras. But the English received him with vigor and spirit. The struggle here was obstinate and sanguinary. At length, as it grew toward evening, Arnold having forced all obstacles, entered the works with some of the most fearless of his followers. But in this critical moment of glory and danger, he received a painful wound in the same leg which had already been injured at the assault on Quebec. To his bitter regret, he was obliged to be carried back. His party still continued the attack; but the English also continued their obstinate resistance and at last night fell, and the assailants withdrew from this quarter of the British intrenchments. But in another part the attack had been more successful. A body of the Americans, under Colonel Brooke, forced their way in through a part of the intrenchments on the extreme right, which was defended by the German reserve under Colonel Breyman.

The Germans resisted well, and Breyman died in defense of his post, but the Americans made good the ground which they had won, and captured baggage, tents, artillery, and a store of ammunition, which they were greatly in need of. They had, by establishing themselves on this point, acquired the means of completely turning the right flank of the British, and gaining their rear. To prevent this calamity, Burgoyne effected during the night a complete change of position. With great skill, he removed his whole army to some heights near the river, a little northward of the former camp, and he there drew up his men, expecting to be attacked on the following day. But Gates was resolved not to risk the certain triumph which his success had already secured for him. He harassed the English with skirmishes, but attempted no regular attack. Meanwhile he detached bodies of troops on both sides of the Hudson to prevent the British from recrossing that river and to bar their retreat. When night fell, it became absolutely necessary for Burgoyne to retire again, and, accordingly, the troops were marched through a stormy and rainy night towards Saratoga, abandoning their sick and wounded, and the greater part of their baggage to the enemy.¹⁹

Before the rear guard quitted the camp, the last sad honors were paid to the brave General Frazer, who had been mortally wounded on the 7th, and expired on the following day. The funeral of this

19. The battles around Saratoga are given different names by different authors. Creasy writes of all the engagements under the general title of the Battle of Saratoga. Other writers speak of the battles of Freeman's Farm and Bemis Heights, and others still, of the battles of Stillwater.

gallant soldier is thus described by the Italian historian Botta:

“Toward midnight the body of General Frazer was buried in the British camp. His brother officers assembled sadly round while the funeral service was read over the remains of their brave comrade, and his body was committed to the hostile earth. The ceremony, always mournful and solemn of itself, was rendered even terrible by the sense of recent losses, of present and future dangers, and of regret for the deceased. Meanwhile the blaze and roar of the American artillery amid the natural darkness and stillness of the night came on the senses with startling awe. The grave had been dug within range of the enemy’s batteries, and while the service was proceeding, a cannon-ball struck the ground close to the coffin, and spattered earth over the face of the officiating chaplain.”

Burgoyne now took up his last position on the heights near Saratoga; and hemmed in by the enemy, who refused any encounter, and baffled in all his attempts at finding a path of escape, he there lingered until famine compelled him to capitulate. The fortitude of the British army during this melancholy period has been justly eulogized by many native historians, but I prefer quoting the testimony of a foreign writer, as free from all possibility of partiality. Botta says:

“It exceeds the power of words to describe the pitiable condition to which the British army was now reduced. The troops were worn down by a series of toil, privation, sickness, and desperate fighting. They were abandoned by the Indians and Canadians, and the effective force of the whole

army was now diminished by repeated and heavy losses, which had principally fallen on the best soldiers and the most distinguished officers, from 10,000 combatants to less than one-half that number. Of this remnant little more than 3,000 were English.

“In these circumstances, and thus weakened, they were invested by an army of four times their own numbers whose position extended three parts of a circle round them, who refused to fight them, as knowing their weakness, and who, from the nature of the ground, could not be attacked in any part. In this helpless condition, obliged to be constantly under arms, while the enemy’s cannon played on every part of their camp, and even the American rifle-balls whistled in many parts of the lines, the troops of Burgoyne retained their customary firmness, and, while sinking under a hard necessity, they showed themselves worthy of a better fate. They could not be reproached with an action or a word which betrayed a want of temper or of fortitude.”

At length the 13th of October arrived, and as no prospect of assistance appeared, and the provisions were nearly exhausted, Burgoyne, by the unanimous advice of a council of war, sent a messenger to the American camp to treat of a Convention.

General Gates in the first instance demanded that the royal army should surrender prisoners of war. He also proposed that the British should ground their arms. Burgoyne replied, “This article is inadmissible in every extremity; sooner than this army will consent to ground their arms in their encampment, they will rush on the enemy, determined to take no quarter.” After various messages,

a convention for the surrender of the army was settled which provided that "the troops under General Burgoyne were to march out of their camp with the honors of war, and the artillery of the intrenchments, to the verge of the river, where the arms and artillery were to be left. The arms to be piled by word of command from their own officers. A free passage was to be granted to the army under Lieutenant-General Burgoyne to Great Britain, upon condition of not serving again in North America during the present contest."

The Articles of Capitulation were settled on the 15th of October; and on that very evening a messenger arrived from Clinton with an account of his successes, and with the tidings that part of his force had penetrated as far as Esopus, within fifty miles of Burgoyne's camp. But it was too late. The public faith was pledged; and the army was indeed too debilitated by fatigue and hunger to resist an attack, if made; and Gates certainly would have made it, if the Convention had been broken off. Accordingly, on the 17th, the Convention of Saratoga was carried into effect. By this Convention 5,790 men surrendered themselves as prisoners. The sick and wounded left in the camp when the British retreated to Saratoga, together with the numbers of the British, German and Canadian troops who were killed, wounded or taken, and who had deserted in the preceding part of the expedition, were reckoned to be 4,689.

The British sick and wounded who had fallen into the hands of the Americans after the battle of the 7th were treated with exemplary humanity; and when the Convention was executed, General

Gates showed a notable delicacy of feeling, which deserves the highest degree of honor. Every circumstance was avoided which could give the appearance of triumph. The American troops remained within their lines until the British had piled their arms; and when this was done, the vanquished



DISPATCHED COLONEL WILKINSON

officers and soldiers were received with friendly kindness by their victors, and their immediate wants were promptly supplied. Discussions and disputes afterward arose as to some of the terms of the Convention, and the American Congress refused for a long time to carry into effect the article which provided for the return of Burgoyne's men to Europe; but no blame was imputed to General Gates or his army, who showed themselves to be generous as they had proved themselves to be brave.

Gates, after the victory, immediately dispatched Colonel Wilkinson to carry the happy tidings to Congress. On being introduced into the hall, he said: "The whole British army has laid down its arms at Saratoga; our own, full of vigor and courage, expect your orders. It is for your wisdom to decide where the country may still have need for their service." Honors and rewards were liberally voted by the Congress to their conquering general and his men; and it would be difficult (says the Italian historian) to describe the transports of joy which the news of this event excited among the Americans. They began to flatter themselves with a still more happy future. No one any longer felt any doubt about their achieving their independence. All hoped, and with good reason, that a success of this importance would at length determine France, and the other European powers that waited for her example, to declare themselves in favor of America. *"There could no longer be any question respecting the future, since there was no longer the risk of espousing the cause of a people too feeble to defend themselves."*

The truth of this was soon displayed in the conduct of France. When the news arrived at Paris of the capture of Ticonderoga, and of the victorious march of Burgoyne toward Albany, events which seemed decisive in favor of the English, instructions had been immediately dispatched to Nantz, and the other ports of the kingdom, that no American privateers should be suffered to enter them, except from indispensable necessity; as to repair their vessels, to obtain provisions, or to escape the perils of the sea. The American commissioners at

Paris, in their disgust and despair, had almost broken off all negotiations with the French government; and they even endeavored to open communications with the British ministry. But the British government, elated with the first successes of Burgoyne, refused to listen to any overtures for accommodation. But when the news of Saratoga reached Paris the whole scene was changed. Franklin and his brother commissioners found all their difficulties with the French government vanish. The time seemed to have arrived for the house of Bourbon to take a full revenge for all its humiliations and losses in previous wars. In December a treaty was arranged, and formally signed in the February following, by which France acknowledged *the Independent United States of America*. This was, of course, tantamount to a declaration of war with England. Spain soon followed France; and, before long, Holland took the same course. Largely aided by French fleets and troops, the Americans vigorously maintained the war against the armies which England, in spite of her European foes, continued to send across the Atlantic. But the struggle was too unequal to be maintained by this country for many years; and when the treaties of 1783 restored peace to the world, the independence of the United States was reluctantly recognized by their ancient parent and recent enemy, England.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER



EVERYONE wishes to know something of the first of the really great English writers, the one who has gained and richly deserves the title of Father of English Poetry, but the information we have about him is vague and unsatisfactory. We know that he was born about the year 1340 in the city of London and lived in comparative ease. As a youth he studied in both Oxford and Cambridge and was a page in the house of one of the royal family. For a while he served with the army in France and was taken prisoner there. He was at one time Comptroller of the Port of London, at another was a member of Parliament, and in the course of his life he held a number of other important offices. He died in the year 1400 and was the first poet honored by burial in the "Poets' Corner" of Westminster Abbey. He was a stout and jovial man, with fine, soft eyes peering out of a bright face, and by his gracious manners he gained the warm friendship of most of the leading men of his time. To quote Lowell, "If character may be divined by works, he was a good man, genial, sincere, hearty, temperate of mind, more wise, perhaps, for this world than the next, but thoroughly human, and friendly with God and man."

His best writing was done between the years 1381 and 1389, during which time he wrote *The*

House of Fame, *Legend of Good Women*, and the best part of the *Canterbury Tales*. It is upon this last work that his fame chiefly rests.

The plan of the *Canterbury Tales* is as follows: Chaucer imagined that there met at the Tabard Inn in Southwark, England, about thirty people representing nearly all classes of society and types of men. Different as these persons were, they were united by one common interest: all were pilgrims to the tomb of Thomas à Becket at Canterbury. It was proposed that they should travel together, and to while away the time each person was to tell to the others two stories, one on the journey to the shrine and another while returning. The teller of the best tale was to be feasted by the others. Chaucer did not complete his work, and but two dozen of the stories now exist.

The best part of the *Tales* is the *Prologue*, in which Chaucer describes one by one the persons who make up his party. These descriptions are bright and keen and in them Chaucer shows marvelous power of penetration into character and has given us just such types of humanity as exist today. He has drawn them so perfectly that they are for all time. They seem like the people we know around us, for human nature is the same in all ages. The knight would be still a very perfect gentleman, and the manners of the nun would be as faultless now as they were in the fourteenth century. One of the finest characters is the parish priest.

A good man was ther of religioun,
And was a poure Persoun¹ of a toun;

1. Parson, the parish priest.

But riche he was of holy thought and werk.
 He was also a learned man, a clerk²
 That Cristes gospel treweley wolde preche;
 His parischens³ devoutly wolde he teche.
 Benigne he was, and wonder diligent,
 And in adversité ful pacient;
 And such he was i-proved ofte sithes.⁴
 Ful loth were him to curse for his tythes,⁵
 But rather wolde he geven out of dowte,
 Unto his poure parischens aboute,
 Of his offrynge,⁶ and eek of his substaunce.⁷
 He cowde in litel thing han suffisaunce.
 Wyd was his parische, and houses fer asonder,
 But he ne lafte not⁸ for reyne ne thonder,
 In siknesse nor in meschief⁹ to visite
 The ferreste in his parische, moche and lite,¹⁰
 Uppon his feet, and in his hond a staf.
 This noble ensample to his scheep he gaf,
 That first he wroughte, and afterward he taughte,
 Out of the gospel he the wordes caughte,
 And this figure he addede eek therto,
 That if gold ruste, what schal yren doo?
 For if a prest be foul, on whom we truste,
 No wonder is a lewed¹¹ man to ruste;
 And schame it is, if that a prest take kepe,¹²
 A (foule) schepherde and a clene schepe;
 Wel oughte a prest ensample for to give,
 By his clenness, how that his scheep schulde lyve.

2. A scholar educated in the University.

3. Parishioners.

4. Times.

5. It was hateful for him to excommunicate any of his flock because they did not pay their tithes.

6. The voluntary contributions he received from his parishioners.

7. Income.

8. He did not stop.

9. Misfortune.

10. Great and small.

11. Ignorant.

12. Take heed.

He sette not his benefice to hyre,¹³
 And leet his scheep encombred in the myre,
 And ran to Londone, unto seynte Poules,
 To seeken him a chaunterie for soules,
 Or with a bretherhede to ben withholde;¹⁴
 But dwelte at hoom, and kepte wel his folde,
 So that the wolf ne made it not myscharye;
 He was a schepherde and no mercenarie.
 And though he holy were, and vertuouse,
 He was to sinful man nought despitous,¹⁵
 Ne of his speche daungerous ne digne,¹⁶
 But in his teching discret and benigne.
 To draw folk to heven by fairnesse,
 By good ensample, this was busynesse;
 But if were eny persone obstinat,
 What so he were, of high or lowe estat,
 Him wolde he snybbe¹⁷ scharply for the nones.¹⁸
 A better prest, I trowe, ther nowher non is.
 He waytede¹⁹ after no pompe and reverence,
 Ne makede him a spiced²⁰ conscience,
 But Cristis lore, and his apostles twelve,
 He taughte, but first he folwede it himselve.

The *Canterbury Tales* are written in heroic meter; that is, in rhymed couplets of iambic pentameter. But there are many irregularities and inaccuracies in the meter; so many, in fact, that Chaucer has been mercilessly criticised for his careless verse. The better class of critics, however, give

13. He did not let his curacy to a stranger.

14. He did not run to London, to St. Paul's, where he could find a better paying employment in singing masses for souls, and be maintained by a brotherhood.

15. Cruel.

16. Haughty.

17. Snub.

18. Once.

19. Sought.

20. Too particular.

him the highest kind of approval, and this seems wholly right when one considers how little Chaucer had to assist him, how much he created for himself. Mrs. Browning says, "Not one of the Queen Anne's men, measuring out tuneful breath upon their fingers, like ribbons for topknots, did know the art of versification as the old, rude Chaucer knew it. Call him rude for the picturesqueness of the epithet, but his verse has, at least, as much regularity in the sense of true art, and more manifestly in proportion to our increasing acquaintance with his dialect and pronunciation."

That he was an ardent lover of nature his writings show, as they contain several positive assertions of the fact and numberless indirect allusions that tell more certainly the state of his feelings. For flowers and the spring time, his fondness became almost a passion. In the *Legend of Good Women* he says:

"Now have I then eke this conditioun,
That of all the floures in the mede,
Than love I most these floures white and rede,
Soch that men callen daisies in our toun;
To hem I have so great affectioun,
As I sayd erst, whan comen is the May,
That in my bedde there daweth me no day,
That I nam up and walking in the mede,
To seen this floure ayenst the Sunne sprede,
Whan it upriseth early by the morrow.
This blisfull sight softeneth all my sorrow.
So glad am I, whan that I have presence
Of it, to done it all reverence,
As she that is of all floures the floure,
Fulfilled of all vertue and honore,
And every ylike faire, and fresh of hewe.
And ever I love it, and every ylike newe,

And ever shall, till that mine herte die,
All sweare I now, of this I woll not lie."

He had a keen appreciation of amusing incidents, and worked them into his stories in witty form. He drew these incidents from many sources and used them freely, but withal in a way so altogether original that we cannot charge him with any form of plagiarism. He is probably the greatest narrative poet England has known. Of this phase of his genius Lowell has written: "Chaucer's best tales run on like one of our inland rivers, sometimes hastening a little and turning upon themselves in eddies that dimple without retarding the current; sometimes loitering smoothly, while here and there a quiet thought, a tender feeling, a pleasant image, a golden-hearted verse, opens quietly, as a water lily, to float on the surface without breaking it into a ripple."

Of the long line of English writers, most have spoken of him in terms of warmest praise. Occleve, a devoted friend, and himself a writer of no mean power, said:

"O mayster dere and fadir reverent,
My mayster Chaucer, floure of eloquence."

Spenser called his works a "well of English undefiled." Elizabeth Barrett Browning writes:

"And Chaucer with his infantine
Familiar clasp of things divine."

THE TRAVELS OF SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE



IN THE generation that followed Chaucer there appeared a book that became very popular and was accepted in good faith by its readers. Now we know that it is a compilation from many sources and not a record of any man's travels. However, in the prologue is this account of the author and his purpose:

"I, John Mandeville, Knight, albeit I be not worthy, that was born in England, in the town of St. Albans, and passed the sea in the year of our Lord Jesu Christ, 1322, in the day of St. Michael; and hitherto have been long time over the sea, and have seen and gone through many diverse lands, and many provinces and kingdoms and isles where dwell many diverse folks, and of diverse manners and laws, and of diverse shapes of men; . . . I shall tell the way that they shall hold thither.

"And ye shall understand that I have put this book out of Latin into French, and translated it again out of French into English, that every man of my nation may understand it. But lords and knights and other noble and worthy men that can¹ Latin but little, and have been beyond the sea, know and understand if I say truth or no, and if I err in devising, for² forgetting or else, that they may

1. Know.

2. Because of.

redress it and amend it. For things passed out of long time from a man's mind or from his sight, turn soon into forgetting; because that the mind of man ne may not be comprehended ne withholden, for the frailty of mankind."

Again in the conclusion this is written:

"And I, John Mandeville, Knight, abovesaid (although I be unworthy), that departed from our countries and passed the sea, the year of grace a thousand three hundred and twenty-two, that have passed many lands and many isles and countries, and searched many full strange places, and have been in many a full good honorable country, and at many a fair deed of arms (albeit that I did none myself, for mine unable insufficiency), now I am come home, maugre myself, to rest, for gouts arthritic that me distrain³ that define⁴ the end of my labor; against my will (God knoweth).

"And thus, taking solace in my wretched rest, recording the time past, I have fulfilled these things, and put them written in this book, as it would come into my mind, the year of grace a thousand three hundred and fifty-six, in the thirty-fourth year that I departed from our countries. Wherefore I pray to all the readers and hearers of this book, if it please them, that they would pray to God for me; and I shall pray for them."

The book has proved entertaining to thousands of people and furnishes us with a delightful example of the language of that early day. You will enjoy better the selections given below, because the spelling has been modernized and some notes have been added.

3. Afflict.

4. Mark.

THE HOLY CROSS

AND ye shall understand that the cross of our Lord was made of four manner of trees, as it is contained in this verse—*In cruce fit palma, cedrus, cypressus, oliva.*⁵ For that piece that went upright from the earth to the head was of cypress; and the piece that went overthwart, to the which his hands were nailed, was of palm; and the stock, that stood within the earth, in the which was made the mortise, was of cedar; and the table above his head, that was a foot and a half long, on the which the title was written in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, that was of olive.

And the Christian men that dwell beyond the sea, in Greece, say that the tree of the cross, that we call cypress, was of that tree that Adam ate the apple off; and that find they written. And they say also that their scripture saith that Adam was sick, and saith to his son Seth, that he should go to the angel that kept Paradise, that he would send him oil of mercy, for to anoint with his members, that he might have health. And Seth went. But the angel would not let him come in; but said to him, that he might not have the oil of mercy. But he took him three grains of the same tree that his father ate the apple off; and bade him, as soon as his father was dead, that he should put these three grains under his tongue, and grave⁶ him so; and so he did. And of these three grains sprang a tree, as the angel said that it should, and bare a fruit, through the which fruit Adam should be saved.

5. Palm, cedar, cypress and olive were in the cross.

6. Bury.

And when Seth came again, he found his father near dead. And when he was dead, he did with the grains as the angel bade him; of the which sprung three trees, of the which the cross was made, that bare good fruit and blessed, our Lord Jesu Christ; through whom Adam and all that come of him should be saved and delivered from dread of death without end, but⁷ it be their own default.

ORIGIN OF THE ROSE

AND between the city and the church is the field *Floridus*, that is to say, the "field flourished."⁸ Forasmuch as a fair maiden was blamed with wrong and slandered; for which cause she was condemned to death, and to be burnt in that place to the which she was led. And as the fire began to burn about her, she made her prayers to our Lord, that as wisely⁹ as she was not guilty of that sin, that he would help her and make it to be known to all men, of his merciful grace. And when she had thus said, she entered into the fire, and anon was the fire quenched and out; and the brands that were burning became red rose-trees, and the brands that were not kindled became white rose-trees, full of roses. And these were the first rose-trees and roses, both white and red, that ever any man saw; and thus was this maiden saved by the grace of God. And therefore is that field clept¹⁰ the field of God flourished, for it was full of roses.

7. Unless.

8. In flower.

9. Surely.

10. Called.

THE EARTH IS ROUND

IN that land, ne in many other beyond that, no man may see the Star Transmontane, that is clept the Star of the Sea, that is unmovable and that is toward the north, that we clepe the Lode-star.¹¹ But men see another star, the contrary to him, that is toward the south, that is clept Antarctic. And right as the ship-men take their advice here and govern them by the Lode-star, right so do the men beyond those parts by the star of the south, the which star appeareth not to us. And this star that is toward the north, that we clepe the Lode-star, ne appeareth not to them. For which cause men may well perceive that the land and the sea be of round shape and form; for the part of the firmament showeth in one country that showeth not in another country. And men may well prove by experience and subtle compassment of wit, that if a man found passages by ships that would go to search the world, men might go by ship all about the world and above and beneath.¹²

WONDERFUL TREES

AFTER that isle, in going by sea, men find another isle, good and great, that men clepe Pathen, that is a great kingdom full of fair cities and full of towns. In that land grow trees that grow meal, whereof men make good bread and white and of good savor; and it seemeth as it were of wheat, but it is not allinges¹³ of such savor. And

11. The North Star or Pole Star.

12. This was written long before the time of Columbus.

13. Altogether.

there be other trees that bear honey good and sweet, and other trees that bear venom, against the which there is no medicine but one; and that is to take their proper¹⁴ leaves and stamp them and temper them with water and then drink it, and else he shall die; for triacle¹⁵ will not avail, ne none other medicine. And other trees there be also that bear wine of noble sentiment.¹⁶ And if you like to hear how the meal cometh out of the trees I shall say you. Men hew the trees with an hatchet, all about the foot of the tree, till that the bark be parted in many parts, and then cometh out thereof a thick liquor, the which they receive in vessels, and dry it at the heat of the sun; and then they have it to a mill to grind and it becometh fair meal and white.¹⁷ And the honey and the wine and the venom be drawn out of other trees in the same manner, and put in vessels for to keep.

In that isle is a dead sea, that is a lake that hath no ground;¹⁸ and if anything fall into that lake it shall never come up again. In that lake grow reeds, that be canes, that they clepe Thaby,¹⁹ that be thirty fathoms long; and of these canes men make fair houses. And there be other canes that be not so long, that grow near the land and have so long roots that endure well a four quarters of a furlong or more; and at the knots of those roots men find precious stones that have great virtues.

14. Own.

15. A compound (treacle), which the ancients thought an antidote to every poison.

16. Flavor.

17. This is about the way tapioca is made from cassava roots.

18. Bottom.

19. Bamboo.

And he that beareth any of them upon him, iron ne steel may not hurt him, ne draw no blood upon him; and therefore, they that have those stones upon them fight full hardily both upon sea and land, for men may not harm them on no part. And therefore, they that know the manner, and shall fight with them, they shoot to them arrows and quarrels without iron or steel, and so they hurt them and slay them. And also of those canes they make houses and ships and other things, as we have here, making houses and ships of oak or of any other trees. And deem no man that I say it but for a trifle, for I have seen of the canes with mine own eyes, full many times, lying upon the river of that lake, of the which twenty of our fellows ne might not lift up ne bear one to the earth.

THE GARDEN OF EDEN

AND beyond the land and the isles and the deserts of Prester John's lordship, in going straight toward the east, men find nothing but mountains and rocks, full great. And there is the dark region, where no man may see, neither by day ne by night, as they of the country say. And that desert and that place of darkness dure²⁰ from this coast unto Paradise terrestrial, where that Adam, our foremost²¹ father, and Eve were put, that dwelled there but little while; and that is towards the east at the beginning of the earth. But that is not that east that we clepe our east on this half, where the sun riseth to us. For when the sun is east in those parts towards Paradise terrestrial, it is then midnight in our part

20. Extend.

21. First.

on this half, for the roundness of the earth, of the which I have touched²² to you of before. For our Lord God made the earth all round in the mid place of the firmament.

Of Paradise ne can I not speak properly. For I was not there. It is far beyond. And that forthinketh me.²³ And also I was not worthy. But as I have heard say of²⁴ wise men beyond, I shall tell you with good will.

Paradise terrestrial, as wise men say, is the highest place of earth, that is in all the world. And it is so high that it toucheth nigh to the circle of the moon, there as the moon maketh her turn; for she is so high that the flood of Noah ne might not come to her, that would have covered all the earth of the world all about and above and beneath, save Paradise only alone. And this Paradise is enclosed all about with a wall, and men wit not whereof it is; for the walls be covered all over with moss, as it seemeth. And it seemeth not that the wall is stone of nature ne of none other thing that the wall is. And that wall stretcheth from the south to the north, and it hath not but one entry that is closed with fire, burning; so that no man that is mortal ne dare not enter.

And in the most high place of Paradise, even in the middle place, is a well that casteth out the four floods that run by divers lands. And men there beyond say, that all the sweet waters of the world, above and beneath, take their beginning of the well of Paradise, and out of that well all waters come and go.

22. Told.

23. Causes me regret.

24. By.

And ye shall understand that no man that is mortal ne may not approach to that Paradise. For by land no man may go for wild beasts that be in the desert, and for the high mountains and great huge rocks that no man may pass by, for the dark places that be there, and that many. And by the rivers may no man go. For the water runneth so rudely and so sharply, because that it cometh down so outrageously from the high places above, that it runneth in so great waves, that no ship may not row ne sail against it. And the water roareth so, and maketh so huge a noise and so great tempest, that no man may hear other in the ship, though he cried with all the craft that he could in the highest voice that he might. Many great lords have assayed with great will, many times, for to pass by those rivers towards Paradise, with full great companies. But they might not speed on their voyage. And many died for weariness of rowing against those strong waves. And many of them became blind, and many deaf, for the noise of the water. And some were perished and lost within the waves. So that no mortal man may approach to that place without special grace of God, so that of that place I can say you no more; and therefore I shall hold me still, and return to that that I have seen.

THE LIFE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON

By JAMES BOSWELL

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.—The Life of Johnson was published for the first time in 1791, and has increased in fame until now it has far surpassed in interest the writings of the great man himself. In fact the latter is known among modern readers principally through his biography.

The work is long, at times tedious, and yet as a whole very interesting to people of literary taste. Boswell was a Scotchman of good family and education; but he became the humble friend and follower of Johnson when the latter was about sixty-four years old, and at once devoted himself to jotting down the sayings of the great lexicographer and to collecting facts for the biography he had determined to write.

The portrait of Johnson is drawn at full length, and with an intimacy of knowledge that would have been impossible to any other than such a combination of toady and hero-worshipper as Boswell seems to have been. He made no attempt to conceal his own slavish admiration, nor did he hesitate to set down the petty faults as well as the good traits of his friend.

It is impossible to give any notion of this greatest biography of our language in the brief space we have, but this condensed account of Johnson's boyhood and his youth until the time he entered college will be interesting in itself.



SAMUEL Johnson was born at Lichfield, in Staffordshire, on the 18th of September, 1709; and his initiation into the Christian church was not delayed; for his baptism is recorded, in the register of St. Mary's parish in that city, to have been performed on

the day of his birth. His father was Michael Johnson, a native of Derbyshire, of obscure extraction, who settled in Lichfield as a bookseller and stationer. His mother was Sarah Ford, descended of an ancient race of substantial yeomanry in Warwickshire. They were well advanced in years when they married, and never had more than two children, both sons; Samuel their first-born, who lived to be the illustrious character whose various excellence I am to endeavor to record, and Nathanael, who died in his twenty-fifth year.

Mr. Michael Johnson was a man of a large and robust body, and of a strong and active mind; yet, as in the most solid rocks veins of unsound substance are often discovered, there was in him a mixture of that disease, the nature of which eludes the most minute enquiry, though the effects are well known to be a weariness of life, an unconcern about those things which agitate the greater part of mankind, and a general sensation of gloomy wretchedness. From him then his son inherited, with some other qualities, "a vile melancholy," which, in his too strong expression of any disturbance of mind, "made him mad all his life, at least not sober." Michael was, however, forced by the narrowness of his circumstances to be very diligent in business, not only in his shop, but by occasionally

resorting to several towns in the neighbourhood, some of which were at a considerable distance from Lichfield. At that time booksellers' shops in the provincial towns of England were very rare, so that there was not one even in Birmingham, in which town old Mr. Johnson used to open a shop every market-day. He was a pretty good Latin scholar and a citizen so creditable as to be made one of the magistrates of Lichfield, and being a man of good sense, and skill in his trade, he acquired a reasonable share of wealth, of which, however, he afterwards lost the greatest part, by engaging unsuccessfully in a manufacture of parchment.

Johnson's mother was of distinguished understanding. I asked his old school-fellow, Mr. Hector, surgeon, of Birmingham, if she was not vain of her son. He said, "she had too much good sense to be vain, but she knew her son's value." Her piety was not inferior to her understanding; and to her must be ascribed those early impressions of religion upon the mind of her son, from which the world afterwards derived so much benefit. He told me, that he remembered distinctly having had the first notice of Heaven, "a place to which good people went," and hell, "a place to which bad people went," communicated to him by her, when a little child in bed with her.

In following so very eminent a man from his cradle to his grave, every minute particular which can throw light on the progress of his mind is interesting. That he was remarkable, even in his earliest years, may easily be supposed; for to use his own words in his *Life of Sydenham*, "That the strength of his understanding, the accuracy of his

discernment, and the ardor of his curiosity might have been remarked from his infancy, by a diligent observer, there is no reason to doubt. For there is no instance of any man, whose history has been minutely related, that did not in every part of life discover the same proportion of intellectual vigour."

In all such investigations it is certainly unwise to pay too much attention to incidents which the credulous relate with eager satisfaction, and the more scrupulous or witty enquirer considers only as topics of ridicule. Yet there is a traditional story of the infant Hercules of toryism, so curiously characteristic, that I shall not withhold it. It was communicated to me in a letter from Miss Mary Adye, of Lichfield.

"When Dr. Sacheverel was at Lichfield, Johnson was not quite three years old. My grandfather Hammond observed him at the cathedral perched upon his father's shoulders, listening and gaping at the much celebrated preacher. Mr. Hammond asked Mr. Johnson how he could possibly think of bringing such an infant to church, and in the midst of so great a crowd. He answered, because it was impossible to keep him at home; for, young as he was, he believed he had caught the public spirit and zeal for Sacheverel, and would have staid forever in the church, satisfied with beholding him."

Nor can I omit a little instance of that jealous independence of spirit, and impetuosity of temper, which never forsook him. The fact was acknowledged to me by himself, upon the authority of his mother. One day, when the servant who used to be sent to school to conduct him home had not come in time, he set out by himself, though he was then

so near-sighted that he was obliged to stoop down on his hands and knees to take a view of the kennel before he ventured to step over it. His school-mistress, afraid that he might miss his way, or fall into the kennel, or be run over by a cart, followed him at some distance. He happened to turn about and perceive her. Feeling her careful attention as an insult to his manliness, he ran back to her in a rage, and beat her, as well as his strength would permit.

Of the power of his memory, for which he was all his life eminent to a degree almost incredible, the following early instance was told me in his presence at Lichfield, in 1776, by his step-daughter, Mrs. Lucy Porter, as related to her by his mother. When he was a child in petticoats, and had learnt to read, Mrs. Johnson one morning put the common prayer-book into his hands, pointed to the collect for the day, and said, "Sam, you must get this by heart." She went up stairs, leaving him to study it: but by the time she had reached the second floor, she heard him following her. "What's the matter?" said she.

"I can say it," he replied; and repeated it distinctly, though he could not have read it more than twice.

But there has been another story of his infant precocity generally circulated, and generally believed, the truth of which I am to refute upon his own authority. It is told, that, when a child of three years old, he chanced to tread upon a duckling, the eleventh of a brood, and killed it; upon which, it is said, he dictated to his mother the following epitaph:

“Here lies good master duck,
Whom Samuel Johnson trod on;
If it had liv’d, it had been *good luck*,
For then we’d have an *odd one*.”

There is surely internal evidence that this little composition combines in it, what no child of three years old could produce, without an extension of its faculties by immediate inspiration; yet Mrs. Lucy Porter, Dr. Johnson’s step-daughter, positively maintained to me, in his presence, that there could be no doubt of the truth of this anecdote, for she had heard it from his mother. So difficult is it to obtain an authentic relation of facts, and such authority may there be for error; for he assured me, that his father made the verses, and wished to pass them for his child’s. He added, “my father was a foolish old man; that is to say, foolish in talking of his children.”

Young Johnson had the misfortune to be much afflicted with the scrophula, or king’s-evil, which disfigured a countenance naturally well formed, and hurt his visual nerves so much, that he did not see at all with one of his eyes, though its appearance was little different from that of the other. There is amongst his prayers one inscribed “*When my EYE was restored to its use,*” which ascertains a defect that many of his friends knew he had, though I never perceived it. I supposed him to be only near-sighted; and indeed I must observe, that in no other respect could I discern any defect in his vision; on the contrary, the force of his attention and perceptive quickness made him see and distinguish all manner of objects, whether of nature or of art, with a nicety rarely to be found.

It has been said, that he contracted this grievous malady from his nurse. His mother, yielding to the superstitious notion, which, it is wonderful to think, prevailed so long in this country, as to the virtue of the regal touch, carried him to London, where he was actually touched by Queen Anne. Being asked if he could remember Queen Anne,—“He had [he said] a confused, but somehow a sort of solemn recollection of a lady in diamonds, and a long black hood.” This touch, however, was without any effect.

He was first taught to read English by Dame Oliver, a widow, who kept a school for young children in Lichfield. He told me she could read the black letter, and asked him to borrow for her, from his father, a Bible in that character. When he was going to Oxford, she came to take leave of him, brought him, in the simplicity of her kindness, a present of gingerbread, and said he was the best scholar she ever had. He delighted in mentioning this early compliment: adding, with smile, that “this was as high a proof of his merit as he could conceive.” His next instructor in English was a master, whom, when he spoke of him to me, he familiarly called Tom Brown, who, said he, “published a spelling book, and dedicated it to the UNIVERSE; but, I fear, no copy of it can now be had.”

He began to learn Latin with Mr. Hawkins, usher, or undermaster, of Lichfield school, “a man [said he] very skilful in his little way.” With him he continued two years, and then rose to be under the care of Mr. Hunter, the headmaster, who, according to his account, “was very severe, and wrong-headedly severe. He used [said he] to beat

us unmercifully; and he did not distinguish between ignorance and negligence; for he would beat a boy equally for not knowing a thing, as for neglecting to know it. He would ask a boy a question, and if he did not answer it, he would beat him, without considering whether he had an opportunity of knowing how to answer it. For instance, he would call up a boy and ask him Latin for a candlestick, which the boy could not expect to be asked. Now, Sir, if a boy could answer every question, there would be no need of a master to teach him."

However, Johnson was very sensible how much he owed to Mr. Hunter. Mr. Langton one day asked him how he had acquired so accurate a knowledge of Latin, in which, I believe, he was exceeded by no man of his time; he said, "My master whipt me very well. Without that, Sir, I should have done nothing." He told Mr. Langton, that while Hunter was flogging his boys unmercifully, he used to say, "And this I do to save you from the gallows." Johnson, upon all occasions, expressed his approbation of enforcing instruction by means of the rod. "I would rather [said he] have the rod to be the general terror to all, to make them learn, than tell a child, if you do thus, or thus, you will be more esteemed than your brothers or sisters. The rod produces an effect which terminates in itself. A child is afraid of being whipped, and gets his task, and there's an end on't; whereas, by exciting emulation and comparisons of superiority, you lay the foundation of lasting mischief; you make brothers and sisters hate each other."

When Johnson saw some young ladies in Lincolnshire who were remarkably well behaved, owing

to their mother's strict discipline and severe correction, he exclaimed, in one of Shakespeare's lines a little varied,

“*Rod*, I will honour thee for this thy duty.”

That superiority over his fellows, which he maintained with so much dignity in his march through life, was not assumed from vanity and ostentation, but was the natural and constant effect of those extraordinary powers of mind, of which he could not but be conscious by comparison; the intellectual difference, which in other cases of comparison of characters is often a matter of undecided contest, being as clear in his case as the superiority of stature in some men above others. Johnson did not strut or stand on tip-toe; he only did not stoop. From his earliest years, his superiority was perceived and acknowledged. He was from the beginning a king of men. His school-fellow, Mr. Hector, has obligingly furnished me with many particulars of his boyish days; and assured me that he never knew him corrected at school but for talking and diverting other boys from their business. He seemed to learn by intuition; for though indolence and procrastination were inherent in his constitution, whenever he made an exertion he did more than any one else. In short, he is a memorable instance of what has been often observed, that the boy is the man in miniature: and that the distinguishing characteristics of each individual are the same, through the whole course of life. His favourites used to receive very liberal assistance from him; and such was the submission and deference with which he was treated, such the desire to obtain his regard, that three of

the boys, of whom Mr. Hector was sometimes one, used to come in the morning as his humble attendants, and carry him to school. One in the middle stooped, while he sat upon his back, and one on each side supported him; and thus he was borne triumphant. Such a proof of the early predominance of intellectual vigour is very remarkable, and does honour to human nature.—Talking to me once himself of his being much distinguished at school, he told me, “they never thought to raise me by comparing me to anyone; they never said, Johnson is as good a scholar as such a one; but such a one is as good a scholar as Johnson; and this was said but of one, but of Lowe, and I do not think he was as good a scholar.”

He discovered a great ambition to excel, which roused him to counteract his indolence. He was uncommonly inquisitive; and his memory was so tenacious, that he never forgot anything that he either heard or read. Mr. Hector remembers having recited to him eighteen verses, which, after a little pause, he repeated *verbatim*, varying only one epithet, by which he improved the line.

He never joined with the other boys in their ordinary diversions: his only amusement was in winter, when he took a pleasure in being drawn upon the ice by a boy barefooted, who pulled him along by a garter fixed around him; no very easy operation, as his size was remarkably large. His defective sight, indeed, prevented him from enjoying the common sports; and he once pleasantly remarked to me, “how wonderfully well he had contrived to be idle without them.” Lord Chesterfield, however, has justly observed in one of his

letters, when earnestly cautioning a friend against the pernicious effects of idleness, that active sports are not to be reckoned idleness in young people; and that the listless torpor of doing nothing alone deserves that name. Of this dismal inertness of disposition, Johnson had all his life too great a share. Mr. Hector relates that "he could not oblige him more than by sauntering away the hours of vacation in the fields, during which he was more engaged in talking to himself than to his companion."

Dr. Percy, the Bishop of Dromore, who was long intimately acquainted with him, and has preserved a few anecdotes concerning him, regretting that he was not a more diligent collector, informs me that "when a boy he was immoderately fond of reading romances of chivalry, and he retained his fondness for them through life; so that [adds his Lordship] spending part of a summer at my parsonage-house in the country, he chose for his regular reading the old Spanish romance of *Felismarte of Hircania*, in folio, which he read quite through. Yet I have heard him attribute to these extravagant fictions that unsettled turn of mind which prevented his ever fixing in any profession."

After having resided for some time at the house of his uncle, Cornelius Ford, Johnson was, at the age of fifteen, removed to the school of Stourbridge, in Worcestershire, of which Mr. Wentworth was then master. This step was taken by the advice of his cousin, the Rev. Mr. Ford, a man in whom both talents and good dispositions were disgraced by licentiousness, but who was a very able judge of what was right. At this school he did not receive

so much benefit as was expected. It has been said that he acted in the capacity of an assistant to Mr. Wentworth, in teaching the younger boys. "Mr. Wentworth [he told me] was a very able man, but an idle man, and to me very severe; but I cannot blame him much. I was then a big boy; he saw I did not reverence him; and that he should get no honour by me. I had brought enough with me to carry me through; and all I should get at his school would be ascribed to my own labour, or to my former master. Yet he taught me a great deal."

He thus discriminated, to Dr. Percy, Bishop of Dromore, his progress at his two grammar-schools. "At one, I learned much in the school, but little from the master; in the other, I learnt much from the master, but little in the school."

The two years which he spent at home, after his return from Stourbridge, he passed in what he thought idleness, and was scolded by his father for his want of steady application. He had no settled plan of life, nor looked forward at all, but merely lived from day to day. Yet he read a great deal in a desultory manner, without any scheme of study, as chance threw books in his way, and inclination directed him through them. He used to mention one curious instance of his casual reading, when but a boy. Having imagined that his brother had hid some apples behind a large folio upon an upper shelf in his father's shop, he climbed up to search for them. There were no apples; but the large folio proved to be Petrarch, whom he had seen mentioned, in some preface, as one of the restorers of learning. His curiosity having been thus excited, he sat down with avidity, and read a great part of

the book. What he read during these two years, he told me, was not works of mere amusement, "not voyages and travels, but all literature, Sir, all ancient writers, all manly: though but little Greek, only some of Anacreon and Hesiod: but in this irregular manner [added he] I had looked into a great many books, which were not commonly known at the Universities, where they seldom read any books but what are put into their hands by their tutors; so that when I came to Oxford, Dr. Adams, now master of Pembroke College, told me, I was the best qualified for the University that he had ever known come there."

In estimating the progress of his mind during these two years, as well as in future periods of his life, we must not regard his own hasty confession of idleness; for we see, when he explains himself, that he was acquiring various stores; and indeed he himself concluded the account with saying, "I would not have you think I was doing nothing then." He might, perhaps, have studied more assiduously; but it may be doubted, whether such a mind as his was not more enriched by roaming at large in the fields of literature than if it had been confined to any single spot. The analogy between body and mind is very general, and the parallel will hold as to their food, as well as any other particular. The flesh of animals who feed excursively is allowed to have a higher flavour than that of those who are cooped up. May there not be the same difference between men who read as their taste prompts, and men who are confined in cells and colleges to stated tasks?

OWLS

By GILBERT WHITE

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.—This extract is from White's *Natural History and Antiquities of Selborne*. Gilbert White, curate and naturalist, lived almost all his life in the obscure village of Selborne, in Hampshire, England, and from his letters to two of his friends was compiled this delightful book, which was first published in 1789. Its precise yet not too technical descriptions, its simple style, its quaint, charming accounts of birds and animals, have made it what few treatises on natural history have become—a classic.



WE have had, ever since I can remember, a pair of white owls that constantly breed under the eaves of this church. As I have paid good attention to the manner of life of these birds during their season of breeding, which lasts the summer through, the following remarks may not perhaps be unacceptable:—About an hour before sunset (for then the mice begin to run) they sally forth in quest of prey, and hunt all round the hedges of meadows and small enclosures for them, which seem to be their only food. In this irregular country we can stand on an eminence and see them beat the fields over like a setting-dog, and often drop down in the grass or corn. I have minuted these birds with my watch for an

hour together, and have found that they return to their nest, the one or the other of them, about once in five minutes; reflecting at the same time on the adroitness that every animal is possessed of as far as regards the well-being of itself and offspring. But a piece of address which they show when they return loaded should not, I think, be passed over in silence. —As they take their prey with their claws, so they carry it in their claws to their nest; but as the feet are necessary in their ascent under the tiles, they constantly perch first on the roof of the chancel, and shift the mouse from their claws to their bill, that their feet may be at liberty to take hold of the plate on the wall as they are rising under the eaves.

White owls seem not (but in this I am not positive) to hoot at all; all that clamorous hooting appears to me to come from the wood kinds. The white owl does indeed snore and hiss in a tremendous manner; and these menaces well answer the intention of intimidating; for I have known a whole village up in arms on such an occasion, imagining the churchyard to be full of goblins, and spectres.

White owls also often scream horribly as they fly along; from this screaming probably arose the common people's imaginary species of screech-owl, which they superstitiously think attends the windows of dying persons.

The plumage of the remiges of the wings of every species of owl that I have yet examined is remarkably soft and pliant. Perhaps it may be necessary that the wings of these birds should not make much resistance or rushing, that they may be enabled to

steal through the air unheard upon a nimble and watchful quarry.

While I am talking of owls, it may not be improper to mention what I was told by a gentleman of the county of Wilts. As they were grubbing a vast hollow pollard-ash that had been the mansion of owls for centuries, he discovered at the bottom a mass of matter that at first he could not account for. After some examination he found that it was a congeries of the bones of mice (and perhaps of birds and bats) that had been heaping together for ages, being cast up in pellets out of the crops of many generations of inhabitants. For owls cast up the bones, fur, and feathers of what they devour, after the manner of hawks. He believes, he told me, that there were bushels of this kind of substance.

When brown owls hoot their throats swell as big as a hen's egg. I have known an owl of this species live a full year without any water. Perhaps the case may be the same with all birds of prey. When owls fly they stretch out their legs behind them as a balance to their large heavy heads, for as most nocturnal birds have large eyes and ears, they must have large heads to contain them. Large eyes, I presume, are necessary to collect every ray of light, and large concave ears to command the smallest degree of sound or noise.

THE GOLD-BUG

By EDGAR A. POE

What ho! what ho! this fellow is dancing mad!
He hath been bitten by the Tarantula.¹

All in the Wrong.



ANY years ago I contracted an intimacy with a Mr. William Legrand. He was of an ancient Huguenot family, and had once been wealthy; but a series of misfortunes had reduced him to want. To avoid the mortification consequent upon his disasters, he left New Orleans, the city of his forefathers, and took up his residence at Sullivan's Island, near Charleston, South Carolina.

This island is a very singular one. It consists of little else than the sea sand, and is about three miles long. Its breadth at no point exceeds a quarter of a mile. It is separated from the mainland by a scarcely perceptible creek, oozing its way through a wilderness of reeds and slime, a favorite resort of the marsh-hen. The vegetation, as might be supposed, is scant, or at least dwarfish. No trees of any magnitude are to be seen. Near the western extremity, where Fort Moultrie stands, and where are some miserable frame buildings, tenanted, during summer, by the fugitives from Charleston dust

1. The tarantula is a spider found in Italy. It was supposed that its bite made people insane and that they could be cured only by dancing to a kind of wild music.

and fever, may be found, indeed, the bristly palmetto; but the whole island, with the exception of this western point, and a line of hard, white beach on the seacoast, is covered with a dense undergrowth of sweet myrtle, so much prized by the horticulturists of England. The shrub here often attains the height of fifteen or twenty feet, and forms an almost impenetrable coppice, burthening the air with its fragrance.

In the inmost recesses of this coppice, not far from the eastern or more remote end of the island, Legrand had built himself a small hut, which he occupied when I first, by mere accident, made his acquaintance. This soon ripened into friendship—for there was much in the recluse to excite interest and esteem. I found him well educated, with unusual powers of mind, but infected with misanthropy, and subject to perverse moods of alternate enthusiasm and melancholy. He had with him many books, but rarely employed them. His chief amusements were gunning and fishing, or sauntering along the beach and through the myrtles, in quest of shells or entomological specimens;—his collection of the latter might have been envied by a Swammerdamm.

In these excursions he was usually accompanied by an old negro, called Jupiter, who had been manumitted before the reverses of the family, but who could be induced, neither by threats nor by promises, to abandon what he considered his right of attendance upon the footsteps of his young “Massa Will.” It is not improbable that the relatives of Legrand, conceiving him to be somewhat unsettled in intellect, had contrived to instil this obstinacy into

Jupiter, with a view to the guardianship of the wanderer.

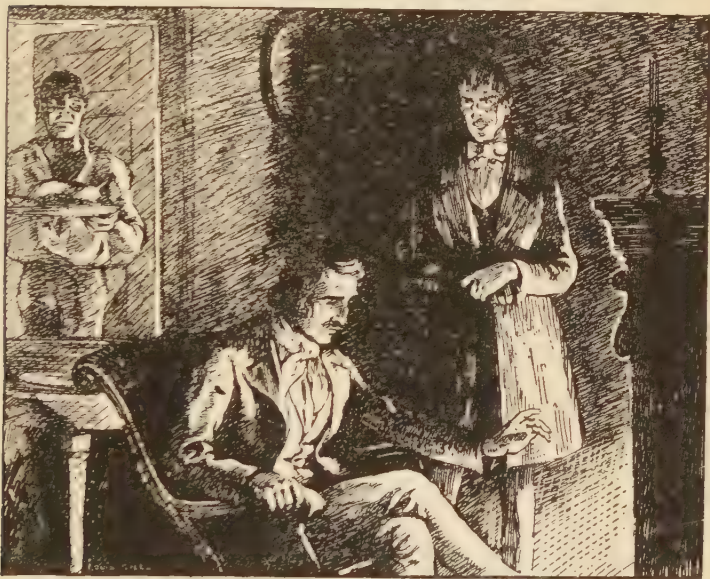
The winters in the latitude of Sullivan's Island are seldom very severe, and in the fall of the year it is a rare event indeed when a fire is considered necessary. About the middle of October, 18—, there occurred, however, a day of remarkable chilliness. Just before sunset I scrambled my way through the evergreens to the hut of my friend, whom I had not visited for several weeks—my residence being at that time in Charleston, a distance of nine miles from the island, while the facilities of passage and re-passage were very far behind those of the present day. Upon reaching the hut I rapped, as was my custom, and getting no reply, sought for the key where I knew it was secreted, unlocked the door and went in. A fine fire was blazing upon the hearth. It was a novelty, and by no means an ungrateful one. I threw off an overcoat, took an armchair by the crackling logs, and awaited patiently the arrival of my hosts.

Soon after dark they arrived, and gave me a most cordial welcome. Jupiter, grinning from ear to ear, bustled about to prepare some marsh-hens for supper. Legrand was in one of his fits—how else shall I term them?—of enthusiasm. He had found an unknown bivalve, forming a new genus, and more than this, he had hunted down and secured, with Jupiter's help, a *scarabæus*² which he believed to be totally new, but in respect to which he wished to have my opinion on the morrow.

2. *Scarabæus* is the name of a genus of beetles, some of which are very handsome. The Egyptians considered the Scarabs holy, and images of them were buried in the graves with the body.

"And why not to-night?" I asked, rubbing my hands over the blaze, and wishing the whole tribe of scarabæi at the devil.

"Ah, if I had only known you were here!" said Legrand, "but it's so long since I saw you; and how could I foresee that you would pay me a visit



"WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?" I ASKED

this very night of all others? As I was coming home I met Lieutenant G——, from the fort, and, very foolishly, I lent him the bug; so it will be impossible for you to see it until the morning. Stay here to-night, and I will send Jup down for it at sunrise. It is the loveliest thing in creation!"

"What!—sunrise?"

"Nonsense! no!—the bug. It is of a brilliant gold color—about the size of a large hickory-nut—

with two jet black spots near one extremity of the back, and another, somewhat longer, at the other. The *antennæ*³ are"—

"Dey ain't *no* tin in him, Massa Will, I keep a tellin' on you," here interrupted Jupiter; "de bug is a goole-bug, solid, ebery bit of him, inside and all, sep him wing—neber feel half so hebby a bug in my life."

"Well, suppose it is, Jup," replied Legrand, somewhat more earnestly, it seemed to me, than the case demanded, "is that any reason for your letting the birds burn? The color"—here he turned to me—"is really almost enough to warrant Jupiter's idea. You never saw a more brilliant metallic luster than the scales emit—but of this you cannot judge till to-morrow. In the meantime I can give you some idea of the shape." Saying this, he seated himself at a small table, on which were a pen and ink, but no paper. He looked for some in a drawer, but found none.

"Never mind," said he at length, "this will answer"; and he drew from his waistcoat pocket a scrap of what I took to be very dirty foolscap, and made upon it a rough drawing with the pen. While he did this, I retained my seat by the fire, for I was still chilly. When the design was completed, he handed it to me without rising. As I received it, a loud growl was heard, succeeded by a scratching at the door. Jupiter opened it, and a large Newfoundland, belonging to Legrand, rushed in, leaped upon my shoulders, and loaded me with caresses; for I had shown him much attention dur-

3. The *antennæ* are the so-called *feelers* of insects, placed on the head near the eyes.

ing previous visits. When his gambols were over, I looked at the paper, and found myself not a little puzzled at what my friend had depicted.

"Well!" I said, after contemplating it for some minutes, "this is a strange *scarabæus*, I must confess; new to me: never saw anything like it before—unless it was a skull, or a death's-head—which it more nearly resembles than anything else that has come under *my* observation."

"A death's-head!" echoed Legrand—"Oh—yes—well, it has something of that appearance upon paper, no doubt. The two upper black spots look like eyes, eh? and the longer one at the bottom like a mouth—and then the shape of the whole is oval."

"Perhaps so," said I; "but, Legrand, I fear you are no artist. I must wait until I see the beetle itself, if I am to form any idea of its personal appearance."

"Well, I don't know," said he, a little nettled, "I draw tolerably—*should* do it at least—have had good masters, and flatter myself that I am not quite a blockhead."

"But, my dear fellow, you are joking then," said I; "this is a very passable *skull*—indeed, I may say that it is a very *excellent* skull, according to the vulgar notions about such specimens of physiology—and your *scarabæus* must be the queerest *scarabæus* in the world if it resembles it. Why, we may get up a very thrilling bit of superstition upon this hint. I presume you will call the bug *scarabæus caput hominis*,⁴ or something of that kind—there

4. In naming insects, flowers and animals, two words at least are used. The first gives the name of the genus, the second, the name of the species. The suggestion in the text is that the beetle be called *the man's head scarab*.

are many similar titles in the Natural Histories. But where are the *antennæ* you spoke of?"

"The *antennæ*!" said Legrand, who seemed to be getting unaccountably warm upon the subject; "I am sure you must see the *antennæ*. I made them as distinct as they are in the original insect, and I presume that is sufficient."

"Well, well," I said, "perhaps you have—still I don't see them"; and I handed him the paper without additional remark, not wishing to ruffle his temper; but I was much surprised at the turn affairs had taken; his ill-humor puzzled me—and, as for the drawing of the beetle, there were positively *no antennæ* visible, and the whole *did* bear a very close resemblance to the ordinary cuts of a death's-head.

He received the paper very peevishly, and was about to crumple it, apparently to throw it in the fire, when a casual glance at the design seemed suddenly to rivet his attention. In an instant his face grew violently red—in another as excessively pale. For some minutes he continued to scrutinize the drawing minutely where he sat. At length he arose, took a candle from the table, and proceeded to seat himself upon a sea-chest in the farthest corner of the room. Here again he made an anxious examination of the paper; turning it in all directions. He said nothing, however, and his conduct greatly astonished me; yet I thought it prudent not to exacerbate the growing moodiness of his temper by any comment. Presently he took from his coat pocket a wallet, placed the paper carefully in it, and deposited both in a writing-desk, which he locked. He now grew more composed in his

demeanor; but his original air of enthusiasm had quite disappeared. Yet he seemed not so much sulky as abstracted. During the evening he became more and more absorbed in reverie, from which no sallies of mine could rouse him. I had intended to pass the night at the hut, as I had frequently done before, but, seeing my host in this mood, I deemed it proper to take leave. He did not press me to remain, but, as I departed, he shook my hand with even more than his usual cordiality.

It was about a month after this (and during the interval I had seen nothing of Legrand) when I received a visit, at Charleston, from his man, Jupiter. I had never seen the good old negro look so dispirited, and I feared that some serious disaster had befallen my friend.

"Well, Jup," said I, "what is the matter now?—how is your master?"

"Why, to speak de troof, massa, him not so berry well as mought be."

"Not well! I am truly sorry to hear it. What does he complain of?"

"Dar! dat's it!—him nebber plain of notin—but him berry sick for all dat."

"*Very* sick, Jupiter!—why didn't you say so at once? Is he confined to bed?"

"No dat he ain't!—he ain't 'find nowhar—dat's just whar de shoe pinch—my mind is got to be berry hebbly bout poor Massa Will."

"Jupiter, I should like to understand what it is you are talking about. You say your master is sick. Hasn't he told you what ails him?"

"Why, massa, 'tain't worf while for to get mad about de matter—Massa Will say noffin at all ain't

de matter wid him—but den what make him go about looking dis here way, wid he head down and he soldiers up, and as white as a gose? And den he keep a syphon all de time”——

“Keeps a what, Jupiter?”

“Keeps a syphon wid de figgurs on de slate—de queerest figgurs I ebber did see. I’s e gittin’ to be skeered, I tell you. Hab for to keep mighty tight eye pon him noovers. Todder day he gib me slip fore de sun up, and was gone de whole ob de blessed day. I had a big stick ready cut for to gib him deuced good beating when he did come—but Ise sich a fool dat I hadn’t de heart arter all—he look so berry poorly.”

“Eh?—what?—ah yes!—upon the whole I think you had better not be too severe with the poor fellow—don’t flog him, Jupiter—he can’t very well stand it—but can you form no idea of what has occasioned this illness, or rather this change of conduct? Has anything unpleasant happened since I saw you?”

“No, massa, day ain’t bin noffin onpleasant *since* den—’twas *fore* den I’m feared—’twas de berry day you was dare.”

“How? what do you mean?”

“Why, Massa, I mean de bug—dare now.”

“The what?”

“De bug—I’m berry sartain dat Massa Will bin bit somewhere bout de head by dat goole-bug.”

“And what cause have you, Jupiter, for such a supposition?”

“Claws enuff, massa, and mouff too. I nebber did see sich a deuced bug—he kick and he bite ebery ting what cum near him. Massa Will cotch him

fuss, but had for to let him go gin mighty quick, I tell you—den was de time he must ha got de bite. I didn't like de look ob de bug mouff, myself, no how, so I wouldn't take hold ob him wid my finger, but I cotch him wid a piece ob paper dat I found. I rap him up in de paper and stuff piece ob it in he mouff—dat was de way."

"And you think, then, that your master was really bitten by the beetle, and that the bite made him sick?"

"I don't tink noffin about it—I nose it. What make him dream bout de goole so much, if 'tain't cause he bit by de goole-bug? Ise heard bout dem goole-bugs fore dis."

"But how do you know he dreams about gold?"

"How I know? why, cause he talk about it in he sleep—dat's how I nose."

"Well, Jup, perhaps you are right; but to what fortunate circumstance am I to attribute the honor of a visit from you to-day?"

"What de matter, massa?"

"Did you bring any message from Mr. Legrand?"

"No, Massa, I bring dis here pissel;" and here Jupiter handed me a note which ran thus:

"MY DEAR ——

"Why have I not seen you for so long a time? I hope you have not been so foolish as to take offense at any little *brusquerie*⁵ of mine; but no, that is improbable.

"Since I saw you I have had great cause for anxiety. I have something to tell you, yet scarcely

5. Rudeness.

know how to tell it, or whether I should tell it at all.

"I have not been quite well for some days past, and poor old Jup annoys me, almost beyond endurance, by his well-meant attentions. Would you believe it?—he had prepared a huge stick, the other day, with which to chastise me for giving him the slip, and spending the day, *solus*,⁶ among the hills on the mainland. I verily believe that my ill looks alone saved me a flogging.

"I have made no addition to my cabinet since we met.

"If you can, in any way, make it convenient, come over with Jupiter. *Do* come. I wish to see you *to-night*, upon business of importance. I assure you that it is of the *highest* importance.

"Ever yours,

"WILLIAM LEGRAND."

There was something in the tone of this note which gave me great uneasiness. Its whole style differed materially from that of Legrand. What could he be dreaming of? What new crochet possessed his excitable brain? What "business of the highest importance" could *he* possibly have to transact? I dreaded lest the continued pressure of misfortune had, at length, fairly unsettled the reason of my friend. Without a moment's hesitation, therefore, I prepared to accompany the negro.

Upon reaching the wharf, I noticed a scythe and three spades, all apparently new, lying in the bottom of the boat in which we were to embark.

"What is the meaning of all this, Jup?" I inquired.

6. Alone.

"Him syfe, massa, and spade."

"Very true; but what are they doing here?"

"Him de syfe and de spade what Massa Will sis pon my buying for him in de town, and de dibbel's own lot of money I had to gib for em."

"But what, in the name of all that is mysterious, is your 'Massa Will' going to do with scythes and spades?"

"Dat's more dan I know, and debbil take me if I don't believe 'tis more dan he know too. But it's all cum ob de bug."

Finding that no satisfaction was to be obtained of Jupiter, whose whole intellect seemed to be absorbed by "de bug," I now stepped into the boat and made sail. With a fair and strong breeze we soon ran into the little cove to the northward of Fort Moultrie, and a walk of some two miles brought us to the hut. It was about three in the afternoon when we arrived. Legrand had been awaiting us in eager expectation. He grasped my hand with a nervous *empressement*⁷ which alarmed me and strengthened the suspicions already entertained. His countenance was pale even to ghastliness, and his deep-set eyes glared with unnatural luster. After inquiring as to his health, I asked him, not knowing what better to say, if he had yet obtained the *scarabæus* from Lieutenant G——.

"Oh, yes," he replied, coloring violently, "I got it from him the next morning. Nothing should tempt me to part with that *scarabæus*. Do you know that Jupiter is quite right about it!"

"In what way?" I asked, with a sad foreboding at heart.

7. Eager nervousness.

"In supposing it to be a bug of *real gold*." He said this with an air of profound seriousness, and I felt inexpressibly shocked.

"This bug is to make my fortune," he continued, with a triumphant smile, "to reinstate me in my family possessions. Is it any wonder, then, that I prize it? Since Fortune has thought fit to bestow it upon me, I have only to use it properly and I shall arrive at the gold of which it is the index. Jupiter, bring me that *scarabæus*!"

"What! de bug, massa? I'd rather not go fer trubble dat bug—you mus git him for your own self." Hereupon Legrand arose, with a grave and stately air, and brought me the beetle from a glass case in which it was enclosed. It was a beautiful *scarabæus*, and, at that time, unknown to naturalists—of course a great prize in a scientific point of view. There were two round black spots near one extremity of the back, and a lone one near the other. The scales were exceedingly hard and glossy, with all the appearance of burnished gold. The weight of the insect was very remarkable, and, taking all things into consideration, I could hardly blame Jupiter for his opinion respecting it; but what to make of Legrand's concordance with that opinion, I could not, for the life of me, tell.

"I sent for you," said he, in a grandiloquent tone, when I had completed my examination of the beetle, "I sent for you, that I might have your counsel and assistance in furthering the views of Fate and of the bug"——

"My dear Legrand," I cried, interrupting him, "you are certainly unwell, and had better use some little precautions. You shall go to bed, and I will

remain with you a few days, until you get over this. You are feverish and"——

"Feel my pulse," said he.

I felt it, and, to say the truth, found not the slightest indication of fever.

"But you may be ill and yet have no fever. Allow me this once to prescribe for you. In the first place, go to bed. In the next"——

"You are mistaken," he interposed; "I am as well as I can expect to be under the excitement which I suffer. If you really wish me well, you will relieve this excitement."

"And how is this to be done?"

"Very easily. Jupiter and myself are going upon an expedition into the hills, upon the mainland, and, in this expedition, we shall need the aid of some person in whom we can confide. You are the only one we can trust. Whether we succeed or fail, the excitement which you now perceive in me will be equally allayed."

"I am anxious to oblige you in any way," I replied; "but do you mean to say that this infernal beetle has any connection with your expedition into the hills?"

"It has."

"Then, Legrand, I can become a party to no such absurd proceeding."

"I am sorry—very sorry—for we shall have to try it by ourselves."

"Try it by yourselves! The man is surely mad!—but stay!—how long do you propose to be absent?"

"Probably all night. We shall start immediately, and be back, at all events, by sunrise."

“And will you promise me upon your honor, that when this freak of yours is over, and the bug business (good God!) settled to your satisfaction, you will then return home and follow my advice implicitly, as that of your physician?”

“Yes; I promise; and now let us be off, for we have no time to lose.”

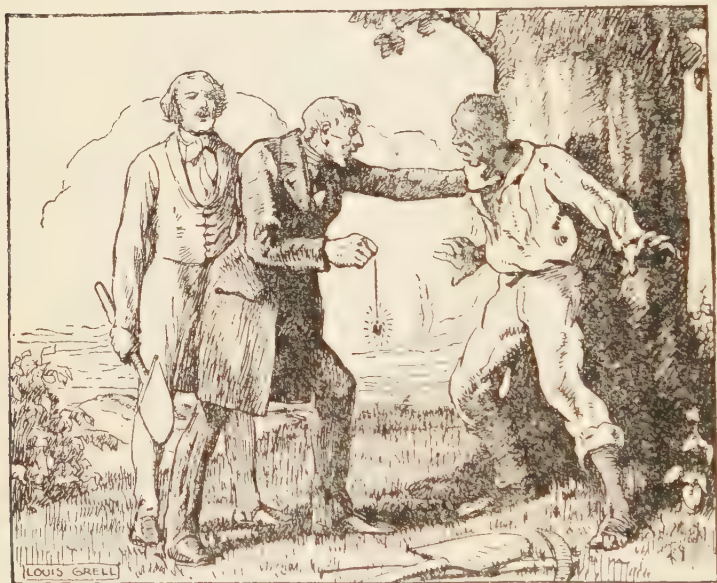
With a heavy heart I accompanied my friend. We started about four o'clock—Legrand, Jupiter, the dog, and myself. Jupiter had with him the scythe and spades—the whole of which he insisted upon carrying—more through fear, it seemed to me, of trusting either of the implements within reach of his master, than from any excess of industry or complaisance. His demeanor was dogged in the extreme, and “dat deuced bug” were the sole words which escaped his lips during the journey. For my own part, I had charge of a couple of dark lanterns, while Legrand contented himself with the *scarabæus*, which he carried attached to the end of a bit of whip-cord; twirling it to and fro, with the air of a conjurer, as he went. When I observed this last plain evidence of my friend's aberration of mind I could scarcely refrain from tears. I thought it best, however, to humor his fancy, at least for the present, or until I could adopt some more energetic measures with a chance of success. In the meantime I endeavored, but all in vain, to sound him in regard to the object of the expedition. Having succeeded in inducing me to accompany him, he seemed unwilling to hold conversation upon any topic of minor importance, and to all my questions vouchsafed no other reply than “We shall see!”

We crossed the creek at the head of the island by means of a skiff, and, ascending the high grounds on the shore of the mainland, proceeded in a north-westerly direction, through a tract of country excessively wild and desolate, where no trace of a human footstep was to be seen. Legrand led the way with decision; pausing only for an instant, here and there, to consult what appeared to be certain landmarks of his own contrivance upon a former occasion.

In this manner we journeyed for about two hours, and the sun was just setting when we entered a region infinitely more dreary than any yet seen. It was a species of table-land, near the summit of an almost inaccessible hill, densely wooded from base to pinnacle, and interspersed with huge crags that appeared to lie loosely upon the soil, and in many cases were prevented from precipitating themselves into the valleys below, merely by the support of the trees against which they reclined. Deep ravines, in various directions, gave an air of still sterner solemnity to the scene.

The natural platform to which we had clambered was thickly overgrown with brambles, through which we soon discovered that it would have been impossible to force our way but for the scythe; and Jupiter, by direction of his master, proceeded to clear for us a path to the foot of an enormously tall tulip-tree, which stood, with some eight or ten oaks, upon the level, and far surpassed them all, and all other trees which I had then ever seen, in the beauty of its foliage and form, in the wide spread of its branches, and in the general majesty of its appearance. When we reached this tree, Legrand turned

to Jupiter, and asked him if he thought he could climb it. The old man seemed a little staggered by the question, and for some moments made no reply. At length he approached the huge trunk, walked slowly around it, and examined it with minute attention. When he had completed his scrutiny, he merely said,



“TAKE THIS BEETLE WITH YOU”

“Yes, massa, Jup climb any tree he ebber see in he life.”

“Then up with you as soon as possible, for it will soon be too dark to see what we are about.”

“How far mus go up, massa?” inquired Jupiter.

“Get up the main trunk first, and then I will tell you which way to go—and here—stop! take this beetle with you.”

"De bug, Massa Will!—de goole-bug!" cried the negro, drawing back in dismay—"what for mus tote de bug way up de tree?—d—n if I do!"

"If you are afraid, Jup, a great big negro like you, to take hold of a harmless little dead beetle, —why, you can carry it up by this string—but if you do not take it up with you in some way, I shall be under the necessity of breaking your head with this shovel."

"What de matter now, massa?" said Jup, evidently shamed into compliance; "always want for to raise fuss wid old nigger. Was only funnin any how. *Me* feered de bug! what I keer for de bug?" Here he took cautiously hold of the extreme end of the string, and, maintaining the insect as far from his person as circumstances would permit, prepared to ascend the tree.

In youth, the tulip-tree, or *Liriodendron tulipiferum*, the most magnificent of American foresters, has a trunk peculiarly smooth, and often rises to a great height without lateral branches; but, in its riper age, the bark becomes gnarled and uneven, while many short limbs make their appearance on the stem. Thus the difficulty of ascension, in the present case, lay more in semblance than in reality. Embracing the huge cylinder, as closely as possible, with his arms and knees, seizing with his hands some projections, and resting his naked toes upon others, Jupiter, after one or two narrow escapes from falling, at length wriggled himself into the first great fork, and seemed to consider the whole business as virtually accomplished. The *risk* of the achievement was now over, although the climber was some sixty or seventy feet from the ground

"Which way mus go now, Massa Will?" he asked.

"Keep up the largest branch—the one on this side," said Legrand. The negro obeyed him promptly, and apparently with but little trouble; ascending higher and higher, until no glimpse of his squat figure could be obtained through the dense foliage which enveloped it. Presently his voice was heard in a sort of halloo.

"How much fudder is got for go?"

"How high up are you?" asked Legrand.

"Ebber so fur," replied the negro; "can see de sky fru de top ob de tree."

"Never mind the sky, but attend to what I say. Look down the trunk and count the limbs below you on this side. How many limbs have you passed?"

"One, two, three, four, fibe—I done pass fibe big limb, massa, pon dis side."

"Then go one limb higher."

In a few minutes the voice was heard again, announcing that the seventh limb was attained.

"Now, Jup," cried Legrand, evidently much excited, "I want you to work your way out upon that limb as far as you can. If you see anything strange, let me know."

By this time what little doubt I might have entertained of my poor friend's insanity was put finally at rest. I had no alternative but to conclude him stricken with lunacy, and I became seriously anxious to get him home. While I was pondering upon what to do, Jupiter's voice was again heard.

"Mos feerd for to ventur pon dis limb berry far—'tis dead limb putty much all de way."

"Did you say it was a *dead* limb, Jupiter?" cried Legrand in a quavering voice.

"Yes, massa, him dead as de door-nail—done up for sartain—done departed dis here life."

"What in the name of heaven shall I do?" asked Legrand, seemingly in the greatest distress.

"Do!" said I, glad of an opportunity to interpose a word, "why come home and go to bed. Come now!—that's a fine fellow. It's getting late, and, besides, you remember your promise."

"Jupiter," cried he, without heeding me in the least, "do you hear me?"

"Yes, Massa Will, hear you ebber so plain."

"Try the wood well, then, with your knife, and see if you think it *very* rotten."

"Him rotten, massa, sure nuff," replied the negro in a few moments, "but not so berry rotten as mought be. Mought ventur out lettle way pon de limb by myself, dat's true."

"By yourself!—What do you mean?"

"Why, I mean de bug. 'Tis *berry* hebby bug. Spose I drop him down fuss, and den de limb won't break wid just de weight ob one nigger."

"You infernal scoundrel!" cried Legrand, apparently much relieved, "what do you mean by telling me such nonsense as that? As sure as you drop that beetle I'll break your neck. Look here, Jupiter, do you hear me?"

"Yes, massa, needn't hollo at poor nigger dat style."

"Well! now listen!—if you will venture out on the limb as far as you think safe, and not let go the beetle, I'll make you a present of a silver dollar as soon as you get down."



"WIIAT IS DIS HIERE PON DE TREE?"

"I'm gwine, Massa Will—deed I is," replied the negro very promptly—"mos out to the eend now."

"*Out to the end!*" here fairly screamed Legrand, "do you say you are out to the end of that limb?"

"Soon be to de eend, massa—o-o-o-o-oh! Lor-gol-a-marcy! what is dis here pon de tree?"

"Well," cried Legrand, highly delighted, "what is it?"

"Why, 'tain't noffin but a skull—somebody bin lef him head up de tree, and de crows done gobble ebery bit ob de meat off."

"A skull, you say!—very well!—how is it fastened to the limb?—what holds it on?"

"Sure nuff, massa; mus look. Why dis berry curous sarcumstance, pon my word—dare's a great big nail in de skull, what fastens ob it on to de tree."

"Well now, Jupiter, do exactly as I tell you—do you hear?"

"Yes, massa."

"Pay attention, then!—find the left eye of the skull."

"Hum! hoo! dat's good! why dare ain't no eye lef at all."

"Curse your stupidity! do you know your right hand from your left?"

"Yes, I nose dat—nose all bout dat—'tis my lef hand what I chops de wood wid."

"To be sure! you are left-handed; and your left eye is on the same side as your left hand. Now, I suppose, you can find the left eye of the skull, or the place where the left eye has been. Have you found it?"

Here was a long pause. At length the negro asked, "Is de lef eye of de skull pon de same side as de lef hand of de skull, too?—cause de skull ain't got not a bit ob a hand at all—nebber mind! I got de lef eye now—here de lef eye! what mus do wid it?"

"Let the beetle drop through it, as far as the string will reach—but be careful and not let go your hold of the string."

"All dat done, Massa Will; mighty easy ting for to put de bug fru de hole—look out for him dare below!"

During this colloquy no portion of Jupiter's person could be seen; but the beetle, which he had suffered to descend, was now visible at the end of the string, and glistened, like a globe of burnished gold, in the last rays of the setting sun, some of which still faintly illumined the eminence upon which we stood. The *scarabæus* hung quite clear of any branches, and, if allowed to fall, would have fallen at our feet. Legrand immediately took the scythe, and cleared with it a circular space, three or four yards in diameter, just beneath the insect, and, having accomplished this, ordered Jupiter to let go the string and come down from the tree.

Driving a peg, with great nicety, into the ground, at the precise spot where the beetle fell, my friend now produced from his pocket a tape-measure. Fastening one end of this at that point of the trunk of the tree which was nearest the peg, he unrolled it till it reached the peg, and thence farther unrolled it, in the direction already established by the two points of the tree and the peg, for the distance of fifty feet—Jupiter clearing away the brambles with the scythe. At the spot thus attained a second peg was driven, and about this, as a center, a rude circle, about four feet in diameter, described. Taking now a spade himself, and giving one to Jupiter and one to me, Legrand begged us to set about digging as quickly as possible.

To speak the truth, I had no especial relish for such amusement at any time, and, at that particular moment, would most willingly have declined

it; for the night was coming on, and I felt much fatigued with the exercise already taken; but I saw no mode of escape, and was fearful of disturbing my poor friend's equanimity by a refusal. Could I have depended, indeed, upon Jupiter's aid, I would have had no hesitation in attempting to get the lunatic home by force; but I was too well assured of the old negro's disposition, to hope that he would assist me, under any circumstances, in a personal contest with his master. I made no doubt that the latter had been infected with some of the innumerable Southern superstitions about money buried, and that his fantasy had received confirmation by the finding of the *scarabæus*, or, perhaps, by Jupiter's obstinacy in maintaining it to be "a bug of real gold." A mind disposed to lunacy would readily be led away by such suggestions—especially if chiming in with favorite preconceived ideas—and then I called to mind the poor fellow's speech about the beetle's being "the index of his fortune." Upon the whole, I was sadly vexed and puzzled, but, at length, I concluded to make a virtue of necessity—to dig with a good will, and thus the sooner to convince the visionary, by ocular demonstration, of the fallacy of the opinions he entertained.

The lanterns having been lit, we all fell to work with a zeal worthy a more rational cause; and, as the glare fell upon our persons and implements, I could not help thinking how picturesque a group we composed, and how strange and suspicious our labors must have appeared to any interloper who, by chance, might have stumbled upon our whereabouts.

We dug very steadily for two hours. Little was said; and our chief embarrassment lay in the yelpings of the dog, who took exceeding interest in our proceedings. He at length became so obstreperous, that we grew fearful of his giving the alarm to some stragglers in the vicinity; or, rather, this was the apprehension of Legrand;—for myself, I should have rejoiced at any interruption which might have enabled me to get the wanderer home. The noise was, at length, very effectually silenced by Jupiter, who, getting out of the hole with a dogged air of deliberation, tied the brute's mouth up with one of his suspenders, and then returned, with a grave chuckle, to his task.

When the time mentioned had expired, we had reached a depth of five feet, and yet no signs of any treasure became manifest. A general pause ensued, and I began to hope that the farce was at an end. Legrand, however, although evidently much disconcerted, wiped his brow thoughtfully and recommenced.

We had excavated the entire circle of four feet diameter, and now we slightly enlarged the limit, and went to the farther depth of two feet. Still nothing appeared. The gold-seeker, whom I sincerely pitied, at length clambered from the pit, with the bitterest disappointment imprinted upon every feature, and proceeded, slowly and reluctantly, to put on his coat, which he had thrown off at the beginning of his labor. In the meantime I made no remark. Jupiter, at a signal from his master, began to gather up his tools. This done, and the dog having been unmuzzled, we turned in profound silence towards home.

We had taken, perhaps, a dozen steps in this direction, when, with a loud oath, Legrand strode up to Jupiter, and seized him by the collar. The astonished negro opened his eyes and mouth to the fullest extent, let fall the spades, and fell upon his knees.

"You scoundrel," said Legrand, hissing out the syllables from beneath his clenched teeth—"you infernal black villain!—speak, I tell you!—answer me this instant, without prevarication!—which— which is your left eye?"

"Oh, my golly, Massa Will; ain't dis here my lef eye for sartain?" roared the terrified Jupiter, placing his hand upon his *right* organ of vision, and holding it there with a desperate pertinacity, as if in immediate dread of his master's attempt at a gouge.

"I thought so!—I knew it! hurrah!" vociferated Legrand, letting the negro go, and executing a series of curvets and caracoles, much to the astonishment of his valet, who, arising from his knees, looked, mutely, from his master to myself, and then from myself to his master.

"Come! we must go back," said the latter; "the game's not up yet;" and he again led the way to the tulip-tree.

"Jupiter," said he, when he had reached its foot, "come here! was the skull nailed to the limb with the face outwards, or with the face to the limb?"

"De face was out, massa, so dat de crows could get at de eyes, good, widout any trouble."

"Well, then, was it this eye or that through which you dropped the beetle?"—here Legrand touched each of Jupiter's eyes.

“ ’Twas dis eye, massa—de lef eye—jis as you tell me,” and here it was his right eye that the negro indicated.

“That will do—we must try it again.”

Here my friend, about whose madness I now saw, or fancied that I saw, certain indications of method, removed the peg which marked the spot where the beetle fell, to a spot about three inches to the westward of its former position. Taking, now, the tape-measure from the nearest point of the trunk to the peg, as before, and continuing the extension in a straight line to the distance of fifty feet, a spot was indicated, removed by several yards from the point at which we had been digging.

Around the new position a circle, somewhat larger than in the former instance, was now described, and we again set to work with the spades. I was dreadfully weary, but scarcely understanding what had occasioned the change in my thoughts, I felt no longer any great aversion from the labor imposed. I had become most unaccountably interested—nay, even excited. Perhaps there was something, amid all the extravagant demeanor of Legrand—some air of forethought, or of deliberation, which impressed me. I dug eagerly, and now and then caught myself actually looking with something that very much resembled expectation, for the fancied treasure, the vision of which had demented my unfortunate companion. At a period when such vagaries of thought most fully possessed me, and when we had been at work perhaps an hour and a half, we were again interrupted by the violent howlings of the dog. His uneasiness, in the first instance, had been, evidently, but the result of play-

fulness or caprice, but he now assumed a bitter and serious tone. Upon Jupiter's again attempting to muzzle him he made furious resistance, and leaping into the hole, tore up the mold frantically with his claws. In a few seconds he had uncovered a mass of human bones, forming two complete skeletons, intermingled with several buttons of metal, and what appeared to be the dust of decayed woolen. One or two strokes of a spade upturned the blade of a large Spanish knife, and as we dug farther, three or four loose pieces of gold and silver coin came to light.

At the sight of these the joy of Jupiter could scarcely be restrained, but the countenance of his master wore an air of extreme disappointment. He urged us, however, to continue our exertions, and the words were hardly uttered when I stumbled and fell forward, having caught the toe of my boot in a large ring of iron that lay half buried in the loose earth.

We now worked in earnest, and never did I pass ten minutes of more intense excitement. During this interval we had fairly unearthed an oblong chest of wood, which, from its perfect preservation and wonderful hardness, had plainly been subjected to some mineralizing process—perhaps that of the bichloride of mercury. This box was three feet and a half long, three feet broad, and two and a half feet deep. It was firmly secured by bands of wrought iron, riveted, and forming a kind of open trellis-work over the whole. On each side of the chest, near the top, were three rings of iron—six in all—by means of which a firm hold could be obtained by six persons. Our utmost united endeavors

served only to disturb the coffer very slightly in its bed. We at once saw the impossibility of removing so great a weight. Luckily the sole fastenings of the lid consisted of two sliding bolts. These we drew back—trembling and panting with anxiety. In an instant, a treasure of incalculable value lay gleaming before us. As the rays of the lantern fell within the pit, there flashed upwards a glow and a glare, from a confused heap of gold and of jewels, that absolutely dazzled our eyes.

I shall not pretend to describe the feelings with which I gazed. Amazement was, of course, predominant. Legrand appeared exhausted with excitement, and spoke very few words. Jupiter's countenance wore, for some minutes, as deadly a pallor as it is possible, in the nature of things, for any negro's visage to assume. He seemed stupefied—thunderstricken. Presently he fell upon his knees in the pit, and, burying his naked arms up to the elbows in gold, let them there remain, as if enjoying the luxury of a bath. At length, with a deep sigh, he exclaimed, as if in a soliloquy,

“And dis all cum ob de goole-bug! de putty goole-bug! de poor little goole-bug, what I boosed in dat sabage kind ob style! Ain't you shamed ob yourself, nigger!—answer me dat!”

It became necessary, at last, that I should arouse both master and valet to the expediency of removing the treasure. It was growing late, and it behooved us to make exertion, that we might get everything housed before daylight. It was difficult to say what should be done, and much time was spent in deliberation—so confused were the ideas of all. We, finally, lightened the box by removing

two-thirds of its contents, when we were enabled with some trouble to raise it from the hole. The articles taken out were deposited among the brambles, and the dog left to guard them, with strict orders from Jupiter neither, upon any pretense, to stir from the spot, nor to open his mouth until our return. We then hurriedly made for home with the chest; reaching the hut in safety, but after excessive toil, at one o'clock in the morning. Worn out as we were, it was not in human nature to do more immediately. We rested until two, and had supper; starting for the hills immediately afterwards, armed with three stout sacks, which, by good luck, were upon the premises. A little before four we arrived at the pit, divided the remainder of the booty, as equally as might be, among us, and, leaving the holes unfilled, again set out for the hut, at which, for the second time, we deposited our golden burthens, just as the first faint streaks of the dawn gleamed from over the tree-tops in the East.

We were now thoroughly broken down; but the intense excitement of the time denied us repose. After an unquiet slumber of some three or four hours' duration, we arose, as if by preconcert, to make examination of our treasure.

The chest had been full to the brim, and we spent the whole day, and the greater part of the next night, in a scrutiny of its contents. There had been nothing like order or arrangement. Everything had been heaped in promiscuously. Having assorted all with care, we found ourselves possessed of even vaster wealth than we had at first supposed. In coin there was rather more than four hundred

and fifty thousand dollars—estimating the value of the pieces, as accurately as we could, by the tables of the period. There was not a particle of silver. All was gold of antique date and of great variety—French, Spanish, and German money, with a few English guineas, and some counters, of which we had never seen specimens before. There were several very large and heavy coins, so worn that we could make nothing of their inscriptions. There was no American money. The value of the jewels we found more difficulty in estimating. There were diamonds—some of them exceedingly large and fine—a hundred and ten in all, and not one of them small; eighteen rubies of remarkable brilliancy;—three hundred and ten emeralds, all very beautiful; and twenty-one sapphires, with an opal. These stones had all been broken from their settings and thrown loose in the chest. The settings themselves, which we picked out from among the other gold, appeared to have been beaten up with hammers, as if to prevent identification. Besides all this, there was a vast quantity of solid gold ornaments; nearly two hundred massive finger and ear rings;—rich chains—thirty of these, if I remember;—eighty-three very large and heavy crucifixes;—five gold censers of great value;—a prodigious golden punch-bowl, ornamented with richly chased vine-leaves and Bacchanalian figures; with two sword-handles exquisitely embossed, and many other smaller articles which I cannot recollect. The weight of these valuables exceeded three hundred and fifty pounds avoirdupois; and in this estimate I have not included one hundred and ninety-seven superb gold watches; three of the number being



HE SEEMED STUPEFIED—
THUNDERSTRICKEN

worth each five hundred dollars, if one. Many of them were very old, and as time-keepers valueless; the works having suffered, more or less, from corrosion—but all were richly jeweled and in cases of great worth. We estimated the entire contents of the chest, that night, at a million and a half of dollars; and, upon the subsequent disposal of the trinkets and jewels (a few being retained for our own use), it was found that we had greatly undervalued the treasure.

When at length, we had concluded our examination, and the intense excitement of the time had in some measure subsided, Legrand, who saw that I was dying with impatience for a solution of this most extraordinary riddle, entered into a full detail of all the circumstances connected with it.

“You remember,” said he, “the night when I handed you the rough sketch I had made of the *scarabæus*. You recollect also, that I became quite vexed at you for insisting that my drawing resembled a death’s-head. When you first made this assertion I thought you were jesting; but afterwards I called to mind the peculiar spots on the back of the insect, and admitted to myself that your remark had some little foundation in fact. Still, the sneer at my graphic powers irritated me—for I am considered a good artist—and, therefore, when you handed me the scrap of parchment, I was about to crumple it up and throw it angrily into the fire.

“The scrap of paper, you mean,” said I.

“No; it had much of the appearance of paper, and at first I supposed it to be such, but when I came to draw upon it, I discovered it, at once, to be a piece of very thin parchment. It was quite

dirty, you remember. Well, as I was in the very act of crumpling it up, my glance fell upon the sketch at which you had been looking, and you may imagine my astonishment when I perceived, in fact, the figure of a death's-head just where, it seemed to me, I had made the drawing of the beetle. For a moment I was too much amazed to think with accuracy. I knew that my design was very different in detail from this—although there was a certain similarity in general outline. Presently I took a candle, and seating myself at the other end of the room, proceeded to scrutinize the parchment more closely. Upon turning it over, I saw my own sketch upon the reverse, just as I had made it. My first idea, now, was mere surprise at the really remarkable similarity of outline—at the singular coincidence involved in the fact, that unknown to me, there should have been a skull upon the other side of the parchment, immediately beneath my figure of the *scarabæus*, and that this skull, not only in outline, but in size, should so closely resemble my drawing. I say the singularity of this coincidence absolutely stupefied me for a time. This is the usual effect of such coincidences. The mind struggles to establish a connection—a sequence of cause and effect—and, being unable to do so, suffers a species of temporary paralysis. But when I recovered from this stupor, there dawned upon me gradually a conviction which startled me even far more than the coincidence. I began distinctly, positively, to remember that there had been *no* drawing upon the parchment when I made my sketch of the *scarabæus*. I became perfectly certain of this; for I recollected turning up first one side and then the

other, in search of the cleanest spot. Had the skull been then there, of course I could not have failed to notice it. Here was indeed a mystery which I felt it impossible to explain; but even at that early moment, there seemed to glimmer, faintly, within the most remote and secret chambers of my intellect, a glowworm-like conception of that truth which last night's adventure brought to so magnificent a demonstration.

"I arose at once, and putting the parchment securely away, dismissed all farther reflection until I should be alone.

"When you had gone, and when Jupiter was fast asleep, I betook myself to a more methodical investigation of the affair. In the first place I considered the manner in which the parchment had come into my possession. The spot where we discovered the *scarabæus* was on the coast of the mainland, about a mile eastward of the island, and but a short distance above high-water mark. Upon my taking hold of it, it gave me a sharp bite, which caused me to let it drop. Jupiter, with his accustomed caution, before seizing the insect, which had flown towards him, looked about him for a leaf, or something of that nature, by which to take hold of it. It was at this moment that his eyes, and mine also, fell upon the scrap of parchment, which I then supposed to be paper. It was lying half buried in the sand, a corner sticking up. Near the spot where we found it, I observed the remnants of the hull of what appeared to have been a ship's long boat. The wreck seemed to have been there for a very great while; for the resemblance to boat timbers could scarcely be traced.

“Well, Jupiter picked up the parchment, wrapped the beetle in it, and gave it to me. Soon afterwards we turned to go home, and on the way met Lieutenant G——. I showed him the insect, and he begged me to let him take it to the fort. Upon my consenting, he thrust it forthwith into his waistcoat pocket without the parchment in which it had been wrapped, and which I had continued to hold in my hand during his inspection. Perhaps he dreaded my changing my mind, and thought it best to make sure of the prize at once—you know how enthusiastic he is on all subjects connected with Natural History. At the same time, without being conscious of it, I must have deposited the parchment in my own pocket.

“You remember that when I went to the table, for the purpose of making a sketch of the beetle, I found no paper where it was usually kept. I looked in the drawer, and found none there. I searched my pockets, hoping to find an old letter, when my hand fell upon the parchment. I thus detail the precise mode in which it came into my possession; for the circumstances impressed me with peculiar force.

“No doubt you will think me fanciful—but I had already established a kind of *connection*. I had put together two links of a great chain. There was a boat lying upon a seacoast, and not far from the boat was a parchment—*not a paper*—with a skull depicted upon it. You will, of course, ask ‘Where is the connection?’ I reply that the skull, or death’s-head, is the well known emblem of the pirate. The flag of the death’s-head is hoisted in all engagements.

"I have said that the scrap was parchment, and not paper. Parchment is durable—almost imperishable. Matters of little moment are rarely consigned to parchment; since, for the mere ordinary purposes of drawing or writing, it is not nearly so well adapted as paper. This reflection suggested some meaning—some relevancy—in the death's-head.

"I did not fail to observe, also, the *form* of the parchment. Although one of its corners had been, by some accident, destroyed, it could be seen that the original form was oblong. It was just such a slip, indeed, as might have been chosen for a memorandum—for a record of something to be long remembered and carefully preserved."

"But," I interposed, "you say that the skull was *not* upon the parchment when you made the drawing of the beetle. How then do you trace any connection between the boat and the skull—since the latter, according to your own admission, must have been designed (God only knows how or by whom) at some period subsequent to your sketching the *scarabæus*?"

"Ah, hereupon turns the whole mystery; although the secret, at this point, I had comparatively little difficulty in solving. My steps were sure, and could afford but a single result. I reasoned, for example, thus: When I drew the *scarabæus*, there was no skull apparent upon the parchment. When I had completed the drawing I gave it to you, and observed you narrowly until you returned it. *You*, therefore, did not design the skull, and no one else was present to do it. Then it was not done by human agency. And nevertheless it was done.

“At this stage of my reflections I endeavored to remember, and *did* remember, with entire distinctness, every incident which occurred about the period in question. The weather was chilly (oh rare and happy accident!), and a fire was blazing upon the hearth. I was heated with exercise and sat near the table. You, however, had drawn a chair close to the chimney. Just as I placed the parchment in your hand, and as you were in the act of inspecting it, Wolf, the Newfoundland, entered and leaped upon your shoulders. With your left hand you caressed him and kept him off, while your right, holding the parchment, was permitted to fall listlessly between your knees, and in close proximity to the fire. At one moment I thought the blaze had caught it, and was about to caution you, but, before I could speak, you had withdrawn it, and were engaged in its examination. When I considered all these particulars, I doubted not for a moment that *heat* had been the agent in bringing to light, upon the parchment, the skull which I saw designed upon it. You are well aware that chemical preparations exist by means of which it is possible to write upon either paper or vellum, so that the characters shall become visible only when subjected to the action of fire. Zaffre, digested in *aqua regia*,⁸ and diluted with four times its weight of water, is sometimes employed; a green tint results. The regulus of cobalt, dissolved in spirit of nitre, gives a red. These colors disappear at longer or shorter intervals after the material written upon cools, but again becomes apparent upon the reapplication of heat.

8. A mixture of nitric and sulphuric acid. It was called *aqua regia* (*king's water*) because of its great power to dissolve metals.

"I now scrutinized the death's-head with care. Its outer edges—the edges of the drawing nearest the edge of the vellum—were far more *distinct* than the others. It was clear that the action of the caloric had been imperfect or unequal. I immediately kindled a fire, and subjected every portion of the parchment to a glowing heat. At first, the only effect was the strengthening of the faint lines in the skull; but, upon persevering in the experiment, there became visible, at the corner of the slip, diagonally opposite to the spot in which the death's-head was delineated, the figure of what I at first supposed to be a goat. A closer scrutiny, however, satisfied me that it was intended for a kid."

"Ha! ha!" said I, "to be sure I have no right to laugh at you—a million and a half of money is too serious a matter for mirth—but you are not about to establish a third link in your chain—you will not find any special connection between your pirates and a goat—pirates, you know, have nothing to do with goats; they appertain to the farming interest."

"But I have said that the figure was *not* that of a goat."

"Well, a kid then—pretty much the same thing."

"Pretty much, but not altogether," said Legrand. "You may have heard of one *Captain Kidd*. I at once looked upon the figure of the animal as a kind of punning or hieroglyphical signature. I say signature; because its position upon the vellum suggested this idea. The death's-head at the corner diagonally opposite had, in the same manner, the air of a stamp, or seal. But I was sorely put out by the absence of all else—of the body to my imagined instrument—of the text for my context."

"I presume you expected to find a letter between the stamp and the signature."

"Something of that kind. The fact is, I felt irresistibly impressed with a presentiment of some vast good fortune impending. I can scarcely say why. Perhaps, after all, it was rather a desire than an actual belief; but do you know that Jupiter's silly words, about the bug being of solid gold, had a remarkable effect upon my fancy? And then the series of accidents and coincidences—these were so *very* extraordinary. Do you observe how mere an accident it was that these events should have occurred upon the *sole* day of all the year in which it has been, or may be, sufficiently cool for fire, and that without the fire, or without the intervention of the dog at the precise moment in which he appeared, I should never have become aware of the death's-head, and so never the possessor of the treasure?"

"But proceed—I am all impatience."

"Well; you have heard, of course, the many stories current—the thousand vague rumors afloat about money buried, somewhere upon the Atlantic coast, by Kidd and his associates. These rumors must have had some foundation in fact. And that the rumors have existed so long and so continuous, could have resulted, it appeared to me, only from the circumstance of the buried treasure still *remaining* entombed. Had Kidd concealed his plunder for a time, and afterwards reclaimed it, the rumors would scarcely have reached us in their present unvarying form. You will observe that the stories told are all about money-seekers, not about money-finders. Had the pirate recovered his money, there the affair would have dropped. It seemed to me

that some accident—say the loss of a memorandum indicating its locality—had deprived him of the means of recovering it, and that this accident had become known to his followers, who otherwise might never have heard that treasure had been concealed at all, and who, busying themselves in vain, because unguided attempts, to regain it, had given first birth, and then universal currency, to the reports which are now so common. Have you ever heard of any important treasure being unearthed along the coast?”

“Never.”

“But that Kidd’s accumulations were immense is well known. I took it for granted, therefore, that the earth still held them; and you will scarcely be surprised when I tell you that I felt a hope, nearly amounting to certainty, that the parchment so strangely found, involved a lost record of the place of deposit.”

“But how did you proceed?”

“I held the vellum again to the fire, after increasing the heat; but nothing appeared. I now thought it possible that the coating of dirt might have something to do with the failure; so I carefully rinsed the parchment by pouring warm water over it, and, having done this, I placed it in a tin pan, with the skull downwards, and put the pan upon a furnace of lighted charcoal. In a few minutes, the pan having become thoroughly heated, I removed the slip, and, to my inexpressible joy, found it spotted, in several places, with what appeared to be figures arranged in lines. Again I placed it in the pan, and suffered it to remain another minute. Upon taking it off, the whole was just as you see it now.”

Here Legrand, having reheated the parchment, submitted it to my inspection. The following characters were rudely traced, in a red tint, between the deaths' head and the goat:

53‡‡‡305)) 6*;4826) 4‡.) 4‡) ;806*;48†8¶60)) 85;
1‡) ;;‡*8†83(88) 5*†;46(;88*96*?;8) *‡(;485) ;5*†
2:*‡(;4956*2(5*—4) 8¶8*;4069285) ;) 6†8) 4‡‡‡;1(
†9;48081;8:8†1;48†85;4) 485†528806*81(‡9;48; (8
8;4(‡?34;48) 4‡;161;:188;‡?;

"But," said I, returning him the slip, "I am as much in the dark as ever. Were all the jewels of Golconda awaiting me upon my solution of this enigma, I am quite sure that I should be unable to earn them."

"And yet," said Legrand, "the solution is by no means so difficult as you might be led to imagine from the first hasty inspection of the characters. These characters, as any one might readily guess, form a cipher—that is to say, they convey a meaning: but then, from what is known of Kidd, I could not suppose him capable of constructing any of the more abstruse cryptographs. I made up my mind, at once, that this was of a simple species—such, however, as would appear, to the crude intellect of the sailor, absolutely insoluble without the key."

"And you really solved it?"

"Readily; I have solved others of an abstruseness ten thousand times greater. Circumstances, and a certain bias of mind, have led me to take interest in such riddles, and it may well be doubted whether human ingenuity can construct an enigma of the kind which human ingenuity may not, by proper application, resolve. In fact, having once established connected and legible characters, I scarcely

gave a thought to the mere difficulty of developing their import.

“In the present case—indeed in all cases of secret writing—the first question regards the *language* of the cipher; for the principles of solution, so far, especially, as the more simple ciphers are concerned, depend upon, and are varied by, the genius of the particular idiom. In general, there is no alternative but experiment (directed by probabilities) of every tongue known to him who attempts the solution, until the true one be attained. But, with the cipher now before us, all difficulty was removed by the signature.

“The pun upon the word ‘Kidd’ is appreciable in no other language than the English. But for this consideration I should have begun my attempts with the Spanish and French, as the tongues in which a secret of this kind would most naturally have been written by a pirate of the Spanish main. As it was, I assumed the cryptograph to be English.

“You observe there are no divisions between the words. Had there been divisions, the task would have been comparatively easy. In such case I should have commenced with a collation and analysis of the shorter words, and had a word of a single letter occurred, as is most likely (*a* or *I*, for example), I should have considered the solution as assured.

“But, there being no division, my first step was to ascertain the predominant letters, as well as the least frequent. Counting all, I constructed a table thus:

Of the character 8 there are 33.

;	“	26.
4	“	19.
†)	“	16.
*	“	13.
5	“	12.
6	“	11.

Of the character †1 there are 8.

0	“	6.
92	“	5.
:3	“	4.
?	“	3.
¶	“	2.
—.	“	1.

“Now, in English, the letter which most frequently occurs is *e*. Afterwards, the succession runs thus: *a o i d h n r s t u y c f g l m w b k p q x z*. *E* predominates so remarkably that an individual sentence of any length is rarely seen, in which it is not the prevailing character.

“Here, then, we have, in the very beginning, the groundwork for something more than a mere guess. The general use which may be made of the table is obvious—but in this particular cipher we shall only very partially require its aid. As our predominant character is 8, we will commence by assuming it as the *e* of the natural alphabet. To verify the supposition, let us observe if the 8 be seen often in couples—for *e* is doubled with great frequency in English—in such words, for example, as ‘meet,’ ‘fleet,’ ‘speed,’ ‘seen,’ ‘been,’ ‘agree,’ etc. In the present instance we see it doubled no less than five times, although the cryptograph is brief.

“Let us assume 8 then, as *e*. Now, of all *words* in the language, ‘the’ is most usual; let us see, therefore, whether there are not repetitions of any three characters, in the same order of collocation, the last of them being 8. If we discover repetitions of such letters, so arranged, they will most probably represent the word ‘the.’ Upon inspection, we find no less than seven such arrangements, the characters being ;48. We may, therefore, assume that ; represents *t*, 4 represents *h*, and 8 represents *e*—the last being now well confirmed. Thus a great step has been taken.

“But, having established a single word, we are enabled to establish a vastly important point; that is to say, several commencements and terminations of other words. Let us refer, for example, to the last instance but one, in which the combination ;48 occurs—not far from the end of the cipher. We know that the ; immediately ensuing is the commencement of a word, and, of the six characters succeeding this ‘the,’ we are cognizant of no less than five. Let us set these characters down, thus, by the letters we know them to represent, leaving a space for the unknown—

t eeth.

“Here we are enabled, at once, to discard the ‘*th*,’ as forming no portion of the word commencing with the first *t*; since, by experiment of the entire alphabet for a letter adapted to the vacancy, we perceive that no word can be formed of which this *th* can be a part. We are thus narrowed into:

t ee,

and, going through the alphabet, if necessary, as before, we arrive at the word ‘tree,’ as the sole

possible reading. We thus gain another letter *r*, represented by (, with the words 'the tree' in juxtaposition.

"Looking beyond these words, for a short distance, we again see the combination ;48, and employ it by way of *termination* to what immediately precedes. We have thus this arrangement:

the tree ;4 (‡ ? 34 the,

or, substituting the natural letters, where known, it reads thus:

the tree thr ‡ ? 3h the,

"Now, if, in place of the unknown characters, we leave blank spaces, or substitute dots, we read thus:

the tree thr. . . h the,

when the word 'through' makes itself evident at once. But this discovery gives us three new letters, *o*, *u* and *g*, represented by ‡ ? and 3.

"Looking now, narrowly, through the cipher for combinations of known characters, we find, not very far from the beginning, this arrangement:

83 (88, or egree,

which, plainly, is the conclusion of the word 'degree,' and gives us another letter, *d*, represented by †. Four letters beyond the word 'degree,' we perceive the combination:

;46 (;88.

"Translating the known characters, and representing the unknown by dots, as before, we read thus:

th.rtee,

an arrangement immediately suggestive of the word 'thirteen,' and again furnishing us with two new characters *i* and *n*, represented by 6 and *.

“Referring, now, to the beginning of the cryptograph, we find the combination,

53†††.

“Translating, as before, we obtain

.good,

which assures us that the first letter is *A*, and that the first two words are ‘*A good.*’

“It is now time that we arrange our key, as far as discovered, in a tabular form, to avoid confusion. It will stand thus:

5 represents a

† “ d

8 “ e

3 “ g

4 “ h

6 represents i

* “ n

† “ o

(“ r

: “ t

“We have, therefore, no less than ten of the most important letters represented, and it will be unnecessary to proceed with the details of the solution. I have said enough to convince you that ciphers of this nature are readily soluble, and to give you some insight into the *rationale*⁹ of their development. But be assured that the specimen before us appertains to the very simplest species of cryptograph. It now only remains to give you the full translation of the characters upon the parchment, as unriddled. Here it is:

“ ‘*A good glass in the bishop’s hostel in the devil’s seat forty-one degrees and thirteen minutes north-east and by north main branch seventh limb east side shoot from the left eye of the death’s-head a bee line from the tree through the shot fifty feet out.*’ ”

9. Systematic method.

"But," said I, "the enigma seems still in as bad a condition as ever. How is it possible to extort a meaning from all this jargon about 'devil's seats,' 'death's-heads,' and 'bishop's hotels'?"

"I confess," replied Legrand, "that the matter still wears a serious aspect, when regarded with a casual glance. My first endeavor was to divide the sentence into the natural divisions intended by the cryptographist."

"You mean to punctuate it?"

"Something of that kind."

"But how was it possible to effect this?"

"I reflected that it had been a *point* with the writer to run his words together without division, so as to increase the difficulty of solution. Now, a not over-acute man, in pursuing such an object, would be nearly certain to overdo the matter. When, in the course of his composition, he arrived at a break in his subject which would naturally require a pause, or a point, he would be exceedingly apt to run his characters, at this place, more than usually close together. If you will observe the MS. in the present instance you will easily detect five such cases of unusual crowding. Acting upon this hint, I made the division thus:

"A good glass in the bishop's hostel in the devil's seat—forty-one degrees and thirteen minutes—northeast and by north—main branch seventh limb east side—shoot from the left eye of the death's head—a bee line from the tree through the shot fifty feet out."

"Even this division," said I, "leaves me still in the dark."

"It left me also in the dark," replied Legrand, "for a few days; during which I made diligent inquiry, in the neighborhood of Sullivan's Island, for any building which went by the name of the 'Bishop's Hotel'; for, of course, I dropped the obsolete word 'hostel.' Gaining no information on the subject, I was on the point of extending my sphere of search, and proceeding in a more systematic manner, when, one morning, it entered into my head, quite suddenly, that this 'Bishop's Hostel' might have some reference to an old family, of the name of Bessop, which, time out of mind, had held possession of an ancient manor-house, about four miles to the northward of the Island. I accordingly went over to the plantation, and re-instituted my inquiries among the older negroes of the place. At length one of the most aged of the women said that she had heard of such a place as *Bessop's Castle*, and thought that she could guide me to it, but that it was not a castle, nor a tavern, but a high rock.

"I offered to pay her well for her trouble, and, after some demur, she consented to accompany me to the spot. We found it without much difficulty, when, dismissing her, I proceeded to examine the place. The 'castle' consisted of an irregular assemblage of cliffs and rocks—one of the latter being quite remarkable for its height as well as for its insulated and artificial appearance. I clambered to its apex, and then felt much at a loss as to what should be next done.

"While I was busied in reflection my eyes fell upon a narrow ledge in the eastern face of the rock, perhaps a yard below the summit upon which I stood. This ledge projected about eighteen inches

and was not more than a foot wide, while a niche in the cliff just above it, gave it a rude resemblance to one of the hollow-backed chairs used by our ancestors. I made no doubt that here was the 'devil's seat' alluded to in the MS., and now I seemed to grasp the full secret of the riddle.

"The 'good glass,' I knew, could have reference to nothing but a telescope; for the word 'glass' is rarely employed in any other sense by seamen. Now here, I at once saw, was a telescope to be used, and a definite point of view, *admitting no variation*, from which to use it. Nor did I hesitate to believe that the phrases, 'forty-one degrees and thirteen minutes,' and 'northeast and by north,' were intended as directions for the leveling of the glass. Greatly excited by these discoveries, I hurried home, procured a telescope, and returned to the rock.

"I let myself down to the ledge, and found that it was impossible to retain a seat upon it except in one particular position. This fact confirmed my preconceived idea. I proceeded to use the glass. Of course, the 'forty-one degrees and thirteen minutes' could allude to nothing but elevation above the visible horizon, since the horizontal direction was clearly indicated by the words, 'northeast and by north.' This latter direction I at once established by means of a pocket-compass; then, pointing the glass as nearly at an angle of forty-one degrees of elevation as I could do it by guess, I moved it cautiously up or down, until my attention was arrested by a circular rift or opening in the foliage of a large tree that overtopped its fellows in the distance. In the center of this rift I perceived a white spot, but could not, at first, distinguish what

it was. Adjusting the focus of the telescope, I again looked, and now made it out to be a human skull.

“Upon this discovery I was so sanguine as to consider the enigma solved; for the phrase ‘main branch, seventh limb, east side,’ could refer only to the position of the skull upon the tree, while ‘shoot from the left eye of the death’s-head,’ admitted also of but one interpretation, in regard to a search for buried treasure. I perceived that the design was to drop a bullet from the left eye of the skull, and that a bee-line, or, in other words, a straight line, drawn from the nearest point of the trunk through ‘the shot’ (or the spot where the bullet fell), and hence extended to a distance of fifty feet, would indicate a definite point—and beneath this point I thought it at least *possible* that a deposit of value lay concealed.”

“All this,” I said, “is exceedingly clear, and, although ingenious, still simple and explicit. When you left the Bishop’s Hotel, what then?”

“Why, having carefully taken the bearings of the tree, I turned homewards. The instant that I left the ‘devil’s seat,’ however, the circular rift vanished; nor could I get a glimpse of it afterwards, turn as I would. What seems to me the chief ingenuity in this whole business is the fact (for repeated experiment has convinced me it *is* a fact) that the circular opening in question is visible from no other attainable point of view than that afforded by the narrow ledge upon the face of the rock.

“In this expedition to the ‘Bishop’s Hotel’ I had been attended by Jupiter, who had no doubt observed for some weeks past the abstraction of my

demeanor, and took especial care not to leave me alone. But, on the next day getting up very early, I contrived to give him the slip, and went into the hills in search of the tree. After much toil I found it. When I came home at night my valet proposed to give me a flogging. With the rest of the adventure I believe you are as well acquainted as myself."

"I suppose," said I, "you missed the spot, in the first attempt at digging, through Jupiter's stupidity in letting the bug fall through the right instead of through the left eye of the skull."

"Precisely. This mistake made a difference of about two inches and a half in the 'shot'—that is to say, in the position of the peg nearest the tree; and had the treasure been *beneath* the 'shot,' the error would have been of little moment; but the 'shot,' together with the nearest point of the tree, were merely two points for the establishment of a line of direction; of course the error, however trivial in the beginning, increased as we proceeded with the line, and by the time we had gone fifty feet, threw us quite off the scent. But for my deep-seated impressions that treasure was here somewhere actually buried, we might have had all our labor in vain."

"But your grandiloquence, and your conduct in swinging the beetle—how excessively odd! I was sure you were mad. And why did you insist upon letting fall the bug, instead of a bullet, from the skull?"

"Why, to be frank, I felt somewhat annoyed by your evident suspicions touching my sanity, and so resolved to punish you quietly, in my own way, by a little bit of sober mystification. For this reason I swung the beetle, and for this reason I let it fall

from the tree. An observation of yours about its great weight suggested the latter idea."

"Yes, I perceive; and now there is only one point which puzzles me. What are we to make of the skeletons found in the hole?"

"That is a question I am no more able to answer than yourself. There seems, however, only one plausible way of accounting for them—and yet it is dreadful to believe in such atrocity as my suggestion would imply. It is clear that Kidd—if Kidd indeed secreted this treasure, which I doubt not—it is clear that he must have had assistance in the labor. But this labor concluded, he may have thought it expedient to remove all participants in his secret. Perhaps a couple of blows with a mattock were sufficient, while his coadjutors were busy in the pit; perhaps it required a dozen—who shall tell?"

The Gold-Bug is one of Poe's best stories, and has for its readers a double interest. In the first place, it is an exciting story of a search for buried treasure; and in the second place, it gives vividly a splendid example of clear reasoning.

The author has separated the two interests completely, and narrates first the story of the finding of the treasure and follows this by an explanation of the processes by which Legrand convinced himself that treasure might be hidden there.

The following outline will put the main incidents of *The Gold-Bug* before you in such a way that you can quickly see the plot and understand how it was developed:

I. The Introduction.

1. William Legrand.

- a. His poverty.
- b. His island home.
- c. His servant, Jupiter.

2. My visit.
 - a. The scarab.
Legrand's sketch.
Resemblance to skull.
 - b. The disagreement.
3. Jupiter's call.
 - a. His master's condition.
 - b. The invitation.
- II. The Search for the Treasure.
 1. Fears of insanity.
 2. The journey.
 - a. The utensils.
 - b. By boat.
 - c. On foot.
 - d. The tree.
 3. Jupiter's climb.
 - a. Counting limbs.
 - b. Finding the skull.
 - c. Dropping the gold-bug.
 4. The search.
 - a. Locating the spot.
 - b. Digging.
 - c. Jupiter's mistake.
 - d. The second location.
 - e. Success.
 5. The return.
 6. Examining the treasure.
- III. How the Parchment was Translated.
 1. Discovery of the second drawing.
 2. The use of heat.
 3. Finding the picture of the kid.
 4. The characters deciphered.
 5. Translating the inscription.
 - a. Letters:
 - b. Separation of words and sentences.
 - c. The search for the *Bishop's Hostel*.
 - d. Finding the *Devil's Seat*.
 - e. The location of the tree.
- IV. The meaning of the Skeletons.

THE VISION OF MIRZA

By JOSEPH ADDISON

NOTE.—Robert Burns has said that the earliest composition that he recollected taking any pleasure in was *The Vision of Mirza*. If it pleased Robert Burns, it will be pleasing to us. It formed 159 of *The Spectator*, a periodical, each number of which consisted of a single literary essay. *The Vision* was dated September 1, 1711, and appeared about five months after the paper started. *The Spectator* was at first a daily, and was printed with regularity for a little more than a year and a half, when it was discontinued, to reappear for a short life about two years later.



WHEN I was at Grand Cairo, I picked up several Oriental manuscripts, which I have still by me.¹ Among others, I met with one entitled “The Visions of Mirza,” which I have read with great pleasure. I intend to give it to the public when I have no other entertain-

ment for them, and shall begin with the first vision, which I have translated word for word, as follows:

On the fifth day of the moon—which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always keep holy—after having washed myself and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of

1. We need not suppose that Addison actually found such manuscripts, or that what he gives us is a translation from one of them. The Orientals believe in visions, and their literature is full of references to them. The name *Mirza* and the suggestion of an Oriental vision give Addison a chance to let his own imagination run more freely, and pave the way for his figurative narrative.

Bagdat, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer.² As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountain, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and, passing from one thought to another, "Surely," said I, "man is but a shadow, and life a dream."

While I was musing, I cast my eyes towards the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a little musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him, he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceedingly sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that was inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from anything I had ever heard. They put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in paradise, to wear out the impressions of the last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasure of that happy place.³ My heart melted away in secret raptures.

I had often been told that the rock before me was the haunt of a genius,⁴ and that several had been entertained with music who passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the

2. These are the acts of a devout Mohammedan, and make a fitting introduction to an Oriental story.

3. This comparison is in keeping with the Oriental character of the story. Are there other places in *The Vision* where we can recognize Eastern imagery and feel that Addison remembers that he is writing as an Oriental, or that this is after all a translation from an Arabic manuscript?

4. A genius, in this sense, is a spirit, good or bad, that attends on human beings, helping or hindering them.

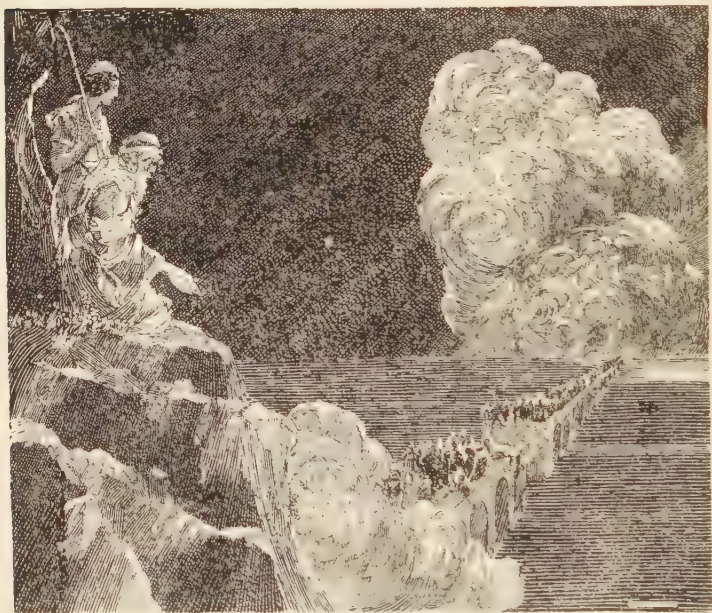
pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and by the waving of his hand, directed me to approach the place where he sat.

I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature; and, as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and, taking me by the hand, "Mirza," said he, "I have heard thee in thy soliloquies. Follow me!"

He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and, placing me on the top of it, "Cast thine eyes eastward," said he, "and tell me what thou seest." "I see," said I, "a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water running through it." "The valley that thou seest," said he, "is the vale of misery, and the tide of water that thou seest is part of the great tide of eternity." "What is the reason," said I, "that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other?" "What thou seest," said he, "is that portion of eternity which is called Time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation."

"Examine now," said he, "this sea that is bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it." "I see a bridge," said I, "standing in the midst of the tide." "The bridge thou seest," said he, "is Human Life; consider it at-

tentively.” Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of three-score and ten entire arches,⁵ with several broken arches, which, added to those that were entire, made up the number to about a hundred.⁶ As I was counting the arches, the



“THE BRIDGE IS HUMAN LIFE”

genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches, but that a great flood swept away the rest,⁷ and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it.

“But tell me further,” said he, “what thou discoverest on it.” “I see multitudes of people passing

5. Why should there be three-score and ten arches in this bridge?

6. What do the broken arches signify, and why should the number be about one hundred?

7. To what does Addison refer here?

over it," said I, "and a black cloud hanging on each end of it." As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and, upon further examination, perceived there were innumerable trapdoors⁸ that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon but they fell through them into the tide, and immediately disappeared. These hidden pitfalls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge,⁹ so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud, but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner toward the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together toward the end of the arches that were entire.

There were, indeed, some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through, one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.¹⁰ I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at everything that stood by them to save themselves.¹¹ Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture,

8. What, in reality, are some of the trapdoors that lie concealed in the bridge of life?

9. Do more human beings die in infancy than at any other time till near the end of the three-score years and ten?

10. Do very old people remind you of a person tired and spent with a long walk? Can you think of them as climbing on the broken arches?

11. Have you ever known any instances of this sort?

and, in the midst of speculation, stumbled, and fell out of sight.¹²

Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles¹³ that glittered in their eyes and danced before them; but often, when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed, and down they sank. In this confusion of objects I observed some with cimeters¹⁴ in their hands, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons on trapdoors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped had they not been thus forced upon them.

The genius, seeing me indulge myself on this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it. "Take thine eyes off the bridge," said he, "and tell me if thou seest anything thou dost not comprehend." Upon looking up, "What mean," said I, "those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and, among many other feathered creatures, several little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches." "These," said the genius, "are Envy, Avarice, Superstition, Despair, Love, with the like cares and passions that infest Human Life."¹⁵

12. Does Addison mean to convey in this, that we should not be so wrapped up in thinking about being good that we forget to care for our health, or that death comes even to the most devout?

13. Do you think one of these bubbles represented great riches? What do you think some of the others were?

14. Who were the persons with these curved swords in their hands? Can you think of different classes of people that might be said to be pushing others to death?

15. Which of the cares and passions that infest human life did the little winged boys represent?

I here fetched a deep sigh. "Alas," said I, "man was made in vain! How is he given away to misery and mortality!—tortured in life, and swallowed up in death!" The genius, being moved in compassion toward me, bade me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. "Look no more," said he, "on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity, but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it." I directed my sight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate) I saw the valley opening at the farther end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts.

The clouds still rested on one-half of it, inso-much that I could discover nothing in it; but the other appeared to me a vast ocean planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits, with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, or resting on beds of flowers, and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene.

I wished for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to those happy seats; but the genius told me there was no passage to them except through the gates of death that I saw opening every moment

upon the bridge. "The islands," said he, "that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the sea-shore; there are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching farther than thine eye, or even thine imagination, can extend itself.

"These are the mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them. Every island is a paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirza! habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable, that gives the opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him." I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands.

At length said I: "Show me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant." The genius making me no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me. I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating, but, instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long, hollow valley of Bagdat, with oxen, sheep, and camels grazing upon the sides of it.



BEFORE HIS PALACE IN THE SUN HE SAT TO
SEE HIS PEOPLE PASS

Pippa Passes

PIPPA PASSES

Adapted from THE DRAMA BY ROBERT BROWNING

WHO PIPPA¹ WAS



AMONG the silk-winders who worked in the mills of the Italian city of Asolo² was a young girl of thirteen or fourteen years named Felippa, but better known as Pippa. Like the other peasants among whom she toiled, she was forced by her poverty to wear ragged clothes and to go about hatless and barefoot; yet her beauty and her natural grace were so rare that, on meeting her, you would soon forget how torn and faded was her dress, in wondering what it was that drew you to her with such kindly admiration. As you looked more closely you would find that not a little of the charm of her appearance lay in the rich olive brown of her cheeks and in the luster of her black hair that waved back lightly from her intelligent face. But almost surely you would dis-

1. This character was created by the poet Robert Browning for the leading part in his drama *Pippa Passes*, published in 1841. Doubtless you will sometime wish to study the entire poem, for it is one of the most thoroughly poetic and thought-stimulating of literary productions; but now perhaps you will be interested in scarcely more than the story contained in the little play and in the character of the principal person in that story. Hence the extracts that are quoted are taken mostly from the parts in which Pippa speaks or sings, and these passages are bound together by an outline of the omitted portions.

2. Asolo, in northeastern Italy. The city and the surrounding country are famous for the production of great quantities of silk.

cover that your interest had been chiefly attracted by her large, dark eyes.

So wonderful were Pippa's eyes that you could never find all that they expressed. If you tried to read their meaning they would tell you much of the play-dreams with which the little girl relieved the long, monotonous hours spent in the silk-mills. In these games of the fancy, you could well believe, Pippa's thoughts would wander far away from the work of her deft fingers, and she would then become her own little mistress, free to take her pleasure where she chose.

Sometimes, perhaps, she would steal away in imagination from the "wearisome silk-winding, coil on coil," far into the depths of the silent woods, where she could close her eyes, and rest under the shelter of the friendly trees. Probably a favorite game was to pretend that she was rich old Luca, owner of ten silk-mills. She would not be hard-hearted like Luca, though, but would go about among the silk-workers giving freely of her plenty and even more bountifully of kindly words and looks. At such times her eyes would shine with the soft radiance that never quite left them.

Yet Pippa was not a mere dreamer. She could not afford to be idle-minded, for she needed to make her own way in the world. Indeed, in thus providing for herself she must have become more practical than many other girls. However, if she seems to be unusually fanciful and old-fashioned, remember that she lived alone and had to make her own thoughts take the place of friends and teachers.

INTRODUCTORY SCENE



It is scarcely an hour past dawn on New Year's Day³ in Asolo. Pippa springs lightly from her bed and, as she dresses, gazes with eager interest through the window that opens toward the east. There, far across the valley that lies between, for Asolo is built on a hillside, the sun is mounting above a somber cloud and filling the world with its brightness. So clear is the air that were you looking straight to the southward you could see the city of Padua, lying twenty-five miles distant; and so blue is the sky that you can think only of the blue of deep waters, softened of all its glare. Across a corner of the window extends a branch of a mulberry tree swaying so slightly that it flutters the leaves with a gentle beckoning motion, as if it were calling Pippa into the gladness of the out-of-door world. On the window sill is blooming a flame-red martagon⁴ that glows in the brilliance of the sunshine.

By contrast with the cheerful scene outside, the great, bare room that Pippa calls her home seems more than usually plain and dingy. It is an uncarpeted attic, and meagerly furnished with scarcely more than a cheap little bed, an unsteady table bearing a pitcher and a basin, an old cupboard in one corner, and a battered chair or two. Yet not even the dreariness of these surroundings nor the

3. New Year's Day in Italy, it must be remembered, may be like a warm spring day in the more northerly latitudes of the United States.

4. A martagon is a kind of lily.

scantiness of the meal of bread and milk, which is all that the nearly empty cupboard shelves afford, can take away the least part of the joy she feels in this day's freedom, for is it not her only holiday, the one brief vacation allowed the silk-workers through all the long twelve months? This day is her own, to do with as she likes. Not one of the bright hours shall be wasted, not even one of the precious moments shall be lost. Thus musing to herself, Pippa welcomes her New Year's Day:

“Thy long blue solemn hours serenely flowing,
Whence earth, we feel, gets steady help and
good—

Thy fitful sunshine-minutes, coming, going,
In which earth turns from work in gamesome
mood—

All shall be mine! But thou must treat me not
As the prosperous are treated, those who live
At hand here, and enjoy the higher lot,
In readiness to take what thou wilt give,
And free to let alone what thou refusest;
For, Day, my holiday, if thou ill-usest
Me, who am only Pippa—old-year's sorrow,
Cast off last night, will come again to-morrow:
Whereas, if thou prove gentle, I shall borrow
Sufficient strength of thee for new-year's sorrow.
All other men and women that this earth
Belongs to, who all days alike possess,
Make general plenty cure particular dearth,⁵
Get more joy one way, if another less:
Thou art my single day God lends to leaven

5. “Make general plenty cure particular dearth”—that is, “let particular loss or disappointment be forgotten in enjoying the many opportunities of pleasure that come to one.”

What were all earth else with a feel⁶ of heaven;
Sole light that helps me through the year, thy
sun's!

Try, now! Take Asolo's Four Happiest Ones—
And let thy morning rain on that superb
Great haughty Ottima, can rain disturb
Her Sebald's homage? All the while thy rain
Beats fiercest on her shrub-house window-pane,
He will but press the closer, breathe more warm
Against her cheek; how should she mind the
storm?

And, morning past, if midday shed a gloom
O'er Jules and Phene, what care bride and groom
Save for their dear selves? 'Tis their marriage-
day;

And while they leave church, and go home their
way

Hand clasping hand, within each breast would be
Sunbeams and pleasant weather spite of thee.

Then, for another trial, obscure thy eve
With mist, will Luigi and his mother grieve—
The lady and her child, unmatched, forsooth,
She in her age, as Luigi in his youth,
For true content? The cheerful town, warm,
close,

And safe, the sooner that thou art morose,
Receives them! And yet once again, outbreak
In storm at night on Monsignor they make
Such stir about—whom they expect from Rome
To visit Asolo, his brother's home,
And say here masses proper to release
A soul from pain—what storm dares hurt his
peace?

6. *Feel* here means *feeling*.

Calm would he pray, with his own thoughts to
ward

Thy thunder off, nor want the angels' guard.
But Pippa—just one such mischance would spoil
Her day that lightens the next twelvemonth's toil
At wearisome silk-winding, coil on coil!

“And here I let time slip for nought!
Aha, you foolhardy sunbeam, caught
With a single splash from my ewer!⁷
You that would mock the best pursuer,
Was my basin overdeep?
One splash of water ruins you asleep,
And up, up, fleet your brilliant bits
Wheeling and counterwheeling,
Reeling, broken beyond healing—
Now grow together on the ceiling!
That will task your wits.
Whoever it was quenched fire first, hoped to see
Morsel after morsel flee
As merrily, as giddily—
Meantime, what lights my sunbeam on?
Where settles by degrees the radiant cripple?⁸
Oh, is it surely blown, my martagon?
New-blown and ruddy as Saint Agnes'⁹ nipple,
Plump as the flesh-bunch on some Turk bird's
poll!¹⁰

7. A *ewer* is a water pitcher, especially one used to provide water for the toilet.

8. *Radiant cripple*, the broken sunbeam.

9. Saint Agnes, a Christian martyr, beheaded in the reign of the Roman emperor Diocletian. Her great beauty brought her many suitors, all of whom, however, she refused because of her consecration to the Christian life.

10. *The flesh-bunch on some Turk bird's poll*, the crest on the bird's head.

Be sure if corals, branching 'neath the ripple
 Of ocean, bud there, fairies watch unroll
 Such turban flowers; I say, such lamps disperse
 Thick red flame through that dusk green uni-
 verse!¹¹

I am queen of thee, floweret;
 And each fleshy blossom
 Preserve I not—safer
 Than leaves that embower it,
 Or shell that embosom—
 From weevil and chafer?¹²
 Laugh through my pane, then; solicit the bee;
 Gibe¹³ him, be sure; and, in midst of thy glee,
 Love thy queen, worship me!

“Worship whom else? For am I not, this day,
 Whate'er I please? What shall I please to-day?
 My morning, noon, eve, night—how spend my
 day?

To-morrow I must be Pippa who winds silk,
 The whole year round, to earn just bread and
 milk:

But, this one day, I have leave to go,
 And play out my fancy's fullest games;
 I may fancy all day—and it shall be so—
 That I taste of the pleasures, am called by the
 names

Of the Happiest Four in our Asolo!”

Eager to play her game, she looks up the hill-
 side toward Ottima's dwelling, and begins to fancy

11. “Such lamps disperse . . . universe.” The coral budding in such turban-flowers as the martagon, is likened to lamps sending thick red flame through the shadowy green depths of the ocean.

12. The weevil and the chafer are kinds of beetles. Many varieties of the former are especially injurious to plants.

13. *Gibe* means *mock at*.

that she herself is the proud mistress of the home and is ardently loved by Sebald. Soon, however, she decides,

“there’s better love I know!

This foolish love was only day’s first offer.”

Then, her thought turning to Jules and the beautiful Greek girl who is soon to become his bride, she exclaims:



“I MAY FANCY ALL DAY AND IT SHALL BE SO”

“Why should not I be the bride as soon
As Ottima?”

Surely one would wish to be, like Phene, sheltered from all that makes life harsh and ugly. And one might envy the lily-like fairness of the young girl’s beauty. Yet after all, is it not better to be a little peasant girl free to love deeply and to feel the warmth of true affection than to be so cold and unresponsive as Phene appears? Thus reflecting, she concludes that had she

“leave to take or to refuse”

she would not choose to be the bride. Somehow the game is failing; it is not giving the pleasure she expected. She has not found the love that she is seeking, for it is true, she believes, that

“Lovers grow cold, men learn to hate their wives,
And only parents’ love can last our lives.”

Ah! then she would know such affection as that bestowed on the young boy Luigi by his devoted mother; and even a purer, broader love than that.

“Let me be cared about, kept out of harm,
And schemed for, safe in love as with a charm;
Let me be Luigi!—If I only knew
What was my mother’s face—my father, too!

“Nay, if you come to that, best love of all
Is God’s; then why not have God’s love befall
Myself as, in the palace by the Dome,¹⁴
Monsignor?—who to-night will bless the home
Of his dead brother; and God will bless in turn
That heart which beats, those eyes which mildly
burn

With love for all men! I, to-night at least,
Would be that holy and beloved priest.

“Now wait!—even I already seem to share
In God’s love: what does New-Year’s hymn de-
clare?

What other meaning do these verses bear?

“All service ranks the same with God,
If now, as formerly he trod
Paradise, his presence fills
Our earth, each only as God wills
Can work—God’s puppets, best and worst,
Are we; there is no last nor first.

14. *The Dome*, the old cathedral.

"Say not 'a small event!' Why 'small?'
 Costs it more pain that this ye call
 A 'great event' should come to pass,
 Than that? Untwine me from the mass
 Of deeds which make up life one deed
 Power shall fall short in it or exceed!"¹⁵

"And more of it and more of it!—oh, yes—
 I will pass each, and see their happiness,
 And envy none—being just as great, no doubt,
 Useful to men, and dear to God, as they!
 A pretty thing to care about
 So mightily, this single holiday!
 But let the sun shine! Wherefore repine?
 With thee to lead me, O Day of mine,
 Down the grass-path gray with dew,
 Under the pine-wood blind with boughs,
 Where the swallow never flew
 Nor yet cicala¹⁶ dared carouse—
 No, dared carouse! [She enters the street.]"

MORNING



IN one of the homes on the hillside a terrible scene has been enacted. Ottima, with the help of her lover Sebald, has put to death her husband, Luca, an old man for whom she had no affection. Although the guilty pair are trying to assure themselves that their love for each other is so great as to wipe out all

15. "Untwine me . . . or exceed" means "Separate for me (if you can), from the mass of deeds that make up life, one deed that is either greater or less in power than others."

16. The cicala, or cicada, is a kind of insect that makes a shrill sound by means of drum-like membranes under its wings. The American locust is a species of cicada.

remembrance of their crime, yet Sebald is from time to time almost overcome with regret and remorse. These signs of repentance, however, instead of moving Ottima to pity, cause her to fear the loss of her lover's regard. She is succeeding in recalling his affection when the outer stillness is broken by a clear young voice, singing of the pure joy of life. Pippa passes the shrub-house where



PIPPA PASSES THE SHRUB HOUSE

the lovers are concealed, and through the open window are borne lightly the words of her song:

“The year’s at the spring,
And day’s at the morn;
Morning’s at seven;
The hill-side’s dew-pearled:
The lark’s on the wing;
The snail’s on the thorn;
God’s in his heaven—
All’s right with the world!”

“God’s in his heaven! Do you hear that? Who spoke? You, you spoke!” exclaims Sebald, keen

remorse beginning to revive in his troubled thoughts.

But Ottima, wishing to check at once the startling effect of the little peasant girl's words, answers with indifference:

“Oh—that little ragged girl!
She must have rested on the step: we give them
But this one holiday the whole year round.
Did you ever see our silk-mills—their inside?
'There are ten silk-mills now belong to you.
She stoops to pick my double heart's-ease—Sh!
She does not hear: call you out louder!”

Sebald, however, scarcely heeds her words. The thought “God's in his heaven!” has taken such hold upon him that at length the full meaning of his crime becomes clear to him, and he even welcomes the punishment of torturing remorse. Then Ottima, too, affected by the great change in her lover, begins to repent, and prays God to be merciful to Sebald.

NOONTIME



PIPPA is now approaching the home of Jules, which overlooks Orcana valley. Several students of painting and sculpture are seen in hiding about the dwelling of the young artist, spying upon him as he returns with his bride from the church at Possagno. Moved by envy, these students have heartlessly tricked Jules into the belief that the young girl whom he has just wed is of high social station and is a patroness of art; whereas she is really very poor and of humble origin, though beautiful and graceful.

All unconscious of the eager curiosity of which he is the object, Jules leads his bride into her new home and there speaks long and ardently of his love for her. Apparently as unmoved as the statues that surround her, the girl continues to listen, until, overcome by her lover's earnestness, she tells him all about the cruel plot by which he has been deceived. Then, so violent a change takes place in the young sculptor's feelings that his passionate love gives way to indifference for his bride, and he can feel only hatred for those who have so basely betrayed him. Just as he is deciding to send Phene away and to seek revenge upon those who have wronged him, Pippa passes, blithely singing of "Kate the Queen." As the sweet tones float upward to Jules, he pauses to listen, though half unwillingly:

"Give her but a least excuse to love me!

When—where—

How—can this arm establish her above me,

If fortune fixed her as my lady there,

There already, to eternally reprove me?

('Hist!' said Kate the Queen;

But 'Oh!' cried the maiden, binding her tresses,

' 'Tis only a page that carols unseen,

Crumbling your hounds their messes!')¹⁷

"Is she wronged?—To the rescue of her honour,
My heart!

Is she poor?—What costs it to be styled a donor?

Merely an earth to cleave, a sea to part!

But that fortune should have thrust all this upon
her!

17. "Crumbling your hounds their messes," means "preparing food for your hounds."

(‘Nay, list!’ bade Kate the Queen;
And still cried the maiden, binding her tresses,
‘’Tis only a page that carols unseen
Fitting your hawks their jesses!’)’¹⁸

Jules has moved to the window, and as his eyes follow the little singer tripping along the street, he muses to himself,



“WHAT NAME WAS THAT THE LITTLE GIRL SANG FORTH?”

“What name was that the little girl sang forth?
Kate? The Cornaro,¹⁹ doubtless, who renounced
The crown of Cyprus to be lady here
At Asolo, where still her memory stays,

18. The allusion is to falconry, a favorite kind of entertainment in the Middle Ages. Trained hawks, held by long leashes, were allowed to range about in pursuit of game. The jesses were the straps of leather or silk bound about the legs of the hawks, bearing rings to which were attached the lines held by those engaging in the sport. The line means, then, binding the jesses about the hawk's legs.

19. *The Cornaro*. The allusion is to Caterina Cornaro, who upon the death of her husband became Queen of Cyprus in 1472. Seventeen years later Venice took control of the government of the little kingdom, and the Queen then went to live at the castle of Asolo.

And peasants sing how once a certain page
Pined for the grace of her so far above
His power of doing good to 'Kate the Queen'—
'She never could be wronged, be poor,' he sighed,
'Need him to help her!' ”²⁰

A queen, then, could humble herself for love's
sake. Shall he do less? No; let him give up his
proud resolve, accept instead the loving compan-
ionship of her whom he was about to send away,
and, with the past forgotten, remove to

“some isle

With the sea's silence on it; there
To begin art afresh.”

EVENING



AS the twilight deepens into night, the
young patriot Luigi, accompanied by
his mother, enters the Turret. They
are talking in low tones about the
dangerous mission on which Luigi is
about to go because of his ardent
patriotism,—a mission by which Italy
is to be freed from a despotic ruler. Fearing that
his enthusiasm is becoming madness, the mother
tries to persuade the boy to give up his project. To
her question: “Ah, will you let me tell you what
you are?” Luigi replies:

“Why not? Oh, the one thing you fear to hint,
You may assure yourself I say and say
Ever to myself. At times—nay, even as now
We sit—I think my mind is touched, suspect
All is not sound; but is not knowing that

20. The word *nor* is understood at the beginning of this line.

What constitutes one sane or otherwise?
I know I am thus—so all is right again.
I laugh at myself as through the town I walk,
And see men merry as if no Italy
Were suffering; then I ponder—‘I am rich,
Young, healthy; why should this fact trouble me
More than it troubles these?’ But it does trouble.
No, trouble’s a bad word; for as I walk
There’s springing and melody and giddiness,
And old quaint turns and passages of my youth,²¹
Dreams long forgotten, little in themselves,
Return to me—whatever may amuse me,
And earth seems in a truce with me, and heaven
Accords with me, all things suspend their strife,
The very cicala laughs ‘There goes he, and there!
Feast him, the time is short; he is on his way
For the world’s sake: feast him this once, our
friend!’

And in return for all this, I can trip
Cheerfully up the scaffold-steps. I go
This evening, mother!”

“But mistrust yourself—” counsels the mother;
“Mistrust the judgment you pronounce on him!”²²

“Oh, there I feel—am sure that I am right!” confidently replies the boy.

Still doubtful, the mother continues,

“Mistrust your judgment, then, of the mere
means

To this wild enterprise: say you are right,
How should one in your state e’er bring to pass

21. “And old quaint turns and passages of my youth,” odd little expressions or passages come upon in books read in youth or in childish experiences.

22. The reference is to the ruler who is oppressing Italy.

What would require a cool head, a cold heart,
And a calm hand? You never will escape."

"Escape?" cries Luigi, "to even wish that
would spoil all.

The dying is best part of it. Too much
Have I enjoyed these fifteen years of mine,
To leave myself excuse for longer life:
Was not life pressed down, running o'er with joy,
That I might finish with it ere my fellows
Who, sparelier feasted, make a longer stay?
I was put at the board-head, helped to all
At first; I rise up happy and content.
God must be glad one loves his world so much.
I can give news of earth to all the dead
Who ask me:—last year's sunsets, and great stars
That had a right to come first and see ebb
The crimson wave that drifts the sun away —
Those crescent moons with notched and burning
rims
That strengthened into sharp fire, and there stood,
Impatient of the azure²³—and that day
In March, a double rainbow stopped the storm—
May's warm, slow, yellow moonlit summer
nights—
Gone are they, but I have them in my soul!"

The mother, however, is not convinced, nor can she be made to feel that it is right for her loved child to sacrifice himself. After trying vainly to point out the foolhardiness of his plot, and the selfishness of a devotion to country that causes him to forget the grief of those who love him, she makes

23. "Impatient of the azure" means "eager for the blue of the sky to fade into the blackness of night."

use of her last resource. The young and beautiful Chiara is to visit them in June. Can Luigi give up the pleasure that he expects from this visit of his betrothed? Will not the expected delight prove stronger than his resolve to die for his country? Let him weaken, perhaps, for a moment: the influence that is abroad this New Year's day, finding its way to his heart through the song of the little peasant girl Pippa, will call him back to what he feels to be his duty:

"*Mother.* Chiara will love to see
That Jupiter an evening star next June.

"*Luigi.* True, mother. Well for those who live
through June!

Great noontides, thunder-storms, all glaring
pomps²⁴

Which triumph at the heels of June the God
Leading his revel thro' our leafy world.

Yes, Chiara will be here—

"*Mother.* In June: remember,
Yourself appointed that month for her coming.

"*Luigi.* Was that low noise the echo?

"*Mother.* The night-wind.
She must be grown—with her blue eyes upturned
As if life were one long and sweet surprise:

In June she comes.

"*Luigi.* We were to see together
The Titian²⁵ at Treviso.²⁶ There, again!

24. *Glaring pomps* means *brilliant displays* or *spectacles*.

25. Titian (1477-1576) was one of the greatest Italian painters. The artist is figuratively named, instead of one of his works.

26. Treviso, the capital of the province of the same name. The city is eighteen miles northwest of Venice and a little more than the same distance southeast of Asolo. In its medieval cathedral is to be found one of Titian's paintings.

(*From without is heard the voice of PIPPA singing.*)

“A king lived long ago,
In the morning of the world,
When earth was nigher heaven than now;
And the king’s locks curled,
Disparting²⁷ o’er a forehead full
As the milk-white space ’twixt horn and horn
Of some sacrificial bull—²⁸
Only calm as a babe new-born:
For he was got to a sleepy mood,
So safe from all decrepitude,
Age with its bane, so sure gone by—
The gods so loved him while he dreamed,
That, having lived thus long, there seemed
No need the king should ever die.

“*Luigi.* No need that sort of king should ever die!

“Among the rocks his city was:
Before his palace, in the sun,
He sat to see his people pass,
And judge them every one
From its threshold of smooth stone.
They haled him²⁹ many a valley-thief
Caught in the sheep-pens, robber-chief
Swarthy and shameless, beggar-cheat,
Spy-prowler, or rough pirate found
On the sea-sand left aground;
And sometimes clung about his feet,
With bleeding lip and burning cheek,

27. *Disparting* is an archaic word used to mean *parting*.

28. The allusion is to the ancient custom of sacrificing bullocks in religious ceremonies.

29. *Haled him* means *dragged*, or *pulled*, to him.

A woman, bitterest wrong to speak
 Of one with sullen thickset brows;
 And sometimes from the prison-house
 The angry priests a pale wretch brought,
 Who through some chink had pushed and
 pressed,
 On knees and elbows, belly and breast,
 Worm-like into the temple,—caught
 At last there by the very god,
 Who ever in the darkness strode
 Backward and forward, keeping watch
 O'er his brazen bowls, such rogues to catch!
 These, all and every one,
 The king judged, sitting in the sun.

“Luigi. That king should still judge sitting in
 the sun!

“His counsellors, on left and right,
 Looked anxious up,—but no surprise
 Disturbed the king's old smiling eyes,
 Where the very blue had turned to white.
 'Tis said, a Python³⁰ scared one day
 The breathless city, till he came,
 With forky tongue and eyes on flame,
 Where the old king sat to judge alway;
 But when he saw the sweepy hair,
 Girt with a crown of berries rare
 Which the god will hardly give to wear
 To the maiden who singeth, dancing bare
 In the altar-smoke by the pine-torch lights,
 At his wondrous forest rites—

30. The Python, in Greek mythology, was a terrible serpent who was believed to deliver oracles at Delphi. It was slain by Apollo. Hence the term has come to be applied to one who would govern through evil power.

Seeing this, he did not dare
Approach that threshold in the sun,
Assault the old king smiling there.
Such grace had kings when the world begun!
(PIPPA *passes*.)

"*Luigi*. And such grace have they, now that the world ends!

The Python at the city, on the throne,
And brave men, God would crown for slaying him,
Lurk in bye-corners lest they fall his prey.
Are crowns yet to be won, in this late time,
Which weakness makes me hesitate to reach?
'Tis God's voice calls, how could I stay? Fare-
well!"

NIGHT



ECLINING in his palace near the cathedral, Monsignor the bishop has just been served his evening meal. Meanwhile he is holding an interview with Maffeo, a knavish fellow who has helped one of the bishop's brothers, now dead, to do away with the heir of an elder brother, and thus to obtain a fortune. Monsignor is now demanding the charge of this property. But Maffeo, unwilling to give up his interest in the estate, tries to show the bishop that his wish cannot be carried out, since the heir to the possessions is still living,—is, in fact, "a little, black-eyed, pretty-singing Felippa, gay silk-winding girl." Then, not at all daunted after thus exposing the baseness by which Pippa has been deprived of her father's fortune, and anxious to win the bishop's favor, he proposes a cruel plot for removing the

unsuspecting girl and retaining the property that is rightly hers. Eager to gain the bishop's consent, he cries sharply, "Is it a bargain?" Just at that moment, Pippa passes, all unconscious of the terrible fate that is threatening her.

From the street below rises in clear tones her quaint little song:



OVERHEAD THE TREE-TOPS MEET

“Overhead the tree-tops meet,
 Flowers and grass spring 'neath one's feet;
 There was nought above me, nought below,
 My childhood had not learned to know;
 For what are the voices of birds—
 Ay, and of beasts—but words, our words,
 Only so much more sweet?
 The knowledge of that with my life begun.
 But I had so near made out the sun,
 And counted your stars, the seven and one;³¹
 Like the fingers of my hand:

31. *The seven and one*, probably the Pleiades and some other star that had especially attracted the singer's notice.

Nay, I could all but understand
Wherefore through heaven the white moon ranges;
And just when out of her soft fifty changes
No unfamiliar face might overlook me—
Suddenly God took me! (PIPPA *passes.*)”

Irresistibly, the sweet innocence of her words fills the bishop's heart with tenderness; and at the close, becoming terrified all at once by the returning thought of the evil plot in which he is asked to take part, he cries in his alarm:

“My people—one and all—all—within there!
Gag this villain—tie him hand and foot! He dares
—I know not half he dares—but remove him—
quick! *Miserere mei, Domine!*³² quick, I say!”

Shortly afterward, having “played out her fancy's fullest games,” Pippa returns to her room, tired after her long ramblings. As her holiday draws to an end she feels a little sad and disappointed. For how can she realize even in the least the greatness of the changes that her songs have brought about in the lives of the “Happiest Four in Asolo?” How can she know of the good fortune that is to transform so completely her own hard-working life?

“Oh, what a drear, dark close to my poor day!
How could that red sun drop in that black cloud?
Ah, Pippa, morning's rule³³ is moved away,
Dispensed with, never more to be allowed!
Day's turn is over—now arrives the night's.

[*After she has begun to undress herself.*

32. *Miserere mei, Domine! Have mercy on me, O Lord!*

33. *Morning's rule*—that is, the brightness and cheerfulness shown by nature, in the morning hours.

Now, one thing I should like to really know:
How near I ever might approach all these
I only fancied being, this long day—
Approach, I mean, so as to touch them, so
As to—in some way—move them—if you please,
Do good or evil to them some slight way.
For instance, if I wind
Silk to-morrow, my silk may bind

[*Sitting on the bedside.*

And broider Ottima's cloak's hem.
Ah, me and my important part with them,
This morning's hymn half promised when I rose!
True in some sense or other, I suppose.

[*As she lies down.*

God bless me! I can pray no more to-night.
No doubt, some way or other, hymns say right.
All service ranks the same with God—
With God, whose puppets, best and worst,
Are we: there is no last nor first.

[*She sleeps.*"]

Even though we have not really seen the curtain going down while Pippa sleeps in the big, cheerless room, we are sure to think more about her and wonder what kind of a girl she becomes after Maffeo is forced to give her the fortune of which she has been heartlessly cheated. Do you suppose that she could grow to be like the proud Ottima, who looks with such scorn and indifference upon the poor silk-winding girls? Though we cannot be sure, do we not feel that even if Pippa were to become the mistress of a great house and many servants, she would still treat with humble sympathy the working-people among whom she has lived, and would keep on believing that "All service ranks the same with God?"

Sometimes it is interesting to think out why it is that we like a person in a story just as we like our real friends. Probably one of the chief reasons for our liking Pippa is

that she is so cheerful and plucky. Of course, some one may say, it was the day of all days in the year when she would be cheerful, and even at that she was somewhat inclined to complain and to be sad when her holiday came to a close. Yet do you think that Pippa would seem real if she had gone to bed just as joyful as she was when she arose, although for all she knew she must keep on working day after day, and month after month, to earn a bare living?

Then another especially likable thing is that Pippa is not one of the "goody-goody" sort of story-book girls. She has a very amiable disposition and is naturally so loving that she wishes deeply to make other people happy. Yet does she ever act as if she took credit to herself for these attractive qualities? Does she not very simply look upon herself as neither better than other people nor perhaps inferior to them? Notice again her words:

"I will pass each, and see their happiness,
And envy none—being just as great, no doubt,
Useful to men, and dear to God as they!"

Probably every one will agree that Pippa was a quaint little person. She seems to have known so much of what life means, and expresses herself so wisely yet so merrily. How do you suppose she had learned so much of the practical way to be happy?

Page 296. Notice what a fanciful way Pippa has of speaking to the Day, as if it could understand her thoughts and feelings. She pretends that it has duties and pleasures and gifts of various sorts for the people of the world. Most of the time the duties are all that it gives her, but this morning it is offering pleasures, and she must not lose one of these. Why does she think that the Day should be especially kind to her and should not treat her as if she were of the fortunate people of Asolo, who are free to take the pleasures of all the year? When she chooses the happiest four in Asolo, why is she so very earnest in trying to convince her holiday that these people do not mind at all what it has for them?

Page 297. "If you were to send rain," she asks, "would that trouble Ottima, so long as her lover Sebald is with her? Could your clouds shut out the 'sunbeams and pleasant weather' from the hearts of Jules and Phene, who are to be married this noon? Would Luigi and his mother, safe in their cheerful home, notice your gloom? Or could the raging of your storm disturb Monsignor the bishop's hours of prayer?" But it is very different with Pippa. Why must the Day be warned again of this?

Does she not become suddenly more hopeful when she says that she is wasting time in such doubting? How do we soon find that she has forgotten all her fear and has become playful and happy? Why do you think it is that she likes to treat the Day and the sunbeam and her flower as if they were friends who can think and feel with her? What is it that she is doing when she wakens the sunbeam from its sleep in the ewer and it begins to dance and wheel upward along the walls and across the ceiling? Have you ever seen a sunbeam do this? How does it "grow together on the ceiling?" On what does the sunbeam finally settle?

Page 299. Is it not a very pretty fancy to think of the martagon as a flower of coral watched by fairies as it unfolds in the "dusk green" depths of the sea and sends out its "thick red flame?" How is the girl's great fondness for her flower shown?

It is plain by now that Pippa's imagination is wide awake and bent on a good time. It seems to take the part of fairy godmother to her, as it changes her from a poor little silk-winder into one after another of the happiest four people in Asolo. To play that she is thus changed will be fun enough for one day.

Page 301. What do you think are Pippa's feelings when she says:

"Let me be cared about, kept out of harm,
And schemed for, safe in love as with a charm;
Let me be Luigi!—If I only knew
What was my mother's face—my father, too!"

Do you suppose she says "best love of all is God's" merely because she has been taught these words, or does

she really feel that they are true? Does she at first think that God's love is too great a blessing for any but those who hold such offices in the Church as that of Bishop? Is it not a very happy moment for her when she suddenly begins to realize that she too shares in this blessing? What feelings must show themselves in her face and voice as she sings the New Year's hymn?

Notice how soon the thought of the little song that each one's place and work in the world is as important as another's affects Pippa. "I can be as useful to God and dear to men as other people are," she exclaims to herself. What then do you think is her hope as she leaves her bare room for the cheerful world outdoors, to begin her holiday?

Page 301. Does it not seem as if all the brightness of the morning has found its way into Pippa's song? What lines especially show that she still feels the influence of the New Year's hymn? Notice how wicked and miserable the lovers are made to seem by contrast with the innocent, light-hearted little girl who passes the window. Would you have liked this scene better if Pippa had known of the effect of her song?

Page 305. Did not Kate the Queen, as she listened in secret with such eager interest when the page was singing of the devotion and valor with which he would like to serve her, show that love takes away all differences in rank? How then is this song called to Pippa's mind by the New Year's hymn? Do you think that this song is just what Jules needs, or would he be moved in the same way by either of the other songs that Pippa has sung?

Page 307. Do you feel more sorry for Luigi, or for his mother, in this scene? Since Luigi has health and riches and one of the kindest of mothers, why can he not be content? What does he think he must do to repay the world for the favor it has shown him?

Page 308. What lines show that Luigi is of a poetic nature? Do you think that he is carried away with foolish enthusiasm to become a hero, or is he a real patriot? Does he seem cruel to his mother in holding to his purpose of dying for his country?

Page 310. Notice how much Luigi's imagination is like Pippa's when he speaks of June as a god, leading through the world all the beauties and wonders of the summer.

Of what other ruler is Luigi thinking all the time that Pippa is singing of the good king? What is meant by the line, "When earth was nigher heaven than now?" Do you think that if you were an artist you could paint a portrait of the old king from the poet's description?

Page 311. Can you see why it was a fine idea on the poet's part to picture the king as sitting in the bright sunlight while he judged the dark deeds of the guilty ones brought before him? What do you think it really was that made the wicked Python turn away from the king and leave him in peace?

Page 313. To whom does Luigi liken the Python in the song? Does he mean that he himself, as a reward for his patriotic deed, will win a crown such as a king wears, and will sit upon a throne? If not, what is the crown that he thinks God will give him?

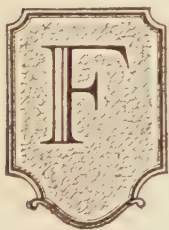
Page 314. Does not this little nature song make you think of the tender care with which Pippa has watched her martagon grow? Do lines five, six or seven seem true, or are they only fanciful? After reading this song, can you see better why it is that Pippa likes to talk to the sunbeam and flower, and other things of nature, as if they could hear and answer her?

Page 315. Do you feel sorry for Pippa when she comes back to her room tired and rather discouraged? Or, do you like to think of how surprised and happy she will be when her father's fortune is given her and she can help other people more than she has ever before dreamed or hoped? Do you think that the close of the play would seem as interesting and touching if some one were to tell Pippa how important a part she has played in the lives of the Happiest Four in Asolo?

THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

By ABRAHAM LINCOLN

NOTE.—On the nineteenth of November, 1863, a great crowd of people was gathered on the battlefield of Gettysburg to dedicate a beautiful monument, which had been erected to the memory of those gallant soldiers who, but four months before, had fallen in their effort to prevent a further invasion of the north. It was a ceremonious occasion, and Edward Everett, the orator of the day, delivered one of his eloquent and polished addresses. On the same day, and at the same place, Abraham Lincoln, then president of the United States, spoke the few words which follow. The oration of Everett has been forgotten except by the scholarly, while almost every one knows what Lincoln said.



FOURSCORE and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it

far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us,—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion,—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain,—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom,—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

When anything so brief and simple as this address lives and grows more popular year by year, we ought to study it carefully in order that we may understand it better, and appreciate the causes of its wonderful power.

The whole address consists of but ten sentences and only about two hundred and seventy-five words. It is almost impossible to express the meaning in fewer words, but a tabulation of the thought may enable us to understand it at a glance. The outline which follows does not show all the minor thoughts, merely the main trend of the argument. What, that are in the oration, have been omitted from this? The Arabic numerals appearing at the left in the outline call attention to the sentences by number.

I. Introduction.

1. Spirit of the nation.
 - (a) Conceived in liberty.
 - (b) Dedicated to equality.
2. Shall such a nation endure?
The war will determine.
3. Where we meet.
A great battlefield.

4. Why we meet.

To dedicate.

5. A fitting meeting.

II. Body.

6. Impossible, in a larger sense, to dedicate.

7. Because the soldiers dedicated more perfectly.

8. World's opinion of:

(a) Our words.

(b) The soldiers' deeds.

III. Conclusion.

9-10. Our duty:

(a) To be dedicated.

(b) To take increased devotion.

(c) To resolve:

(1) That their deaths shall not be in vain.

(2) That this nation shall have greater freedom.

(3) That the people's government shall not perish.

When you have thought of the meaning, noticed the form of the several sentences, and the words that compose them, consider whether there is anything in the arrangement of the words that does not please you.

Study, to determine their delicate shades of meaning, the three words *dedicate*, *consecrate* and *hallow*. Which is the strongest of the three words? Has Lincoln used these in the order in which they should appear?

What is the "last full measure of devotion" which a soldier can pay—that beyond which he can give no more?

Is it possible for us to hallow, to consecrate or even to dedicate ground any more completely than the soldiers did when they shed their blood upon the soil?

See how perfectly the eighth sentence is balanced, one part against another—how vividly the phrases *what we say here*, and *what they did here* are contrasted.

What is a government of the people? How does it differ from a government *by* the people, and from a government *for* the people?

Do some sentences seem to you fuller of meaning than others? Do some sound better than others? Which sen-

tences are the fullest of meaning? Which sentences sound best? Are the sentences so arranged that those fullest of meaning and those sounding best come at the close of the address? If they are so arranged, they are in the order of a climax.

Now, when you have studied the address and answered the questions which have been asked here to your own satisfaction, can you not see that the arrangement is logical, that the sentences are faultless in structure, that the whole thing is simple, forceful and elegant? Could there be any more sincere or heartfelt sentiment uttered? There is nowhere in our language anything so brief and simple, and at the same time so elegant, forcible and full of patriotic inspiration.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

By THEODORE ROOSEVELT

NOTE.—On the twelfth of February, 1909, the one-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln was celebrated at Hodgenville, Kentucky, at the farm on which Lincoln was born. At that time the corner stone of the Memorial Hall, in which is to be preserved the cabin where he was born, was laid by Theodore Roosevelt, then President of the United States. Many distinguished visitors were present, and a large number of people gathered together from different parts of the United States.

The following tribute to Lincoln was President Roosevelt's speech on that occasion:



WE HAVE met here to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of the birth of one of the two greatest Americans; of one of the two or three greatest men of the nineteenth century; of one of the greatest men in the world's history. This railsplitter, this boy who passed his ungainly youth in the dire poverty of the poor-

est of the frontier folk, whose rise was by weary and painful labor, lived to lead his people through the burning flames of a struggle from which the nation emerged, purified as by fire, born anew to a loftier life. After long years of iron effort, and of failure that came more often than victory, he at last rose to the leadership of the Republic, at the moment when the leadership had become the stupendous world-task of the time.

He grew to know greatness, but never ease. Success came to him, but never happiness, save that which springs from doing well a painful and a vital task. Power was his, but not pleasure. The furrows deepened on his brow, but his eyes were undimmed by either hate or fear. His gaunt shoulders were bowed, but his steel thews never faltered as he bore for a burden the destinies of his people. His great and tender heart shrank from giving pain; and the task allotted him was to pour out like water the life-blood of the young men, and to feel in his every fiber the sorrow of the women. Disaster saddened but never dismayed him. As the red years of war went by they found him ever doing his duty in the present, ever facing the future with fearless front, high of heart, and dauntless of soul. Unbroken by hatred, unshaken by scorn, he worked and suffered for the people. Triumph was his at the last; and barely had he tasted it before murder found him, and the kindly, patient, fearless eyes were closed forever.

As a people we are indeed beyond measure fortunate in the characters of the two greatest of our public men, Washington and Lincoln. Widely though they differed in externals, the Virginia

landed gentleman and the Kentucky backwoodsman, they were alike in essentials, they were alike in the great qualities which made each able to do service to his nation and to all mankind such as no other man of his generation could or did render. Each had lofty ideals, but each in striving to attain these lofty ideals was guided by the soundest common sense. Each possessed inflexible courage in adversity, and a soul wholly unspoiled by prosperity. Each possessed all the gentler virtues commonly exhibited by good men who lack rugged strength of character. Each possessed also all the strong qualities commonly exhibited by those towering masters of mankind who have too often shown themselves devoid of so much as the understanding of the words by which we signify the qualities of duty, of mercy, of devotion to the right, of lofty disinterestedness in battling for the good of others.

There have been other men as great and other men as good; but in all the history of mankind there are no other two great men as good as these, no other two good men as great. Widely though the problems of to-day differ from the problems set for solution to Washington when he founded this nation, to Lincoln when he saved it and freed the slave, yet the qualities they showed in meeting these problems are exactly the same as those we should show in doing our work to-day.

Lincoln saw into the future with the prophetic imagination usually vouchsafed only to the poet and the seer. He had in him all the lift toward greatness of the visionary, without any of the visionary's fanaticism or egotism, without any of the visionary's narrow jealousy of the practical man

and inability to strive in practical fashion for the realization of an ideal. He had the practical man's hard common sense and willingness to adapt means to ends; but there was in him none of that morbid growth of mind and soul which blinds so many practical men to the higher things of life. No more practical man ever lived than this homely backwoods idealist; but he had nothing in common with those practical men whose consciences are warped until they fail to distinguish between good and evil, fail to understand that strength, ability, shrewdness, whether in the world of business or of politics, only serve to make their possessor a more noxious, a more evil, member of the community, if they are not guided and controlled by a fine and high moral sense.

We of this day must try to solve many social and industrial problems, requiring to an especial degree the combination of indomitable resolution with cool-headed sanity. We can profit by the way in which Lincoln used both these traits as he strove for reform. We can learn much of value from the very attacks which following that course brought upon his head, attacks alike by the extremists of revolution and by the extremists of reaction. He never wavered in devotion to his principles, in his love for the Union, and in his abhorrence of slavery. Timid and lukewarm people were always denouncing him because he was too extreme; but as a matter of fact he never went to extremes, he worked step by step; and because of this the extremists hated and denounced him with a fervor which now seems to us fantastic in its deification of the unreal and the impossible. At the very time when one side was

holding him up as the apostle of social revolution because he was against slavery, the leading abolitionist denounced him as the "slave hound of Illinois." When he was the second time candidate for president, the majority of his opponents attacked him because of what they termed his extreme radicalism, while a minority threatened to bolt his nomination because he was not radical enough.

He had continually to check those who wished to go forward too fast, at the very time that he overrode the opposition of those who wished not to go forward at all. The goal was never dim before his vision; but he picked his way cautiously, without either halt or hurry, as he strode toward it, through such a morass of difficulty that no man of less courage would have attempted it, while it would surely have overwhelmed any man of judgment less serene.

Yet perhaps the most wonderful thing of all, and, from the standpoint of the America of to-day and of the future, the most vitally important, was the extraordinary way in which Lincoln could fight valiantly against what he deemed wrong and yet preserve undiminished his love and respect for the brother from whom he differed. In the hour of a triumph that would have turned any weaker man's head, in the heat of a struggle which spurred many a good man to dreadful vindictiveness, he said truthfully that so long as he had been in his office he had never willingly planted a thorn in any man's bosom, and besought his supporters to study the incidents of the trial through which they were passing as philosophy from which to learn wisdom and not as wrongs to be avenged; ending with the sol-

emn exhortation that, as the strife was over, all should reunite in a common effort to save their common country.

He lived in days that were great and terrible, when brother fought against brother for what each sincerely deemed to be the right. In a contest so grim the strong men who alone can carry it through are rarely able to do justice to the deep convictions of those with whom they grapple in mortal strife. At such times men see through a glass darkly; to only the rarest and loftiest spirits is vouchsafed that clear vision which gradually comes to all, even to the lesser, as the struggle fades into distance, and wounds are forgotten, and peace creeps back to the hearts that were hurt. But to Lincoln was given this supreme vision. He did not hate the man from whom he differed. Weakness was as foreign as wickedness to his strong, gentle nature; but his courage was of a quality so high that it needed no bolstering of dark passion. He saw clearly that the same high qualities, the same courage, and willingness for self-sacrifice, and devotion to the right as it was given them to see the right, belonged both to the men of the North and to the men of the South. As the years roll by, and as all of us, wherever we dwell, grow to feel an equal pride in the valor and self-devotion, alike of the men who wore the blue and the men who wore the gray, so this whole nation will grow to feel a peculiar sense of pride in the mightiest of the mighty men who mastered the mighty days; the lover of his country and of all mankind; the man whose blood was shed for the union of his people and for the freedom of a race, Abraham Lincoln.

THE PURPOSE AND PLAN OF JOURNEYS THROUGH BOOKLAND

Journeys Through Bookland is a series of explorations into the field of the world's greatest literature. These explorations are made hand-in-hand with a leader, whose task it is to explain, to interpret, to guide, and to direct. Suiting his labors to the age and ability of the readers, the editor of *Journeys* helps them all, from the child in the primary grades to the high school or college student who wishes to master the innermost secrets of literature.

Journeys Through Bookland must be considered as a unit; for one plan, one purpose, governs content from the first page of the first volume to the last page of the eighth. The literary selections were chosen with authority and were graded and arranged after an original and unique plan. In this respect they differ in character and arrangement from the selections in any other work of this type.

The notes, interpretations, original articles and study helps are an integral part and are inseparable. In this respect, again, is the work original and unique.

The Journeys Plan

1. How Chosen. The material used in this plan is the result of twenty-five years of experimentation, to discover what best provides for the mental and moral training of the child. Professor Sylvester, the author of this plan of child training, was for twenty-five years a teacher of prominence.

For a quarter of a century he experimented in reading clubs for boys and girls, to find what classic literature would be most helpful in the training of children and, above all, what of that literature children would read of their own accord. This plan contains only the material which children love to read, and will read if they have a chance.

2. Basic Material. *Journeys* presents that basic material which is necessary in the education of every person. Certain Rhymes, Fables, Fairy Stories, and Folk Lore, which are the beginnings of literature that later end in the great writers of all time, are fundamental and basic in the training of every child. Without them all later work is hampered. They cannot be chosen at random. Only one who has given years to study and thought and research work can know which particular rhymes, fables, and other selections will be most needed in the later training.

The masterpieces in *Journeys* fall into three classes. First, there is *the literature of culture*, those things which you and I and everybody must know if we expect to be considered educated or to be able to read with intelligence and appreciation the current writings of the day. To this class belong all those lyrics, classic myths, legends, and folk tales to which allusion is constantly made and which are themselves the legal tender of rewarding conversation. Next, there are *character-building selections*, whose power lies in the profound influence they exert upon the unfolding character of boy or girl. The third group consists of the masterpieces which lend interest to school work and make it pleasanter, easier and more

profitable. It is what some may call *the practical side of literature*.

The masterpieces in each volume are the tried and true ones that have long been popular with children and have formed a large part of the literary education of the race.

3. Character Building. *Journeys* contains hundreds of pages of character-building material, which is so necessary to inculcate right ideas and high ideals, and without which a child has been cheated of what rightfully is due him. Today, as never before, our schools and homes face the need for sound character-building materials.

Three things are of great importance here: First, the selections must be of the sort that children like to read. Second, the moral influence must be felt by the reader without being flaunted. Third, the selections must be so well balanced that every right trait of character is fully provided for. Expert authority has provided numerous selections in *Journeys*, for Love of Home, Honesty and Truthfulness, Kindness and Consideration for Others, Generosity as opposed to Selfishness, Kindness to Animals, Patience, Faithfulness, Courage, Bravery, and all the rest.

4. Correlation with School. One of the principal features of the *Journeys* Plan is that all material has been carefully selected to correlate with regular school studies and adapted to the child's ability to understand. Literary studies in Geography, History, and Nature Study have a direct bearing on those subjects as studied in the schools.

"The Ascent of the Jungfrau" makes the study

of Switzerland interesting to the school child. History is fixed in the minds of children by such selections as "The Fall of the Alamo," "The Charge of the Light Brigade" and hundreds of others.

From the primary grades to college the *Journeys* Correlation makes school subjects more delightful and understandable.

5. How to Read. Reading involves much more than word identification. The *Journeys* Plan is a method which teaches boys and girls how to read *understandingly* and with *discrimination*, and hence form a taste for good things. Not many boys or girls know how to read. Not many grown people know how to read. Not many teachers know how to teach reading most effectively. Most persons read principally for plot.

The *Journeys* Plan teaches children to form the habit of reading not only for plot but also for character study, for description, for style, and for purpose. The child also learns how to do close reading, such as must be done in essays, in history, and in some other school subjects.

The child who is not taught how to read understandingly is hampered all through life.

6. Arrangement and Grading. The contents of the books have been graded, from the simple materials in the first volume to the rather difficult selections in the eighth volume. This arrangement and gradation, which is pedagogical and scientific, provides for the needs of the child from the time he is old enough to have stories told to him until he is through high school.

This is an exceedingly important method of

making classic literature useful to young people. The arrangement and gradation are on what is known as the *spiral plan*. Not all of any one subject, such as Travel and Adventure, or Poetry or Nature Study, is presented at one time. The reader comes back to each of them again, taking the easiest ones first and moving forward in carefully graded steps.

If, however, some inquiring young person should wish to read all there is on history, biography, or any other subject, the *Comprehensive Index* in this volume will show him where everything he wishes is to be found.

Another valuable feature of the arrangement is the frequent bringing together of selections that bear some relation to one another. A relationship, or cycle, of this sort may be seen in the fourth volume, where an account of King Arthur is followed by tales of the Round Table Knights from Malory, and *Geraint and Enid* and *The Passing of Arthur* from Tennyson. By this plan one selection serves as the setting for another, and a child often can see how the real things of life prove the inspiration for great writers.

7. Interpretations. One great step in the development of an educated adult is to teach the child to read—then to create in him the ability to understand and get the most out of what he does read. Sylvester's interpretations open new reading joys to the child—he becomes acquainted with the author—his purpose, style, and character portrayal—why the story was written—what it means—and in many cases how it relates to the daily experiences of the child himself.

Ability to read understandingly and analytically is a necessity for high school and college students. This ability is best and most easily acquired gradually as the child develops under the careful direction of Sylvester's interesting and instructive interpretations. These interpretations are given through effective study helps of various kinds.

a. Explanatory Notes explain words not usually found readily in the dictionaries, foreign phrases, and such historical or other allusions as are necessary to help young readers understand the text.

b. Introductory Notes at the heads of selections from longer masterpieces give an account of the larger work and enough of the context so that the selection may not seem a fragment. In some instances this note gives the historical setting of a masterpiece or tells something of the circumstances under which it was written.

c. Biographies have been given prominent titles in the body of the books. These biographies are written from the point of view of young people, and contain the things that boys and girls like to know about their favorite authors or some of the noble men and women whose lives have made this world a better and a happier place in which to live.

The Role of Each Volume

Volume One. Here, myths appear in the form of simple tales. Each story is attractive, has some of the interest that surrounds a fairy tale, and serves as the foreshadowing of history.

Little poems, lullabies, pretty things that children love are dropped into the pages here and

there. It is a great misfortune if a person grows up without an appreciation of poetry when it is so simple a matter to give the young an abiding love for it. A little help now and then, a word of appreciation, a manifestation of pleasure when reading it, and almost without effort the child begins to read and love poetry as he does good prose.

The beginnings of nature study appear in the first volume in the form of beautiful selections that encourage a love for birds and other animals. *Tom, the Water Baby*, is a delightful story, half fairy tale, half natural history romance.

Volume Two. Here, fairy stories or tales with a highly imaginative basis predominate. Some are humorous, as for instance the selections from Lewis Carroll, and one or two of the poems.

The long selection from *The Swiss Family Robinson* is a good introduction to nature literature and contains all of the book that is worth reading.

Volume Three. In this volume is found a splendid collection of legendary hero stories, which give the young reader an introduction to history.

The Attack on the Castle is a stirring account of a medieval battle. It prepares the way for the medieval spirit made more prominent in the next volume.

Volume Four. The legendary, half-historical personages who have been the inspiration of youths of many lands are found again in this volume. Here are the Greek heroes, and England's famous King Arthur. Tennyson's noble poems show how great a factor the legends of Arthur have been in

literature. Besides the articles that are instructive there are a few that are highly entertaining or merely humorous, for every child has a right to read sometimes for amusement only. It will be seen that some classes of literature have ceased to appear and that others are coming into view. The *spiral arrangement* is well illustrated in the re-appearance of history and the legendary heroes and in the disappearance of myths and fairy tales, for which there is, however, some compensation in the highly imaginative *Gulliver's Travels*, an extract from Dean Swift.

Volume Five. In this volume the series of legendary and semi-historical selections is completed. It includes the best of the legends concerning the national hero of Persia, also the story of *The Tournament* from *Ivanhoe*, inserted here as a fitting introduction to Scott's novels. There are several examples of nature studies in literature. A cycle of a religious nature is found in *The Imitation of Christ*, *The Destruction of Sennacherib*, *Ruth*, and *The Vision of Belshazzar*.

The fifth volume gives plenty of opportunity for study to those who have the inclination to follow the suggestions that accompany the selections. The high school student will find his time profitably spent on the selections in this volume.

Volume Six. On the whole, this is a more mature volume than any that has preceded it and yet there are some selections of a simple character inserted for the purpose of interesting those who cannot yet read very heavy literature. From this point on, however, there is little difference in the grade of the volumes. The way in which the

literature is studied marks the difference in rank. In fact, when a person can read intelligently and with appreciation such selections as appear in this volume he can read anything that is set before him. Besides the stories, there are selections in every department of literature except those that have been passed in the progress of the plan of grading. The legendary heroes, the myths, and the stories of classic literature are no longer to be found. In their place are more selections on nature, more of biography and history, and inspirational works.

Volume Seven. This is the volume of fine essays, the highest type of prose. The essays are best represented by the following titles: *The Alhambra* by Irving, *A Bed of Nettles* by Allen, *Dream Children* by Charles Lamb. These titles, too, show how broad is the field covered by the essay and how delightful a variety there may be in the one style of composition. The departments of Travel and Adventure, Patriotism and History have not been neglected. On the whole it is a serious volume, one which will give the high school student and the older members of the family a plentiful supply of good reading material and a pattern for home study.

Volume Eight. Most of the selections in this volume are rather difficult reading for young people but there are helps enough to make the task a pleasant one. The series of essays begun in Volume Seven is here continued. The exhaustive study aids show how inexhaustible a field for study literature offers and how many things there are to be learned about the least of the selections.

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